



*Examples are best Precepts; And a Tale
Adorn'd with Sculpture better may prevail,
To make Men lesſer Beasts, than all the store
Of tedious Volumes, vext the World before.*

TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
THOMAS,

EARL OF
OSSORY,
LORD DEPUTY OF HIS MAJESTIES
KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

THIS
FIRST AND MOST ANTIENT
MYTHOLOGIST

Æ S O P
PARAPHRAS'D, ADORN'D WITH
SCULPTURE, AND ILLUSTRATED
WITH ANNOTATIONS,

Is Presented and Dedicated,

By the most Humble,

And Obedient of

His Servants,

JOHN OGILBY.



THE FABLES OF ÆSOP.

F A B. I.

Of the Cock, and pretious Stone.



SOUT Chanticleer ^(a) three
times aloud proclaims
Day's signall victory ore Night's
vanquish'd Flames :
As oft the mighty ^(b) Lyons are
affrighted

With his thrill Notes, while others are delighted.

In a short Coat of Feathers warm as Furs,

In Boots drawn up, and gilded Spurs,

(Of old the valiant Cock the Eagle Knighted)

He from proud Roofs, high as the thatch defends,

His Wives, his Concubines, and fair Race attends.

Because a feed in the Cocks body lies,
Whole effluent atoms hurt the Lyons Eyes,

And through the Balls with horrid anguish goes,
That they their Courage, and all fierceness lose.

There are not any Sects of Philosophy more opposite than these two. The *Pythagoreans* and *Academicks* endeavouring to bring up all things to immateriality, The *Epicureans*, to bring down all to materiality: and if I may freely give my opinion of the reason, which both allege for this, (*abstine verba invidiam*) they seem equally extravagant.

B

Scaling

(a) Aulon, — ter clara infantis Esi
Signa canit serus depresso Marte fatet-

Mars tardy Sentinel three times aloud
proclaim'd
Th' approaching Day.

The Fable is thus related by
Lucian. There was a young man
named Alector, very intimate with
Mars, in so much that whenever Mars
went to Venus, he took Alector with
him, (fearing the Sun might betray him
to Vulcan) and left him to watch at the
door, and to give notice when the Sun
approach'd. On a time Alector fell asleep,
and unwillingly betray'd his Trust: The
Sun discover'd the two Lovers to Vulcan,
who caught them in a Net. Mars as soon as
he was got loose, in anger turned the young
man to a Cock: for this reason, before the
Sun riseth, the Cock crows to give notice
of his approach. Chermus the Stoick,
and Proclus and Porphyrius, Pythagore-
an Philosophers, ascribe the crowing of
the Cock before day to a sympathy be-
twixt that Bird and the sun, affirming,
that the Sun contributes something es-
sential to it, for which it gratefully re-
sisteth up, and clappeth its wings, and ce-
lebrates the approach of its Patron.
Hence perhaps is the Cock called the
Perseus Bird, *Hesperus*, *Thyestes*, *Senex*,
Eubolus: because, as the *Perseus*, he
worships the rising Sun: but the com-
mon reason is taken from the fable re-
lated by *Aristophanes*, in *Avisus*. That
on a time the Cock was Emperour of
Perseus, and reigned tyrannically, inso-
much that fill all persons as soon as he
crows betake themselves to labour, as
if fearing punishment for negligence.

(b) The reason why the Lion is a-
fraid of the Cock, *Proclus* saith, is, be-
cause the Cock hath a much greater
share of the suns influence than the
Lion, though they both derive their
Natures from him. But *Laertius* o-
therwise.

*Nimirum, quia sunt Callorum in car-
porum quadam
Semina, quæ cum sunt oculis hominifera
Lionum*

*Pavillas interficiunt, acervumque dolum
Præbent, ut nequeant contra durare fe-
reces.*

(c) The Diamond plays four waters, which are four colours, White, Brown, Blew, and Green. White the best, Brown the second best, Blew the third, Green the worst; yet the White Table-Diamond, if he be thick, will play black, but if it play white it is much better.

(d) Pliny lib. 37. cap. 6. *Duritia inenarrabilis est, simulque ignem villrix natura & nunquam incaliscens, unde cognomen Indomita vis Græca interpretatur ne accipit. Its hardness is unexpressible: its nature conquers fire, never taking heat: whence named Indomita by the Greeks; by the Arabians Diamab, from Dim, to endure: whence our word Diamond.*

(e) Amongst other properties for which the Diamond is compared to and made the Emblem of learning, receive these from Pliny lib. 37. cap. 6. *Frenus irrita facit, & lymphaticus abigit, & metus vane expellit: It nulls the force of passion, it expels frenzy, and vain fears.*

This fable was elegantly translated by Phædon, one of the Liberis of Augustus.

Lib. 3. Fab. 11.

*In sterquilinis pullus gallinaceus
Dum querit escam, margaritam repperit.
Fæces indigna quanta res, inquit, læo!
Hæc si quis pretii cupidus vidisset tui,
Olim redisset ad splendorem maximum.
Ego qui te inveni, potior cui multo est
cibus,
Nec tibi prodesse, nec mihi quicquam
patet.*

Hoc illis narro qui me non intelligunt.

The young Cock ransacking a Dung-hill found,
In quest of softer fare, a Diamond;
Bright Gem, how ill he laid he, tho' here art set.
If one with thee who knew thy worth had met,
Thou hadst e're this in all thy glory shin'd.
But give me food, such Gewgaws I not mind,
Here's no preferment for your fairer look.

Know this all you who value not good Books.

Scaling a fordid Mountain, straight he found
A Star in Dust, a sparkling Diamond.
Then spake the Cock: Stone of the ^(c) whitest Water,
Whom ^(d) Time, nor Fire can waft, nor Anvil batter;
If thee some skilful Jeweller had sold,
Adorned thus with purest Gold,
To a fond Lover: He, his Love to flatter,
Would swear his Ladies Eyes out-shine thy Raics
(Brightest of Gems) although the look nine waics.

Thou ^(e) Emblem of vain Learning may'st adorn
The wisest, but give me a Barley Corn.
Let meagre Scholars waste their Brains, and Tapers,
In quest of thee, while they turn anxious Papers,
Let me have pleasure, and my belly full;
Far better is an Empty Scull
Than a Head stuff'd with Melancholy Vapours.
Lye still obscure; I'll be to Nature kind;
My Body I'll not starve to feed my Mind.

MORAL.

*Voluptuous Men Philosophy despise;
Down with all Learning the arm'd Soldier cries:
On Gleab, and Cattell, greedy Farmers look;
And Merchants only prize their Counting Book.*

(c) The fable of *Ixion* is thus recounted by the ancients; He being admitted as a favourite into the Court of *Jupiter*, solicited *Juno* his Queen to his fond embraces, which when the god discovered to *Jupiter*, he, to make a certain experiment of the truth of the information, represented a cloud before him in the form of *Juno*, which he presently attempted, and begot of it the Centaurs, who had the upper part of Man, but from the navel downward carried the shapes of Horses: by which fable they signified the vain pursuit of imaginary glory, attempted by unlawful means, and the prodigious conceptions of Ambition. The story on which this fable was founded is this, *Ixion*, King of *Thessaly*, whose Country was infected with wild Bulls, proclaimed a certain reward to such as should destroy them; which the inhabitants of the town *Nephelæ* (which signifies a Cloud, whence rise the fable of their original) mounted on Horses (the first in those parts that had made use of any) by the addition of their speed, overtook the Bulls and kill'd them with their javelins: But the borderers not being before acquainted with such a fight, supposed both to be one Creature; whereupon they call'd them Centaurs.

Phædrus lib. 1. fab. 4.
Canis, per flumen carnem dum ferret
natare,
Lympharum in speculo vidit simulacrum
suum,
Aliamque prædam ab alio perferri pu-
tans,
Exspectare voluit: verum decepta avidi-
tatis,
Et quem tentatore densit cibum,
Nec quem petebat adeo potuit attingere,
Amisit merito proprium qui alium
adexit.

Snop, with his prize, whilst ore a brook
 he swam,
 Saw, in the crystal Mirror of the
 stream,
 Himself transporting such another
 Prey,
 A second Course; such fond hopes
 him betray.
 Provok'd by Appetite, the greedy wretch
 Drops the sweet Bone, a lapsels shade
 to catch.
 Thus both the vain resemblance, and
 his own
 Were, gaping for two Benefices, gon.

Vanish'd together; thrice he dives in vain;
 For the swift Current bore it to the Main,
 To furnish *Triton's* Banquet, who that day
 Married the famous Mermaid *Galatæ*.
 The Virgin smil'd, but yet the easie Nymph
 Return'd not, for the Present, one poor Shrimp.

Thrice round he looks, raising his woful head,
 To see which way the Feather'd Joynt was fled;
 But finding none, he is resolv'd to die,
 And with his Love dear Lady Mutton lie.
 Yet hating a wet Death, he swam to shore,
 Then set a Throat up made the Welking rore;
 To hang himself in his own collar he
 Is next resolv'd, could he but find a Tree.

Full of despair, there down himself he flung
 Then thus his howling Recantation sung;
 Here I the Emblem of fond Mortals sit,
 That lose the substance for an Empty bit;
 Whom fair pretences, and a hollow shade
 Of future Happiness, Unhappy made:
 Nay States, and mighty Realms, with plenty proud,
 Thus for Rich (c) *Juno* oft imbrace a Cloud.

He is too blest that his own happiness knows,
And Mortals to themselves are greatest Foes.

M O R A L.

Foul Avarice is of pregnant Money bred;
He that loves Gold, starves more, the more he's fed:
Doubling of thousands Usurers to their cost
Know, when both Use and Principall is lost.

F A B. III.

Of the Lyon, and other Beasts.

When troops of Beams led by the grey-
ey'd Dawn

From Eastern Ports rush'd with

recruited light,

And beat up all the quarters of the Night ;

When *Cynthia* fled, with broken silence drawn,

Her glory plunder'd, pale at the affright ;

When *Acheron's* jaws for routed ^(c) Spirits yawn,

Dreams and fantastick Visions put to flight ;

When Stars disorder'd hid in ^(d) Sea-Nymphs beds,

Or back to Heaven did shrink their golden heads :

Then was the Lyon up, and all his Court,

Prepar'd to hunt, from Woods and Desarts came

Various wild Beasts, from Fields and Cities tame.

About his Palace throng a huge resort,

Because the Royal Edict did proclaim

There would be profit, Feasts, as well as Sport :

Thus expectation heighten'd was by Fame,

The strong, swift, cunning, all laid Nose to ground,

Should share alike with him of what they found.

With ^(e) *Iffrym*, ^(d) *Bruine* came, and all his Bears,

Attending in the Presence yet being dark ;

Ram *Bellin* safe was there as in the Ark,

^(c) *Reynard* was buſie with his Gins and Snares,

Well knowing all walks and outlets of the Park,

^(d) *Tybert* attends with Troops of Mountaineers,

And *Jeffry* the Ape, well Hors'd, a gallant Spark.

All sorts of Dogs, 'mongst whom the Spaniel waits,

For shadows hoping now substantial Cates.

C

The



(a) Those who first pretended to have converse with Ghosts (the Egyptians, I conceive, who believ'd the World to be full of spirits) chose the night as a Veil for their forgery, making this pretext, that the Sun was an Enemy to those *Umbrae* or dark shades. This is evident in the speech of *Amphitruo*, who as he appear'd to *Antea* at Night, *Virgil* *Eneid* 5.

Et nox atra polom bigis subvertit tenebras :
Visa dehinc calo facies delapsa parentis
Archiloe, subito tales effundere voces.
When Night's black Chariot had possess'd the pole,
From Heaven he did behold *Amphitruo* soul
Descending, which to him in these words laid.

So upon the approach of day he tells him he was compell'd to depart ;
Jamque vale : torquet median nox humida cursum,
Et me secutus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis.
Down from the Vertick point the moist Night proceeds,
And me the Sun drives hence with panting steeds,
Where he gives the Sun the Epithet of *securus, cruel*, because he would not permit his abode on Earth any longer.

(b) The more general opinion of the Antients was (before the latter Navigations had demonstrated the Earth to be a Globe) that the Superficies on which we liv'd was a Plain, encompass'd on every side with the main Ocean : whence at the setting of the Sun in the most Western parts of the World, the Horizon being terminated in the Sea, the Poets described, that by the Sun descending into it, and its rising by its emergency out of it. So *Homer* describes the setting of the Sun, *Iliad* 8.
Ἐν δ' ἔκτοσ' Ὀκεανῷ καταπλεῖν φέει ἡλιος.
Ἐκ δὲ πάλιν ὑπὸ ἀσπίδι γαίης ἀνέγειται.
At which while the Sun did in the Ocean set
His glorious beams, and Night's black curtains met.

and its rising, *Odysseus* 23.

Ἀντίς δ' αὖτ' Ὀκεανῷ χρυσοχόρον ἡγήσεται
Ὀκεανὸν δ' αὖθις ἀνέγειται φάος ὅππῃς.
When from the Ocean rose the golden Morn
Brought light to Mortals, and did Earth adorn.

Another opinion there was, that the Sun declining in a Cloud in the West return'd back over the inhabitable parts of the North, and so rose again in the East.

(c) The Wolf.
(d) The Bear.
(e) The Fox.
(f) The Cat.

(g) It was a common opinion among the Antients (particularly the *Stoicks*) that the Sun is nourish'd by exhalations from inferior bodies. In pursuit hereof they affirm'd, that Nature plac'd the Ocean directly under the *Zodiac*, that he and the other Planets (*habent subijcti humoris alimentum*; Macrobi. in Somn. Scipionis) might be nourish'd by the moisture breath'd them. Hence when *Homer* *Odysseus* 11. feigns that *Jupiter* was fed by Pigeons,

Τῆ μιν πτερὰ δὲ πονηρὰ σφίγγετο

Aristotle saies that he did allegorically signifie, that the Gods, or superior Bodies, received their nutriment from the Exhalations that ascend from below. In like manner that golden Chain (mention'd *Stiad* 8.) with which *Jupiter* threatens to draw up all unto him,

Ἄλλ' ἔτι δὲ γ' ἵγ' ἀφ' ὧν ἐκείνου ἰσχυροῦ

ἄρ' ἔτι καὶ γὰρ ἵγ' ἀφ' ὧν ἐκείνου ἰσχυροῦ

With these we'll all the Goddesses and Gods,

With *Adon*, and *Beasts*, vast *Earth*, and ample *Field*,

Draw up to Heaven, and bind without control

The world, great Nature's fabrick, to the Pole.

The *Stoicks* interpret thus: *Jupiter*, that is, the Air, shall by the golden Chain, the Sun, exhaust in process of time not the Ocean only, but all the moisture also out of the Earth, to supply and feed it.

The Sun scarce drank his draught of morning dew,

Nor did his Bowl of dissolv'd Pearl exhaust,

When mix'd Troops take the Field, no time is lost.

At last a Royal Hart they ran in view,

Whom, having at a Bay, the Lyon drew

About him round his various languag'd Host:

Many their limbs, and some their lives it cost;

At last ore-powr'd by number, down he falls,

While Heaven and Earth ring at his Funerals.

Th'unlace, then strip, and next divide the Deer.

Thus the offended King did then complain:

These shares not equall are, divide again.

One portion of the Quarrey will appear

My Perquisite, as I'm your Sovereign;

The next is Ours, as being strongest here;

The third you must acknowledg for my pain;

The last shall be your bounty, not Our claim:

But who denies, look to't, his Foe I am.

No Subject 'gainst his Prince durst try his Suit;

Not *Reynard*, though most learned in the Law.

Vain are all Pleas against the Lyons paw,

'Tis onely force must violence confute,

Just Title present Power doth over-aw.

None of the Beasts their grievances dispute,

All home return, sad with a hungry Maw.

But as they went, one said, *Though Equals must,*

Tet when they please Superiors may be just.

MORAL.

When mighty Power with Avarice is joyn'd,

Will is obey'd, and Justice cast behind:

So Tyrants to ingage the People grant,

And at their pleasure break the Covenant.

F A B. IV.

Of the Eagle and the Daw.

THE ^(a) Royal Eagle, when the Ocean's dark
 Waves had retir'd to their low water mark,
 Weary with grosser food, and bloody meat,
 Forfakes his Cedar Court and mountain seat
 To seek fresh banquets; nothing that the Ark
 Contain'd could please, Kid, Pidgeon, Lamb, nor Lark,
 Nor humane slaughter moyst with putrid gore
 His gorge with surfeit weaken'd could put ore.
 Shell-fish being salt
 Might cure the fault,
 That only must his former health restore.

When ^(b) his quick eye piercing the air a mile,
 Upon the sea-wash'd Margents of an Ile
 A Scollop found: which was in shell so lock'd
 That if the Devil and his Dam had knock'd,
 They might have staid for entrance a while.
 Without success long did the Eagle toy,
 His Beak grows blunt, his griping Tallons ake,
 No storm nor stratagem the fort will take:
 When the slie Daw
 The leagure saw,
 Thus to his King and Royal Master spake.

Prince of the plumed Citizens, to whom
 We come for Justice and receive our doom,
 Your Highness hath been pleas'd to take advice
 From silly Birds, from prattling Dawes and Pies,
 And oft great Kings will hear the meanest Groom.
 Not far from hence (Sir) stands an antient Tomb

Hard

(a) The same appellation Ovid gives the Eagle in his *Metamorphosis* lib. 4.

Implicat ut Serpent, quam Regia sustinet ales, Sublimemque rapit, &c.

A Serpent so the Royal Eagle trust'd, Which to his head and feet infetter'd clings, And wreaths his tail about her stretch'd-out wings.

Whence it was usually born on the Scepters of Princes, and at length became the Ensign of the Roman Empire: Ovid.

Signa, decus belli, Partus Romana tenebat, Romanæque Aquila signifer hostis erat.

To which they added two heads, when the Empire was divided into the East and Western, as it remains at this day.

(b) Pliny in his *Natural History*, The Eagle has the quickest and clearest eye of all others, soaring and mounting on high: She beats and strikes her little ones with her wings before they be plumed, and thereby forces them to look directly against the Sun-beams. If she sees any cut of them to wink, or their eyes water at the rays of the Sun, she casts it out of the nest, as illegitimate, but breeds up that whose eyes do firmly abide the light.



Hard as the Adamantine gates of Hell,
Mount with that Fish enchanted by a spell,
Lessen to a Lark
Then take your Mark,
And on ^(c) hard Marble break th' obdurate shell.

(c) This hath been observ'd a natural policy in the Eagle. Pliny in his Natural history, Ingenium est ut istud. dicitur capias frangere & sublimi jacendo; When the Eagle has seiz'd upon Tortoises, and caught them up with her Talons, she throws them down from aloft to break their shells. He confirms this by the manner of Æschylus the poet's death: Qua fors interemit Poetam Æschylum, prædillum satis, ut ferunt, ejus discrimina fecura calli fide caventem; It was the fortune of the Poet Æschylus to die by such a means; for when he was foretold that it was his destiny to die upon such a day by something falling upon his head, he, thinking to prevent that, got forth that day into a great open plain, far from house or tree, presuming upon the clear and open Skie; Howbeit an Eagle let fall a Tortoise, which lighting upon his Head, dash'd out his brains. This story is more fully related by Valerius Maximus lib. 9. cap. 12.

This counsel pleas'd the Feather'd King: who straight
Bove Clouds and winged Tempests made a flight:
So high he soar'd, till Earth's magnetick force
Would not have hinder'd to the Starrs his course;
Then let the Scollop fall, where its own weight
Made a wide passage to the luscious Freight.
Soon as the hungry Daw perceiv'd the prize,
He stood not to consult, but in he flies;
And straight did eat
The Delicate,
Then to the sheltering wood for safety hies.

When th' Eagle this from Heavens bright arches saw,
With a deep sigh he said; Ah treacherous Daw!
By fair pretence, and counsel seeming good,
Thou hast depriv'd me of my dainty food.
Thus cunning Foxes use the Lyon's Paw;
And by these Arts Subjects from Princes draw
Sovereignty to themselves: the Monarch's wing
Must be stretch'd out to his own ruining;
No other power
So high can towre,
'Tis the King only must destroy the King.

M O R A L.

Let Princes of the best Advice beware,
Nor trust the greedy, they still treacherous are:
Subjects to Kings Exchequers have no way,
Unless themselves deliver up the Key.



F A B. V.

Of the Crow and the Fox.

VV A S it the Crow that by a cunning Plot

A piece of Cheefe had got ?

Or sherring Rook, or Chough, or Pye ?

Some bold affirm, as boldly some deny.

But sure I am it was that Daw, or Crow,

And I can prove it to be so,

That robb'd the King his Master of his meat ;

And now to make his Cozenage more compleat,

On Man, his King's King, puts the second cheat.

The Crow, surpriz'd with his own happy Wit,

Could neither stand nor sit ;

Proud of the Spoil, he makes a search

Through all the Grove to find a dancing Pearch :

From bough to bough th'infulster hops ;

Too low are now tall Cedars top.

At last he fix'd; whom he Sir *Reynard* sees,

And soon projecting how to get the Cheefe,

Thus he accosts him, plac'd 'mong lofty Trees ;

O thou most ^(*) Weather-wife, who best canst tell

When Heaven as dark as Hell

Juno incens'd shall make, and when

Jove condens'd air will rarifie agen.

But what sings lying Fame ? She saies

Thou blacker art than those foul daies :

But yet to thine, Swan's silver down seems tann'd,

Phoenix her funerall Fire with such Plumes fann'd,

And *Mexicans* in fight like Angels stand.

D

(*) The Superstitious Antients, as they attributed divine knowledge to several sorts of Birds and Beasts, so especially to the Crow, and I believe that the *Greek* and *Roman* History has not recorded so many fatal predictions made by any animal as by this. But in particular they gheffed at the foul-ness or ferocity of the weather from the manner of their Croaking or Flying, as we find in *Aratus* his *Phænomena*, thus transcribed by *Virgil* in the first of his *Georgicks*, though they assign a natural reason for it, which the rest understand not,

*Tum liquidas Corvi presso ter gutture voces
Aut quater ingeminant, & sepe cubili.
bus alit,
Nescio quid præter solitum dulcedine capti
Inter se salis strepitant: juvat imbribus alit, &c.*

Three or four times then with extended Throats
Loud croaking Ravens double watery Notes,
And oft, I know not by what reason, report
Amongst the Leaves that shade their lofty Court;
And the Storm past, delighted are to see
Their own lov'd buildings and their Progeny.
Nor think I Heaven on them such knowledge states,
Nor that their Prudence is above the Fate.
But when a Tempest and a fleeting rack
Have chang'd their course, and the moist Air grows black
With Southern Winds, which thicken in the Skies
Thin vapours, and the grosser rarifies.
Their thoughts are chang'd, the motions of their mind
Inconstant are like Clouds before the Wind:
From hence Birds chaunt forth such melodious Notes.
The Beasts are glad, and Crows stretch joyful throats.

The difference of their Notes upon change of air is thus delivered by *Pliny*, *Crows* crying to one another, as if they supp'd or pæd therewith, and besides clapping themselves with their wings, if they continue this Note do portend winds; but if they give over between whilst, and cut their cry short, as if they swallowed it back again, they presage Rain and wind both.

As

As thou in Plumes, didst thou excel in voyce,
 'Twould Heaven and Earth rejoyce:
 Wouldst thou but chant one pleasing Lay
 Then be thou King of Birds, and Lord of May.
 Fair Crow intreated, not refuse
 As crotcheting ^(b) Musicians use;
 Sing, and let mounting Larks forsake the skie,
 And let the emulating Lynnet dye,
 And ^(c) Swans no more tune their own Obsequie.

Success wide doors to open Flattery gives;
 All this the Crow believes:
 Trying to reach no common Note,
 Down drops the Dainty in sly Reynard's throat;
 Who chops it up; then fleeing said:
 You have sung well, and I have plaid
 My part not ill: All learned Doctors hold
 Cheefe for the voice far worser is than cold,
 Since once it turn'd a Syren to a Scold.

When the Crow said: I that robb'd Man, whose Plot
 Spoys from the Eagle got;
 A Beast hath cozen'd of no less
 A dainty now than my whole second mess.
 What cannot glozing Flatterers do,
 When our own selvs we flatter too?
 Go scorn'd of all, and take thy woful flight
 To dismal Groves, there mix with Birds of night:
 Did thy own eyes believe the Crow is white?

M O R A L.

Great is the power of Charms, but what enchants
 More than bewitching tongues of Sycophants?
 Love, and the wealth of Kings, are in their power,
 And Gold not sooner takes the maiden Tower.

F A B.

(b) This fancy of the Musicians is noted by Horace in his satyrs, where he describes and laughs at the humors and manners of men:

*Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter
 amicos
 Usque nunquam inducant animum cantare,
 rogati;
 Injussi nunquam desistant. Sardus ha-
 brabat
 Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæsar qui cogere
 posset
 Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque
 suam, non
 Quidquam proficeret; si colluisset, ab
 evo
 Uque ad mala citaret Io Bacche.*

This is the crime that all Musicians use,
 When they are moll entreated to re-
 fuse,
 Unask'd they'll ne'r give ore. This is
 the vein
 Of fam'd Tigellius, the Sardinian.
 Should great Augustus, who might him
 compel,
 Him of his own and Cæsar's kindness
 tell,
 A song desiring, time he should mis-
 spend:
 Who when he lists, Io Bacche sing to
 th' end.

(c) Pausanias notes that Cynos King
 of Legeria, a Prince much addicted to
 Musick, was transform'd into a Swan
 by Apollo, which Bird ever since was
 Musical, entertaining its own death
 with Songs and rejoycings. Ovid in his
 Epistles,

*Sic nobis fata vocant, natis abjectus in
 herbis,
 Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus
 Olor.*

The dying Swan, adorn'd with Silver
 wings,
 So in the sedges of Meander sings.

'Tis true that the Authors of Na-
 tural History gave little credit to this
 relation of their human vocal Notes be-
 fore death, as Aristotle, Pliny, and the
 like; and Alexander Apsudius saies,
 that he has attended the death of sever-
 al of them, yet never heard one mu-
 sical Note. However, it being the vul-
 gar notion, it serv'd the Poets to beau-
 tify their Poëtic withall. Martial in his
 Epigrams,

*Dulcia desit illa modulatur carmina lin-
 gua
 Cantator cygnus: functus ipse fuit.*

The Swan her sweetest Notes sings as
 she dies,
 Chief mourner at her own sad Obi-
 quies.

F A B. VI.

The Battel of the Frog and Mouse.

Frog-land to save, and Micean Realms to spare
 From War and Ruine, two bold Kings prepare
 The Empire of the *Marshes* to decide
 In single fight ; From all parts far and wide
 Both Nations flock to see the great event,
 And load with Vows and Pray'rs the Firmament :
 Oppos'd Petitions grant Heaven's Court no rest,
 While Hopes and Fears thus strugle in their breast.

Up to the fatal Lifts and meafur'd Banks
 Both Armies drew ; bold Yellow-coats in Ranks
 And black furr'd *Moufcovites* the circle man,
 Which the fix-finger'd Giant could not span.
 The rifing Hills each where the vulgar crown'd :
 Nor long expect they, when the warlike found,
 Of fpirit-ftirring *Hornets*, *Gnats* and *Bees*,
 (Such Trumpeters would blood turn'd Ice unfreeze)
 Told the approach of two no petty Kings,
 While the long Vale with big-voyc'd Croakers rings.

First King *Frogmoreton* with the freckled face
 Enters the Lift (for they by Lot took place)
 Riding a *Crafifh*, arm'd from head to heel
 In Shell, dame Nature's gift, inftead of Steel.

Although the many-footed could not run
 With the great *Crab*, which yearly feasts the Sun ;
 Nor with the golden *Scorpion* could fet forth
 And meafure daily the tun-belly'd Earth ;
 Yet fuch his fpeed he ne'r was overtook
 By any fhell-back'd Monfter of the brook.



The Arms he wore once were a water-Snake's,
Which in the battel, when the springs and lakes
Decided were, a Conqueror he brought
From the deep floods, with gold and purple wrought;
Ore thefe a water-Rat's black Fur he caft,
Dreadful with teeth and claws. Thus, as he paft
The Vulgar shout to fee their fix-inch'd King
Like great *Alcides* in his ^(a) Lyons skin.

A whole houle arm'd his head, had been a Snail's:
Though Elfridg Plumes it wants, and Peacocks Tails,
Yet every colour the great Rain-bow dies,
Shone on his creft, the wings of Butter-flies,
Sent him of old a present from Queen *Mab*.
His Targe the fhell of a deferted Crab,
Where in the *Phrogian* tongue this verfe was writ;

The Manlike swimming King unvanquish'd yet.
Six fprightly *Toadpoles* his ruff Javelins bore;
His Sword, a fharp long two edg'd Flag, he wore
Girt to his thigh, a wand'ring Snail the Hilt
With a bright varnifh in ^(b) *Meanders* gilt.

Appointed thus, about the Lifts he rid,
While all admire the Champion's Arms and Steed.

Soon as the pleas'd fpectators fetled were,
Glad Acclamations melting into Air,
Voices were heard through echoing valleys ring,
Th' approach foretelling of the *Micean* King.

A fubdu'd Moufe-trap, his Sedan in peace,
His Chariot now, from Man's high Palaces
Monftapha brought: Ne'r through the fcorching plain
Did fwearing Kings draw fuch a *Tamberlain*:
Six Princes, captive Ferrets, through deep trafts
Fearing the lafh, oft fir'd his thundring ax:

And

And though a heavy mortal was their load,
King *Oberon* they ore hill and dale out-rode.
Enter'd the Lifts, he lights, then mounted on
A dapled Weeffe; the bold *Micedon*
Appear'd (may we great things compare with fmall,)
Like the World's Conqueror, though not fo tall.

His Arms were not of Steel, nor Gold, nor Brafs;
Nor fwearing ^(c) *Cyclops* turn'd the yeelding mafs
With griping tongues, nor Bull-skin bellows rore
To purge *Elestrum* from the froathie Ore;
But the black coat of a *Weftphalia* Swine,
Long hung in fmoke, which now like Jet did fhine.

Fame fays, (and fhe tels truth as oft as lyes;))
The feafon'd Gammon *Miceans* did furprize,
Spoyl'd the red flefh before 'twas once ferv'd up
After full boards, to relifh a frefh cup:
This their King's right, his Captains did present
To him for Safety, and an Ornament;
Such was black *Monftapha's* habergeon:

The ancient *Hero's* had but Steel upon
The heads of cruel Spears; but this did weild
A Lance, whole body was all over steel'd;
It was a Knitting-needle, ftrong and bright;
His Helm a Thimble, daz'd th' Enemies fight,
Ore which a thick fall'd Plume, wagg'd with each gale,
Of Tiffany, gnawn from a Ladie's Veil;
In it a Sprig which made his own afear'd,
The ftiff Muftachios of a dead Cat's Beard.

His folid Shield which he fo much did trust
Was Bifket, though fome write 'twas Manchet cruft.
Hiftorians oft, as Poets, do miftake;
But I affirm 'twas Bifket, for the Cake
They all agree by Navigation,
Four times was feafon'd in the Torrid Zone.

The

(a) *Hercules*, being about 16 or 18 years of age, flew the *Nemean* Lyon, (whole skin *Iuns* had cauted to be impenetrable, intending thereby the de-struction of *Hercules*) and bore it ever after for his Target. *Enripides* in his *Hercules Furoris*.

Σταβίη τῇ θυγῆ διαχέαντες ἐπὶ νείῃ
Αἰσίο. ἡμῶς αὐτῆς ἀνάλειψαν.

Upon your head you put the Lyon's
cale,
Which both his Cask, Back piece,
and Breast-plate was.

Whence we feldom fee any Statue
of *Hercules* without it.

(b) A river of *Lydia* that had fo many windings and turnings, that it became a proverb among the *Circians*, all obliquities being called by them *Meanders*.

(c) The *Cyclops* were the fons of *Caelum* and *Tellus*, releafed by *Jupiter* out of Hell, and employed to forge his fearful Artillery, Thunderbolts, for him: of whom thus *Virgil*, *Æneid*. 8.

Ferrum exercebant vafis Cyclopes
in aniro
Brontelque, Steropelque, & nudas
membra Pyracmon,
His informatum manibus jam parte
polita
Falcem erat.

The Cyclops in vault Caves their
Anvils beat:
Sterops, *Brontes*, naked *Pyracmon*
fwear,
In forging Thunder.

The names of thefe three exprefs
their faculties; Thunder, Lightning,
and Fire.

The Story thus is told, the *Rattish* Prince
A great Diviner, had Intelligence
From occult Causes, that the dangerous Seas
Must be forsook, and floating Palaces :
His ship next voyage would by Storms be lost :
Therefore his black bands swom to the next coast
On Bisket safe ; But *Tybert* by the way
(The Prince of Cats) made him and it a prey,
Slew on the shore, and feasted on his head ;
He, with blood fated, leaves neglected bread,
Of which black *Monstapha* after made his Targe,
Like ^(d) *Ajax* seven-fold shield, but not so large.

His Motto was his Title and his Name
Transpos'd into no costive Anagram,
Which from the *Micean* tongue we thus translate :

The Parmæan affecter, strong, and great. ^(e) Charms,
Both Champions searcht, found free from fraud or
They take their stands, and peise their mighty Arms.
At once loud *Hornets* found, at once they start ;
At once couch'd Spears, with equal Force and Art
Clos'd Bevers met, struck fire ; at once they both
Did backward kiss their mother Earth, though loth.
But first his nimble foot the *Micean* found :

When King *Frogmoreton* as loath'd ^(f) *Irish* ground
His limbs had touch'd, lay on his back upright :
Yet soon recovering, never *Frogian* Knight
Made such a Charge ; for with strange fury led
At the first blow, he leaps quite ore his head,
Bearing his pond'rous Arms, his Sword and Targe.

Nor was black *Monstapha* wanting in the Charge
To shew his wond'rous courage, strength, and skill :
For by the advantage of a rising Hill
A *Mole* had wrought, he strikes ; and though the stroke
Would not have fel'd an Oxe, or cleft an Oak ;

Yet

(d) *Ajax's* shield deform'd a peculiar
deception by the Prince of Poets,
Iliad 7.

*Κίεε δ' ἰπποδὸν ἄλδα τέρας εἶναι
ἄνθρωπον,
Χίλαρος ἐπὶ δὲ κούρην, ὃ δὲ Τυρξὶς
πύχνη, &c.*

Ajax drew nigh, bearing a Tower-like
shield
Of Brass, with seven Hides lin'd, by
Tyberius dress'd,
Of all the Curriers in rich *Hyle* the
best :
He with seven Skins of Bullocks sed at
Grass,
Cover'd his shield, ore all a plate of
Brass,
Defended with this breast-work, *Ajax*
made
Straight up to *Hellor*, and thus threat-
ning, said.

(e) It seems to have been the opi-
nion of the Antients, that it was in the
power of Magick to preserve men in-
vulnerable : for *Chrysippus* in his Hi-
story of *Peloponnesus* tells how *Jason*
by Magical arts caus'd the Moon to
descend from Heaven, which fill'd a
Chelt with froth, out of which was
brought forth a Lyon, whose Skin was
impervious : Another Story there is
to the same purpose recorded by *E-
lian*, thus, where *Silvanus* tells the farg
of *Lydia*, that there was a certain City
whose inhabitants were not fewer then
two hundred Myriads, who died some-
times of sickness ; but most commonly
in the Wars, kill'd either by Stones or
Wood, for they were invulnerable by
Steel.

(f) It is observed that no venomous
creature lives in *Ireland*, neither I reys
which are not venomous ; which being
brought over in Ballast from *England*,
and laid upon Irish ground, they grow
ready to expire ; but being rein'd,
recover presently ; of which I have
seen an eye-witness.

Yet such it was, that had it took, in blood
His Soul had wander'd through the *Stygian* flood ;
But missing, the soft air receives the wound,
And ore and ore he tumbles to the ground.

Nor at th' advantage was *Frogmoreton* slack,
But at one jump bestrides the *Micean's* back ;
Then grasping him 'twixt his cold knees, he said :
Robber of man, who now shall give thee aid ?
Foul Toad, so *Oberon* please, I fear not thee,
Stout *Monstapha* reply'd : then actively
He backward caught the short arm'd King by th' wrists,
And bore him on his shoulders round the Lifts ;
Lowd croaks scale Heaven, then maugre all his strength
Regains his Sword, and threw him thrice his length.

On equal teams agen they battle joy'n'd :
Heroick Souls in narrow breasts confin'd !
For these in *Trojan* wars, once Champions fierce
With gallant Acts adorn'd great *Homer's* verse :
After became Testie Philosophers,
And fought in hot disputes, and learned jars ;
Then ^(g) *Lions, Bears, Cocks, Bulls* and bristly *Hogs* ;
Last transmigrated Schismatics, or *Dogs* :
Where ere they meet, the war is still renew'd,
With lasting hatred and immortal feud.

The King, whose Grandfire when it thunder'd loud,
Mongst fire and hail, dropt from a broken Cloud,
And with an Hoast of ^(h) *Toadpoles* from the sky,
In those vast Fens a *Frogian* Colony
At first did plant : though icy was his skin
With Rage and Shame an *Ætna* felt within ;
Rais'd his broad Flag to make a mighty blow,
Thinking at once in two to cleave the Foe ;
Who nimbly traversing with skill his ground,
On th' *Cerealian* Shield receiv'd the wound :

Yet

(g) The *Pythagoreans* taught not
only the Transmigration of the Soul
from one Man to another, but from
Man into Beasts, and from Beasts into
Man again. This is clearly delivered
by *Ovid* speaking in the person of *Py-
thagoras*,

*Ipsæ ego (nam meminî) Trojani tempore
belli
Panthoides Euphorbus eram, cui pectore
quondam
Hæsit in adverso gravis hasta minoris
Atropa, &c.*

In *Trojan* wars I (remember well)
Euphorbus was, *Panthous* son, and fell
By *Meneleus* Lance, my Shield again
At *Argos* late I saw in *Jason's* Fane.
All ailer, nothing finally decies,
Hither and thither still the Spirit strides
Guest to all bodies, out of Beasts it flies
To men, from Men to Beasts, and never
dies.

(h) Amongst the rest of the Prodigies,
the Antients accounted the raising of
Frogs, Mice, Blood, Stones, of which be
will find many instances in the History
of the Romans, that will peruse *Julius
Obsequens de Prodigis*.

Yet from the orb'd Bisket fell a slice,
Which neer the Lift was snapp'd up in a trice.

Here the *Crum-picking* King puts in a stuck,
With a bright needle, his stiff *Spanish* Tuck; (mail;
Which pierc'd *Frognoreton's* skin, through's Dragon's
Rage doubles, then the Flag becomes a Flail;
And on his Thimble Cask struck such a heat,
That *Monstapha* was forced to retreat:
Not struck with fear, but from his hole to fling
Assured vengeance on the Diving King.
Seven times he sallies forth, as oft retir'd;
But now both Champions, with like fury fir'd,
Lay off all cunning, scorning to defend,
Strength, Rage, and Fortune must the Battel end:
There was no interim; so the *Cyclops* beat
When *Mars* his Arms require a second heat,
Though lowder the *Ænean* Cavern rores;
Blows had for death now made a thousand dores,
As many more for life to issue out.

But here among our Authors springs a doubt:
Some in this mighty combate, dare averr
Both Champions fainting, Symptoms shew'd off fear;
In a cold sweat *Frognoreton*, almost choak'd
With heat & dust, gasp'd thrice; and three times croak'd.
And *Monstapha*, bestew'd in blood and sweat,
As oft cry'd Peep, and made no slow retreat.
To these Detractors, since I am provok'd,
I say 'tis false; this peep'd not, nor that croak'd.
Historians feign, but truth the Poet sings;
Some Writers still asperse the best of Kings.

While thus the Battel stood, the Kytish Prince
Had from lowd croaks and cries intelligence
Of this great Fight; then to himself did say,
What mighty matter's in the Marsh to day!

Then

Then mounted high on labouring wings he glides
And the vast Region of the Air divides.

The wofull Fairy *Mab* did this foretold;
Whom grief transform'd now to a Humble-Bee:
She flies about them, buzzing in their Ear:
For both the Champions she esteem'd dear.
The black Prince did with Captive *Frogians* come,
And at her Altars payd a Hecatomb
That day: and King *Frognoreton* in her House
With rear'd up hands offer'd a high-born Mouse;
And when th' Immortal mortal Cates did wish,
The fattest Sacrifice was made her Dish.
Therefore She hums; Desist; no more; be friends;
Behold the common Enemy attends;
In vain 'gainst him are your united Pow'rs:
O stay your Rage; see, ore your head, he tows.
But they, engag'd in cruel fight, not heard.
The Queens admonishments, nor did regard
Approaching Fates: but suddenly they bind
Ingrate fierce, their Targets cast behind. (stoops,
When the plum'd Prince down like swift Lightning
And seiz'd both Champions maugre all their Troops:
Their Arms drop down, upon them both he feasts,
And reconciles their doubtfull Interests.

Amaz'd Spectators fly, *Hunt-crums*, and *Vaulters*,
Run to their holes, and leap into the waters.

M O R A L.

*Thus Petty Princes strive with mortall Hate,
Till both are swallow'd by a neighbouring State:
Thus Factions with a civill War imbrui'd
By some unseen Aspirer are subdu'd.*

E

F A B.

F A B. VII.

Of the Court Mouse, and Country Mouse.

A Courtey Dame of *Mouſtapha's* great line,
When length of time digeſted had long ſorrow
Will with her Siſter in the Country dine:

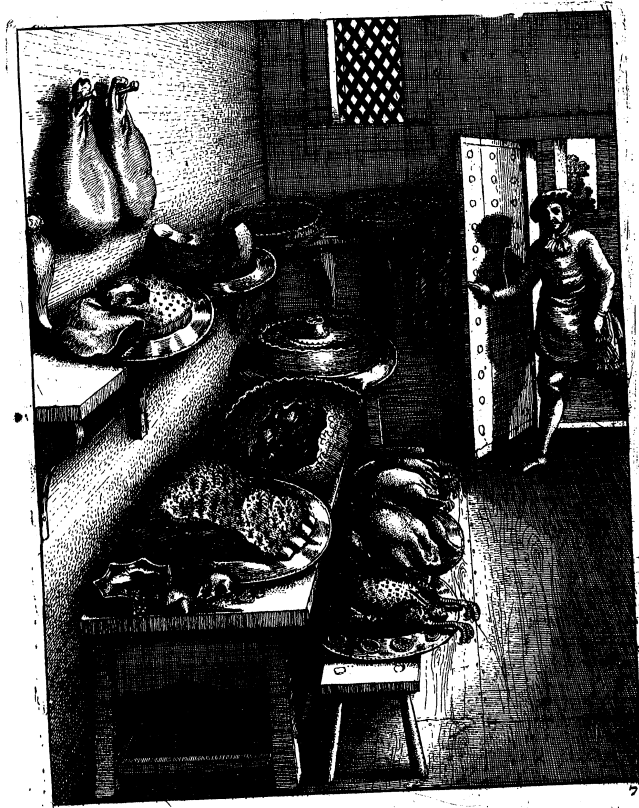
The Ruſtick *Mouſe* dwelt neer a little Burrough,
About her round Verminous Troops inhabit;
The Weeſle, Fox,
Badgers and Brocks,
And Ferrets, which ſo perſecute the Rabbit.

Hither ^(a) *Creviſa* coming, ſoon was brought
Down by ^(b) *Pickgrana* to a homely Table,
Supply'd with Cates, not far fetch'd, nor dear bought;
Which to behold the Court Mouſe was not able:
Cheeſe that would break a Saw, and blunt a Hatchet,
She could not taſte,
Nor mouldy Paſte, (it.
Though twelve ſtout ruſtick Mice that night did fetch

Yet had ſhe Fruit, and ſtore of Pulſe and Grain,
Ants Eggs, the Bees ſweet bag, a Star's fall'n jelly,
Snails dreſt i'th ſhells, with Cuckow ſome, and Rain,
Frog legs, a Lizard's foot, a Neut's py'd belly,
The Cob, and hard Roe of a pickled Herring
Got for a Dog,
As they did prog,
And a ruſh Candle purchas'd by pickeering.

When Dame *Creviſa* thus at length begun:
Dear Siſter riſe, and leave this homely banquet;
Who with *Weſtpalia* hamms and *Parmaſan*
Are daily feaſted (*Oberon* be thanked)

Such



Such meats abhor ; Come, go with me to th' City,
 Here is cold Air,
 Famine, and Care ;
 Your miserable life in truth I pity.

We Lords and Ladies see, dance, laugh, and sing ;
 Where is that Dish, they keep from us is dainty ?
 Proud Cats not oftner look upon the King,
 And we with Princes share prodigious Plenty.
 Invited thus, they went through many a Crany,
 When it was wide,
 On, side by side,
 To the Court Larder undecry'd of any.

There heaps appear'd of Bak'd, Rost, Stew'd, and Sod ;
 The vast Earth's Plenty, and the Ocean's Riches ;
 Able to satisfy a Belly-God :
 The roof was hung with Tongues, and Bacon flitches;
 Beef Mountains had Rosemary Forrests growing
 On their high back,
 Nor was there lack
 Of Vinegar in Peper Channels flowing.

Little they said, but suddenly they charge
 Huge Venison walls, then Tow'rs of Paste they batter;
 Breaches are made in trembling Custard large,
 Here a Potrido the bold Sisters shatter ;
 This takes a Sturgeon, that a pickled Sammon ;
 Then tooth and nail
 They both assail
 Red Deer immur'd, or seiz'd an armed Gammon
 While boldly thus they Mighty Havock made,
 They hear Keys gingle, and a Groaning Wicket ;
 E 2 From

From place to place *Pickgrana* as betray'd
 Seeks in strange corners out some Hole or Thicket.
 To these Alarms *Crevisa* being no stranger
 Needs not think
 Where was the Chink
 That should from Man protect her, and all Danger.

The coast being clear, the *Court-mouse* straight did call
 The *Country-dame* to pillage the whole Larder;
 And Sister said, To second Course lets fall:
 But she amaz'd, still seeking out some Harbour,
 Trembling and pale, Dear Lady, said, Pray tell us
 Are these fears oft?
Crevisa laught,
 And thus replies; 'Tis common what befell us.

No danger this; it adds to our Delight;
 Nor are we with a careless Servant frighted;
 Motion and Time revives dull Appetite,
 And we to Banquets are afresh invited.
 Then said *Pickgrane*; Is this the Royal Palace?
 Better are Farms
 Without Alarms,
 Where we enjoy less Plenty, but more Solace.

M O R A L .

*What Relish hath the sated Appetite,
 When false Alarms tumultuous Cities fright?
 But in the noiseless Country, free from Care,
 Swains are more blest, though harder be their Fare.*

F A B. VIII.

Of the Mountain in labour.

H Ark, how the Mountain groans, what wondrous Birth,
 Committing Incest with his Mother Earth,
 Did mighty ^(a) Typhon get! His Sister Fame,
 Heightning the Expectation, did proclaim
 'Twas with Rebellion big; the hopeful Heir
 Should pull proud Jove from his usurped Chair;
 The Starry Towers by Mortals should be storm'd,
 And the Gods sculk in ^(b) several Shapes transform'd.
 Poets and Painters, nay Historians too,
 As near as they in modesty could doe,
 Draw to behold the Issue, and to see
 A Monster might beyond all Fiction be.
 Come you long-sid'd Widdows, six or seven,
 Whose Husbands fell in the late war 'gainst Heaven,
 And help the labouring Mountain; quickly come
 And mollify her Adamantine Womb.
 While thus it labours, Fame divulg'd abroad,
 The Hill was eas'd of her prodigious Load.
 Fear tells the saw, and th' Infants shape describes;
 Not all the Covenanting Brethren's Tribes,
 That Heaven assaulted, could such Forces boast:
 This bigger was than that Gigantick Hoast.
 This could more ponderous than his Mother peise
 ▲ Hill on every finger: *Hercules*
 In Cradle ^(c) strangl'd Serpents; but this can
 Crack 'twixt his nail, Ironside *Leviathan*:
 So much it grew in every hour, that soon
 The Gold and Silver of the Sun and Moon

(a) Typhon was a Giant, feign'd to be the son of Erebus and Terra: Ambition ascending as all other vices from Hell, of which he was a Type. He was said to reach Heaven with his Heads, because of his aspiring thoughts and to have forced Jupiter from Heaven, because by ambitious Spirits Princes are often chas'd from their Thrones.

(b) When Typhon rais'd the War against Heaven, the Gods fled into Egypt, concealing themselves for fear under the shapes of Beasts: which Ovid has elegantly describ'd in his *Metamorphosis*.

*Emisumque ima de sede Typhoea terra
 Cellitius scissæ mittunt, cunctisque dedisse
 Terga fuge, &c.*

How Typhon, from Earth's gloomy entrails rais'd,
 Struck all the Gods with fear, who fled amazed,
 Till Egypt's scorched soil the weary hides,
 And wealthy Nile, who in seven channels glides,
 When Jove did turn himself into a Ram,
 From whence the Horns of Libyan Hammon came,
 Bacchus a Goat, Apollo was a Crow,
 Phæbe a Cat, Jove's wife a Cow of Snow,
 Venus a Fish, a Stork did Hermes hide,
 And fill her Harp unto her Voice apply'd.

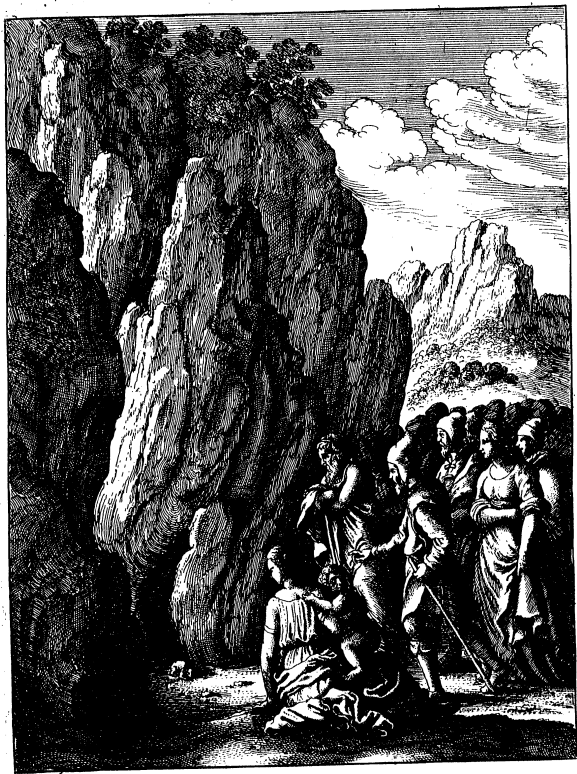
This was an invention of the Grecians in derision of the Egyptians, who adored Beasts for the benefit they did them.

(c) Jove is said to have sent two Serpents unto Hercules to destroy him in his cradle, both which he strangled. Ovid.

*Tunc ferunt geminos pressisse tenaciter angues,
 Cum tener in cunis jam Jove dignus eras?*

You in your hands strangled two Snakes they say,
 When in your Cradle You Jove's Issue lay.

Would



Would all be his ; and some not stick to say
Jove's Arms and Thunder would be seiz'd next day.

At last the Mountain a huge Groan did fetch,
 Which made her belly's Marble Portals stretch,
 And was deliver'd straight ; from this great House,
 That threaten'd so much danger, leaps a Mouse.
 A Shout scales Heaven ; all cry, A Mouse is born :
 And what so much they fear'd, is now their Scorn.
 Silence our Pipes, and Muses too be dumb ;
Great Expectations oft to Nothing come.

MORAL.

*Thus haughty Nations, with Rebellion big,
 Land-Forces raise, and huge Armado's rig,
 Against the State, Fame trebling their great Pow'r,
 Which happier Stars oft scatter in an Hour.*

F A B. IX.

Of the Lyon and the Moufe.

VVHAT's this that troubles us we cannot
 sleep?
 Something is in our Furs, we feel it creep
 Betwixt our Neck and Shoulders, 'twill invade
 Our Throat anon; the weary Lyon said,
 Now come from Hunting, stretch'd in a coal shade.

Peace, and we'll catch a Moufe; his word is kept,
 His great Paw seiz'd the stragler as he crept.
 Who trembling thus begun, King of the grove, *Jove*
 Whom when thou thunder'st Beasts more fear than
 Let no small crime thy high displeasure move.

Hither I stray'd by chance; think not, great Sir,
 I came to pick a Hole in Royal Fur,
 Nor with the Woolf and Fox did I contrive
 'Gainst you, nor question'd your Prerogative:
 If so, then justly me of life deprive.

Should I relate for what great A&t my Name
 Through *Micæan* Realms refounded is by Fame,
 It would too much my modesty invade;
 But when at stake Life is and Fortune laid,
 To speak bold Truths, why should I be afraid?

Pyrrhus who now is through the world renown'd,
 The *Roman* Souldier no *Barbarian* found.

In compleat Steel he saw their Armies shine,
 Full Squadrons stand exacter than a Line,
 Beyond the *(a) Cinean* Tactics Discipline,

Mountains



(a) *Cineas* was a Commander under *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*, who wrote a book of Military affairs. *Cicero* in his *Epistles*, *Summum me Duceum literæ tuæ reddiderunt. Plausu uisicbam te tam peritum esse rei militaris. Pyrrhus te libras & Cineas uideo lectissimæ. Thy Letters have made me an excellent Commander. I knew not thou wert so expert in Military affairs. Now I see thou hast read the Works of Pyrrhus and Cineas.*

Mountains of flesh, he mighty Land-Whales brought,
That Tow'rs supported with arm'd Souldiers fraught :
Supposing by the Cattle-carriers Might,
To break the brazen Ranks, and to affright
African Squadrons with th' unusual fight.

But the great Warriour fail'd in this design,
The subtle Roman Herds of filthy ^(b) Swine
On th' Elephants drove: straight at their dismal Cry
Cittadels clash, rang'd Cattles routed fly,
And Tow'rs unfadled in their Ruine lie.

Yet one maintain'd the Field against all odds;
For which his King him with new honour loads :
And to Paternal Scutcheons, charg'd before
With Sable Cattles, in a field of Ore
Canton'd in Gules, he adds an Argent Boar.

This mighty Elephant I in dead of night,
With these small arms, though sharp, challeng'd to fight,
And said; Your Cattle, and your Guard are gone,
On equal terms encounter me alone.
True valour best is without witness shown.

Strange! from a Moufe this Mountain trembling ran,
And Prayers in vain to the high ^(c) Moon began :
But when in Clouds she hid her silver Wain,
I through his trunk, like lightning pierc'd his brain,
And till the Dawn triumphed o're the slain.

But now my Fortune's chang'd; I captive lie
In exploring quarter from your Majesty:
Make me your friend; to Sentence not proceed;
If fickle Chance should frown, (which Jove forbid)
The Lyon of my Aid may stand in need.

This

^(b) So *Eliu* tells the story of the overthrow of King *Pyrrhus* his Elephants, and the loss of his Army thereby, though *Pitarch* mentions them not. However it is generally observ'd by the Physiologists, that Elephants are affrighted at the gruntings of Swine.

^(c) That Elephants worship the Moon, was a common tradition among the Antients. So *Pliny* in his Natural History, l. 8. *Inde vero (qua etiam in Illorum rara) probitas, prudentia, equitas, religioque fiderum, Solisque ac Luna veneratio, &c.* The Elephants embrace too busily, produce and equity (rare qualities to be found in men:) and whilst have insidiously reverence the Stars and Planets, and worship the Sun and Moon. Writers there be who report that much of this. That when the new Moon be seen to appear fresh and bright, they run by herds to a certain River in the Desert of Mauritania, where having posited and sprinkled themselves over with water, and adored the Planet, they return into the Woods again. The same is delivered by *Eliu* in the History of Animals, l. 3.

This said, the King admiring that a Moufe
Should such a Monster's mighty Soul unhouse,
Seizing the *Piamater* of his Brain,
And there with death, and fullen darkness reign :
Signs his Dismiss, then seeks *Rapose* again.

Soon as to th' East tall Shades began to creep,
The Lyon rose, and shakes off drowfie Sleep :
Feasts for his pregnant Queen must now be fought
In fields remote; far fetch'd, as dear was bought,
The roring King in a strong Net is caught,

Laid by a subtle Sun-burnt *African*;
While he his great strength us'd, and strove in vain,
Twisted grates gnawing of his Hempen Cage,
The *Micean* heard th' indulgent Lyon rage,
And grateful streight to free him did engage.

First hunts out busily to find the Cord
Which clos'd the Snare, which found, as with a Sword,
His teeth (before well on an old Cheefe set)
Cleers all the Meshes of the tangling Net.
When thus the Lyon spake at freedom set:

Kings be to Subjects mild; and when you move
In highest Spheres, with Mercy purchase Love.
From private Grudges oft great Princes have
Midst Triumphs met with an untimely grave: (save
And Swains have Power sometimes their Lords to

M O R A L.

*Mercy makes Princes Gods; but mildest T brones
Are often shook with huge Rebellions :
Small Help may bring great Aid, and better far
Is Policy than Strength in Peace or War.*

F

F A B.

F A B. X.

Of the same Lyon and Mousè.

THen to the Mousè he spake, though Kings
 requite
 Their Saviors oft with Steel, or Aconite ;
 Yet I, Magnanimous *Micean*, since I'm free,
 And had this great Deliverance from thee,
 Shall (if our Kingdoms have it) Grateful be.

I know the *Frogians*, now a Popular State,
 By various Chance of War, and long Debate,
 Have driv'n your race to fenced Towns, and Tow'rs,
 Where cruel (4) *Tybert*, in Nights dismal Hours,
 Many a harmless *Monfcorvite* devours.

But Noble *Catus* boasts his Stock from Us,
 For of our Species is Majestick *Puff*.
 I'll use my Pow'r firm Peace from him to gain,
 And by the Eagle's means from *Jove* obtain
 A Stork, that shall o'r Croaking *Frogians* reign.

But more than this, by that Cœlestial-Sign
 (Which gilds the Corn, purples the Plumper Vine)
 The Lyon call'd, by wise Astronomers,
 What's mine is thine ; Ask then : In Peace and Wars
 Be also one of our Prime Counsellors.

Th' ambitious Mousè; who chooseth still the Best,
 For where his Phang Tooth hath a Seal imprest,



If pureſt Bread, rich Cheefe, or mellow Fruit,
That the whole Table eats without diſpute;
To great Kings Taſter is this little Brute;

Encourag'd by the Lyon, thus reply'd;
Then let the Royal Virgin be my Bride.
Nor wonder at my Sute; though I am ſmall,
My Mother was a ^(a) Mountain, full as tall
As high *Olympus*, *Jove's* huge Council-Hall.

(a) See Fable the 8.

Great was the Expectation at my Birth;
When flying ^(b) *Fame* divulg'd our Mother Earth
Swell'd with a Son, ſhould give Heaven freſh alarms.
What e'r my Limbs, me no leſs Soul informs,
Than bold *Briareus* with the hundred arms.

(b) *Virgil* hath left us an admirable deſcription of *Fame*, *Æneid* 1.

*Fama malum quo non aliud velocius
ullum
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit en-
do, &c.*

Fame ſir out-ſtrips all miſchief in her
courſe,
Which grows by motion; gains, by
flying, force;
Kept under ſiſt by Fear, ſoon after
throw'd,
Stalking on Earth, her head amongſt
the Clouds;
Vex'd by the Gods, th' All-parent
Earth brought forth
This Siſter, laſt of the Gigantick birth.
The huge foul Monster ſwiftly goes and
flies,
So many Plumes, as many Watching
Eyes
Lurk underneath; and, what more
ſtrange appears,
So many Tongues, loud Mouths, and
Liſtning Ears.

The troubled King then to the *Micean* ſaid;
Son, dar'ſt thou venture on the Horrid Maid?
See where ſhe comes: attended from our Court,
Pards, Leopards, Panthers, round about reſort,
Neer, her Delight, two wanton Jackals ſport.

The Lyon then aſide his Daughter took,
And to prepare ſweet Love, thus kindly ſpoke;
From whom I Life and Freedom have, behold:
Amongſt our Kings his Name ſhall be enroll'd,
One wife in Council, and in Battel bold.

Then take this Jewel, honour him as Lord,
And in thy Boſom warmeſt ſeats afford.
She then advancing with Maſteſtick Gate,
Looking too high to view ſo low a Mate,
Trode on him unawares, and ſlew him ſtreight.

Then said the Lyon weeping o'r his Friend ;
Great are the woes unequal Beds attend.

Therefore I judge thou art more happy dead
Than those lye tortur'd in a scornful Bed,
Where Vulturs on their bleeding Hearts are fed.

MORAL.

*Who dare a Combat with the Deviltry,
Are often vanquish'd by a Lady's eye :
Those that from Scholes and hot Disputings come,
Are at a Woman's presence stricken dumb.*



F A B. XI.

Of the Boar and the Ass.

THe *Ass* prefer'd from toil, and tedious roads;
 Labours no more now under packs and loads;
 That Goddess blind
 To *Asses* kind,

Gave him Trapings, and a golden Saddle;
 With the Horse he prances, with the Ape he modes,
 And spends his time in fiddle fadle.

His once short Main is powder'd, curl'd, and dri'd;
 He wears Heart breakers too with Ribands tide;

No more he brays,
 But lowdly neighs

Love Verses, Madrigals and Fancies
 To some she-*Ass* his Mistress; by her side
 No Hobby-horse more proudly dances.

The warlike *Boar* who never knew to yeild,
 Who oft with Blood, and Foam, had dy'd the field,
 Though round beset
 And in the Net

Would break through Hounds, like tamer Cattel,
 Charge Horse, and Man, Spear, Sword, and Shield,
 This beast, th' *Ass* challengeth to battel.

Sir, I have heard a Souldier's horse well shod,
 His Arms, his Sword, and Pistol, are his God;
 And you I know
 Have seen the Foe,

By your Buff-jerkin, and your Bristles:
 'Tis like the paths of Honour you have trod,
 Where Roses do not grow, but Thistles.

Fortune

Fortune hath courted me, and I court Fame;
 And though the Arms we use are not the same,
 The golden *Ass*
 Will try a Pass
 With your *Boarship* in a Duel;
 'Tis true I ne'r was try'd by wild or tame,
 Yet Honour I esteem a Jewel.

The warlike *Boar* viewing the *Ass* so brave,
 Perceiving yet in him more Fool than Knave;
 Though sudden rage
 Bids him engage,
 Yet with an *Ass* he scorns to meddle,
 As Merchants trafficking through th' azure Wave
 To deal with those bear packs and peddle.

But to the high-fed beast the *Boar* thus spoke;
 Thou art not worth my Anger nor a Stroke,
 But I'll not stick
 To give you a kick,
 But for a Combat choose a Brother;
 And there with equal Arms your selves provoke;
One Ass must always beat another.

M O R A L.

*Let valiant men themselves from Cowards bless,
 Lest Fortune favouring Fools grant them Success:
 Who deal with such, oft conscious Shame disarms,
 While hope of Honour the faint-hearted warms.*



12

F A B. XII.

Of the Frogs desiring a King.

Since ^(a) good *Frogmoreton* *Jove* thou didst translate
How have we suffer'd, turn'd into a State ?
In several Interests we divided are ;

Small Hope is left well grounded Peace t' obtain,
Unless again
Thou hear our Pray'r

Great King of Kings, and we for Kings declare.

That Supreme Power may on the People be
Settled, 'tis true ; but who that day shall see ?
Men, Beasts, and Birds, nay Bees, their King obey.
When wealthy Regions factious Counsels steer,
Destruction's neer.

Thus Night and Day,
Grant us a King, a King, the Frogs did pray.

Jove hears, and smiles at their vain Sute ; but when
The great Affairs he saw of Gods and Men
Vex'd with their Clamoring, down a Block he threw ;
With a huge Fragar circling Billows roll
From Pole to Pole :

The People flew,
And far from such a thund'ring Prince withdrew.

At last all calm and silent, in great State
On silver Billows he enthroned sat,
Admir'd and Reverenc'd by every Frog ;
His Brow like Fate, without or Frown or Smile,

Struck Fear a while ;
Then all the Bog
Proclaim their King, and cry, *Jove* save King Log.
But

^(a) *Phadrus* will have this Fable to have been made by *Æsop*, upon occasion of *Pisistratus* his seizing of the Fort of *Athens*, and taking the Supreme Power into his own hands, as Tyrant. Neither is the account of time repugnant ; for *Æsop* was contemporary with the seven wise men, and consequently with *Solon*, who oppos'd *Pisistratus* in that design.

But when they saw he floated up and down,
 Unactive to establish his new Crown ;
 Some of the greatest of them without Dread
 Draw neerer to him ; now both Old and Young
 About him throng,

On's Crown they tread,

At last they play at Leap-Frog o'r his Head.

Streight they proclaim a Fast, and all repair
 To vex Heaven's King again with tedious Pray'r,
 This Stock, this Wooden Idol to remove ;
 Send them an active Prince, a Monarch stout,

To lead them out,

One that did love

New Realms to conquer, and his old improve.

(b) That *Styx* had the honour to
 have the Gods to swear by it, we learn
 from *Hesiod*, in his Genealogy of the
 Gods ;

*Ἡσίοδος τῶν θεῶν ὡς ἴσως ὁ Ὀδυσσεὺς ἀπέ-
 ρηξε
 Ἀστυνοῦς ἰσχυρὸς θεῶν ἐν μακρῇ Ὀ-
 λυμπῷ, &c.*

In that great day when high *Jove* sum-
 mon'd all
 The immortal Gods to his Olympick

Hall,
 And said whatever God would in his
 Right,
 Resolve against the *Titans* to fight,
 He would reward, and unto them re-
 store

The several Honours they enjoy'd be-
 fore :

And those of meaner ranks in *Saturn's*
 Reign

Should more especial dignities obtain.

Styx with her sons then first did mount
 the kies

Observing her dear Father's grave
 advice

Whom *Jove* so honour'd and reward-
 ed there

That all the Gods by her must only
 swear.

(c) The application of this Fable by
Æsop to the *Athenians* (as *Phædrus*
 will have it) is this ;

*—Veni quique, o Cives, ait
 Hoc sistite, majus ne veniat malum.*

To you, O Citizens, Bear this, he said,
 Let you a greater mischief do invade,

That he was wholly averse from Cru-
 elty, is evident from those Examples
 alleg'd by *Valerius Maximus*, lib. 5.
 c. 1. *Seneca de Ira*, lib. 13. *Eusebius*
 in *Ibid* 2, and others.

Jove grants their Sute, o'r them the *Stork* he puts,
 streight through the Fens the dreadful Long-shank
 Devouring Subjects with a greedy Maw. (struts,
 Again the *Frogians* with a doleful Croak

Heaven's King invoke,

He would withdraw

This cruel Prince that made his Will a Law.

Then th' angry God in Thunder answer'd these ;

To change your Government great *Jove* did please,

And you I gave a peaceful Sovereign :

Since he dislik'd you, by the ^(d) *Stygian Lake*

A Vow I make,

The *Stork* shall reign,

And you forever more repent in vain.

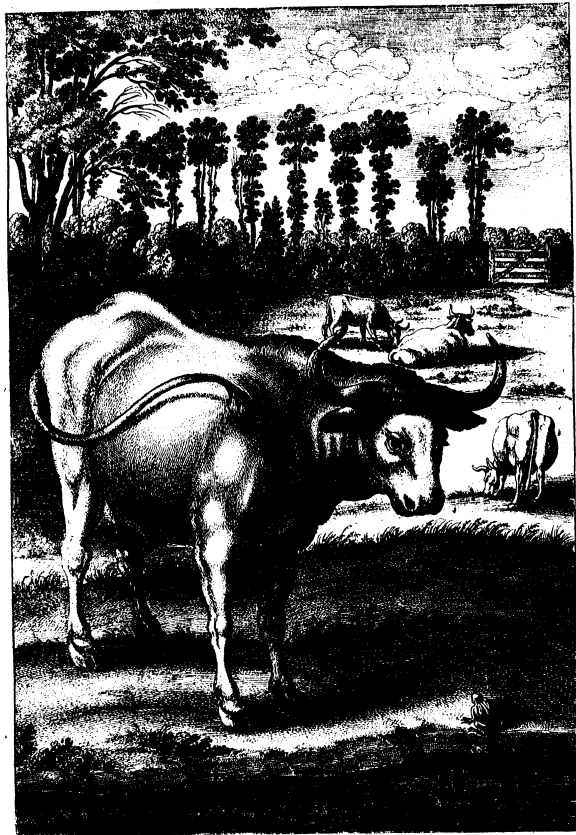
MORAL.

No ^(e) Government can th' unsetled *Vulgar* please,

Whom Change delights think *Quiet* a disease ;

Now *Anarchy* and *Armies* they maintain,

And wearied, are for King and Lords again.



the Ox and the Frog.

F A B. XIII.

Of the Frog and the Ox.

FROM the Hydropick Kingdoms of the Bog,
Up to a verdant Mead,
With green Plush Carpets spread,
Comes a Proud *Frog* ;
Who once did tread
Upon the Head

Of his own gracious Sovereign, mild King Log,
Whom fat with mighty Spoil
Of the rich wooden Isle

The *Stork* perſu'd, the new Malignant flies,
And now in shady Graſs in ſafety lyes.

Amongſt the bellowing Herds, and bleating Flocks,

This *Frog* by chance eſpies

Of a prodigious ſize

A ſtall-fed Ox,

Such Chines and Thighs

Good ſtomachs prize,

And Bones with Marrow big as hollow Oks ;

Wide was his ſpreading Horn

As Evening from the Morn :

When thus the *Frog*, in length not half a Span,

Stuff'd up with Envy, and Self-love, began.

I, who once greateſt of our Nation ſeem'd ;

Now ſtanding by this Clown,

Whoſe fleſh might feaſt a Town,

Am unſteem'd,

And up and down

Hop'thout Renown ;

G

Though

Though no such Bull-calf my dear Mother teem'd ;
 With Wind my Sides and Back
 I'll swell untill they crack ;
 Fancy shall help, a Revelation now
 Bids me be great, as th' of-spring of the Cow.

Thus having said, on his Design he falls ;
 And both with Wind and Pride
 He swells his Back and Side ;
 To his Son then calls :
 And said, My Hide
 Now grows as wide

As that in thongs once measur'd ^(a) *Cartbage* walls.

Nor on a larger Chine

Did valiant *Ajax* dine,

When him the ^(b) Grecian General did invite
 Unfoyl'd by *Hector* in a single fight.

Then spake his Son : Father you strive in vain.

To me you not appear

So big as his crop'd Ear ;

Ah, do not strain,

The Wind I fear

Your fides will tear ;

And though your Soul may a new Body gain,

A Father I shall lack ;

Should you bear on your back,

A Castle, and inspire an Elephant,

The Mouse your deadly Foe you shall not want.

Thus the wife Son to his fond Father spoke,

While he did strive in vain

Four Winds to entertain

In one small Nook :

Regions

(a) *Dido* having obtain'd of *Iarbas* so much ground as an Ox's Hide would compass, did cut the Hide into so many small pieces as inclos'd twenty two furlongs, on which she built the City *Cartbage*, mentioned by *Virgil*. *Æneid*. l.

*Drvenere locos ubi nunc ingentia cernis
 Mœnia, surgentemque nova Carthagini
 arcem,
 Mœratique solum, falli de nomine
 Byssum,
 Taurino quantum possent circumdare
 tergo.*

They found those parts where now
 huge Walls, and new
 Towns of aspiring *Cartbage* thou
 must view,
 Call'd *Byssa* from the Bargain ; so
 much ground
 Bought as a Bull's Hide could encom-
 pass round.

(b) This Story is related by *Homer*,
Iliad. 7.

*Αἰὶδᾷ ἰὼν ὡς ἐμὰς αἶψα, τῆς αἰσῆς ἢ
 δᾶμν,
 Δαίμων, &c.*

Thus having done, to Banquet they
 repair,
 All of the Royal Treatment had their
 share :
 But *Agamemnon*, as a favouring sign,
 Before great *Ajax* set the luty Chine.

Regions where Rain

And Hail remain

Must in his Bosom be, as Prisoners took ;

At last he grew as full

As Toads live in a scull,

When at a mighty Rupture enters Death,
 And Air confin'd, now flies with vital Breath.

Then spake the Son, over his gasping Sire,

Hadst thou contented been

With this thy little Inn,

Not aiming higher,

Here thou hadst seen

Good days agen,

But thou like *Icarus* didst too much aspire,

On thy King's Neck hast trod,

Now th' Oxe th' Egyptian God

Strov'st to be like : so the proud *Angels* fell,

And though in Heaven, not knew when they were well.

M O R A L .

To strive what seems impossible to get,
 A Supererogation is of Wit,
 Not Folly now, when every day we see
 What men thought once impossible to be.

G 2

F A B .

F A B. XIV.

Of the Wolf and the Lamb.

IT fortun'd the fierce *Wolf* and tender *Lamb*,
Vex'd with high noon, and *Phæbus* scorching flame
To quench their Thirst to one cool River came.

To whom the *Wolf*, betwixt his Draughts, with slow
Yet rancorous speech, thus spake; How dar'st thou blow
My Drink, and with thy feet up Gravel throw ?

Son of a rotten Sire ; How durst thou (Slave
To cruel Man, who with thy fleece doth save
Himself from cold) foul this clear silver Wave ?

The *Lamb* astonish'd, struck with sudden fear,
To see his Glowing eyes, and Bristly hair,
Said ; Sir be patient, and your Anger spare.

I humbly crave your pardon, that so neer,
And at one time with you I water here ;
Yet under Favour still your stream is clear.

I am beneath, Sir, if you please to note,
And from your mouth to mine the waters float ;
It passeth yours before it touch my Throat.

The fell *Wolf* grinn'd, his eyes like fire-brands glow ;
Oh curst Race, he said, to mine a foe,
Sill plotting harmless Wolves to overthrow ;

Thy Father, Mother, Sacrilegious *Lamb*,
And all thy bleating Kindred, from the Dam
Stile themselves guiltless, but I guilty am ;

And



And none dare say you in Wolves habit come,
And tear dead Bodies from the New-built Tomb,
And poor Wolves then for your offences doom.

Dogs, once our brethren, curst Curs, you lead
Against our Race; Who now will hear us plead?
When you'r the cause of all the Blood is shed.

Now by our King ^(a) *Lycaon's* crown I swear,
So wrong'd by that rebellious *Jupiter*,
Affronted thus, no longer I'll forbear.

Thus having said, at the poor *Lamb* he flies,
His cruel teeth a purple River dies,
Whilst warm Blood spurtles in his face and eyes.

(a) *Lycaon* was King of *Arcadia*, whom *Jupiter* transform'd into a Wolf, because he inhumanely entertain'd him with the flesh of a stranger. The Fable is thus recounted by *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*, in the person of *Jupiter*.

*Nolle gravem summo nec opina perdere morte
Ade parat, hac illi placet expiuntia veri.*

In dead of night, when all was whist
and still,
Me dire *Lycaon* purposeth to kill;
Nor with so foul an enterprize content.

An Hostage murders from *Adelphi* sent:

Part of his fever'd scarce-dead limbs he
boils,

Another part on hissing Embers broils;
This set before me, I the House ore-

tur'd
Which vengeful flames, which round
about him burn'd.

He frighted to the silent Desert flies,
There howles, and speech with lost en-

deavour tries.
His self-like jaws still grin: more than

for food
He slaughters Beasts, and yet delights

in Blood.
His Arms to Thighs, his Cloaths to

Bristles chang'd,
A Wolf, not much from his first form

chang'd,
So bony hair'd, his looks so full of

rape,
So fiery ey'd, so terrible his shape.

Which Fable was devis'd to deter
men from Impiety, Treachery, and in-
hospitality.

MORAL.

*They that have Power to do, may, when they will,
Pick Quarrels, and, pretending Justice, kill.
Who hunt for Blood, and Spoil, need not invent
New Crimes, but lay their own on th' innocent.*

FAB.

F A B. XV.

Of the Wolf and the Crane.

BUt while the *Wolf* devour'd the innocent *Lamb*
Raising her voice and eyes to Heaven, the dam
Implor'd revenge: *Pan* from the shepherds coat

To ^(a) *Menalus* heard, and fix'd a Bone in's throat.

He wonders what obstructs; who *Warder* stood,

Stopping so old a thorough-fare of Blood.

What shall he doe? or where now find a Cure?

Great was the Danger, nor could he endure

The pain, while he o'r *Hill* and *Dale* did pass

To native Realms, where his own Surgeon was.

When on a rising Bank hard by, he spy'd

Bellin the *Ram*: he could but be deny'd;

And though his teeth blush'd with the purple Gore

Of his dear Son, slain neer his Mother's door,

Yet he would try; in some Misfortunes, Foes

Will, with our Friends, commiserate our Woes.

Upon this score he went, and thus bespoke

The King, and horned Father of the Flock.

Sir, may your Wives be numerous, and bear

Twins alwaies, and be pregnant Twice a Year,

And may your beauteous Son, who on yon Bank

Confer'd with me, where we together Drank,

Be golden fleec'd, and when his Horns grow Large,

T' a thousand Yews a husband's Love discharge.

'Tis true, our Nations long at odds have been;

Yet why should publick Jars raise private Spleen?

Let there, my Lord, no Personal difference be;

Or strive we, Let us strive in Courtesie.

Favours may purchase Love, Love Peace may win,

Quarrels may end, since once they did begin.

Suspecting

(a) *Menalus* is a high Mountain in *Arcadia*, consecrated to *Pan* the Guardian of Shepherds, abounding with all sorts of Beasts mentioned by *Ovid*.

Menala transieram latebris horrenda strarum
Et cum Cyllene gelidi pineta Lycæi.

I pass den-dreadful *Menalus* confines,
Cyllene, cold *Lycæus* clad with Pines.

Suspecting plots, his Bell wife *Beline* rung,
When troops of *Rams* to guard his person throng.

Then said; Your business Sir? Be brief, and know,

It must be lawful, that I grant a foe.

When with dejected Look thus *Igrim* spake;

A Bone sticks cross my throat, some pity take,

And draw it forth; and when the silver Moon

Makes low-brow'd Night faintly resemble Noon,

The Goddess I'll beseech, you never may

Want Grass in Summer, nor in Winter Hay,

No floods in Autumn, no destructive Cold

Send Scabs, nor Rots depopulate your Fold.

And She will hearken to our pious Race.

Of when She swounds, and notes of ^(b) Tinkling-Brafs

Cannot recall, nor colour her pale lips,

Our cries have rescu'd from a dark Eclipse.

Then *Beline* said; Impudent *Wolf* be gone;

Who knows, but late thou hast some Murder done,

And this a Judgment due to thy desert?

On pain of death our Quarters leave, depart.

Thus to the shaggy Goat, he did complain,

To the swift Dear, and the dull Oxe in vain;

They all refuse, and say, no punishment

On ravening Wolves can be unjustly sent.

When stalking through the Marsh he meets the *Crane*

(*Low-Country people know no God but gain*)

To whom the *Wolf* thrice Congeiving began:

May your plump Phalanx pass the Ocean,

To Southern Regions safe, and landing there,

May all the ^(c) Pigmy Kingdoms shake with fear.

Ἰὼν τῷ κροίσῳ γούρου μέλαιναν ἀντίθευε κρη.
Ἄν' ἑνὶ τῷ χωρίῳ πύρον ἢ ἀβυσσοῦς ἔσται,
κροίσῳ μὲν ὠκυμένην ἢ ὠκεανὸν περὶ
Ἀνδρῶν Πυγμαλίωνος πόρον ἢ ἀντα σέθεναι.

And gain'd credit among the most judicious of those that followed him; for *Aristotle* in his History of Animals vindicates it as a truth, and far from fiction; and a Roman Legate, in his Embassy into *Ethiopia*, proved that he saw the *Pygmies* inhabiting the Mountains of that Country.

(b) The vulgar people among the ancients being ignorant of the natural causes of the Eclipses of the Moon, believ'd that she suffer'd at that time under the power of Magical charms, which they thought was remedied by the tinkling of Brafs and ringing of Bells, sound of Trumpets, and the like: of which we have a memorable story in *Tacitus*, speaking of the sedition of the *Pannonian* Legions against *Tiberius* the Emperour.

Nōstem minacem & in scelus erupturam fers lenis. Nam Luna clarescente cado visa languere. Id milites, rationis ignarus, omen presentium accepit, ac suis laboribus defensionem Sideris assensum, propterea cessura quæ pergerent & fulgur & claviscula Dea redebat. Ignotæ artis fuso, tubarum coramumque concentu strepere, &c.

Chances quieted the night that threatened Sedition: for in a clear night the Moon was seen to languish. The Soldier being ignorant of the reason of it, thought it to be an Omen of their present danger, and the darkness of the Planet they lik'd to their troubles, and its fulgour and clearness to their success. Wherefore by the tinkling of Brafs, the sound of Trumpets and Cornets they made a noise and acting as that appear'd more splendid or obscure to rejoice or mourn. And when that light was hindered, by the intervening clouds, and they thought the Moon to be involved in darkness (as men's minds once black incline to superstition) they complain that their eternal misery is prefigured, and that the Gods did abominate their undertaking.

Nay Plutarch, in the life of *Pericles*, saies, that the *Athenians* were so superstitious in this particular, that they burnt them alive who pretended to give a natural reason of the Eclipse of the Moon. This superstition continued some Centuries of years even among the *Christians*, as appears from the Homilies of *Adrianus Taurinensis*.

(c) The *Crane* desert *Thrace* in Winter, declining the piercing cold of that Climate, when making their rendezvous first at *Hebrus*, a river of that Country, they make toward *Ethiopia*, a warmer Region, and Southern parts of *Egypt*, where they encounter the *Pygmies*, the inhabitants of those Countries. This was first deliver'd by *Homer*, *Iliad* 3.

So clamouring *Crane*s on wings expanded march
Through unpath'd regions of Heavens glittering Arch,
From biting Cold, and Deluges of Rain,
To warmer Margens of the Southern Main:
Where the plum'd Squadrons on the *Pygmies* bet,
And with great slaughter up their quarters beat.

And

And may you Conqueror o'r the dwarfish Ranks,
 Triumph on *Strymon*, or on *Hebrus* banks.
 But to your Friend be kind, and draw a Bone
 Sticks in his Throat, ungrateful I'm to none ;
 Then I'll a Trout present thee sweet and good,
 Cleans'd in a silver Stream, and free from Mud.
 If that not satisfy, most noble *Crane*,
 To please thy Pallat this whole Fen I'll drain.

He undertakes the Cure, nor pluck'd he oft
 With his long Bill, but *Isgrim's* well, and cough'd.
 The Bird demands his Pay : The *Wolf* at that
 With a sower Smile reply'd ; Sir *Crane*, for what ?
 For plucking out a Bone are thy Demands ?
 Thou might'st have stretch'd, fool, on these yellow sands
 Vent'ring thy long Bill in my Throat, thy Head
 I freely gave ; thank me thou art not dead.
 Or come and draw another out, though loath
 I shall reward thee nobly then for both.
 When to himself, the griev'd *Crane* mourning said ;
Great Favours thus are by th' ungrateful paid.

MORAL.

*So Merchants, having scap'd a dangerous Sea,
 Mocks to their Saints, for promis'd Offerings, pay :
 But some more impious, having touch'd dry Land,
 Think they perform, to let their Statues stand.*



26

F A B. XVI.

Of the Husband-man and the Serpent.

VVHEN a cold Storm confirm'd the trem-
bling Bogs,
And drove to warmer Springs the
naked Frogs,

With's Prong on's back a simple Farmer
Boldly goes
Through Frost and Snows,
Ice on's Beard, fire in's Nose,
A freeze Jerkin all his Armour;
To feed Sheep, and Cattel fodder.
Where by chance he found
Frozen to the ground
Stretch'd at length a dying Adder.

The cruel Serpent under Death's arrest,
Strange, but the Fable hath sufficient Test,
He takes, and in his bosom lodges,
Where at night
His delight
His dear Wife he'll invite,
And home again in haste he trudges.
The Viper as a precious Jewel
Streight he laid in Moss,
Putting sticks across,
Busling out to fetch more Fuel.

Fresh warmth gave Resurrection to the Fiend,
And from the Dead the Devil did ascend,
His vital Spirits returning;
He now grown hot,
Fresh Poison got,
Contriving streight a damned Plot,
With Rage and Malice burning.

H

He

He uncoils his speckled Cable,
 And prepares by Arms
 To seize all the Farms
 Of him that was so hospitable.

And with Injustice thus he tax'd the Gods ;
 Gives *Jove* to silly Swains such warm Abodes,

When subtle Serpents must ly sterving ?

Who else will dain,

But this dull Swain,

To take us up and ease our Pain,

What ever our deserving ?

But leaves us gasping in a Furrow ;

Or with a Staff,

When we are half

Dead, kill, and so concludes our Sorrow.

I'll scoorse my windy Lodging for this Grange ;

Nor is it Robbery to make a Change,

A cool House for a warmer ;

Him I'll assign

What e'r is mine,

In open Field to Sup and Dine,

And here I'll play the Farmer.

I'll take the Charge of Sheep and Cattel,

And when there's need

On them I'll feed.

This said, he straight prepares for Battel.

His nery Back, and his voluminous Train,
 Are both drawn up to charge one single Swain,

His Eys like *Ætna* flaming,

His Sting he whets,

His Scales he sets,

Now up and down the Room he jets :

With Hisses War proclaiming:

He

He, Stools and Tables, Forms imbraces,
 Wreathing about,
 Now in, now out,
 And takes Possession of all places.

Mean while the Rustick had with founding Strokes
 Whole Elms disrob'd, and naked left tall Oaks,

To bring the Snake home store of Fuel:

Little the good

Man understood

Whom he sav'd would seek his Blood,

And with the Devil to have a Duel.

But when he came into the Entry,

It made him quake

To see the Snake

Stand, like an ugly Souldier, Centry.

Not staying to plead the goodness of his Cause,

Arm'd with a Stake up the bold Shepherd draws,

To save his House and Dwelling ;

Well he knows,

He must oppose :

Though Fire and Poyson arm your Foes,

At first charge them rebelling.

A Horse and Arms the Knight could brag on;

This with a Stake

Affaults the Snake

Swoln with Fury to a Dragon.

Long time the Fight was equally maintain'd ;

The Shepherd now, and now the Serpent, gain'd ;

Chance gave the Swain the better :

When with a Stroke

Three Ribs he broke,

And Words with Blows thus mixing spoke,

H 2

Sir,

Sir, still I am your Debtor ;
 I tender thus my House and Cattle.
 The Serpent flies,
 And Quarter cries,
 And once more dying quits the Battel.

Spawn of th'old Dragon, Worm, ingrateful Wretch,
 (Then lights a Blow which made his long sides stretch,)

What, doe you cry *Peccavi* ?
 Unworthy Soul
 Think'st thou a hole
 Will shelter like a Worm or Mole
 And from my fury save thee ?
 I'll sign your Lease first on your shoulder ;
 Next take this fowse,
 And then my House ;
 Now goe, and be a good Free-holder.

With what he meant for Fire, a knotty Stake,
 He warms the Serpent's sides untill they ake,
 Then on his Breast he tramples :
 His purple Head
 Wax'd pale as Lead
 His golden Scales with Blood were red ;
 Live now (he said) among Examples,
 While this tough Cudgel lasts I'll bang thee ;
 I to my grief
 Have sav'd a Thief
 That would have been the first to hang me.

M O R A L.

*Ungrateful men are Marshal'd in three Ranks,
 This not returns, the Second gives no Thanks,
 Evil the last for Good repays, and this
 Of all Hell's Monsters the most horrid is.*



F A B. XVII.

Of the sick Kite and his Mother.

THe *Kite* first Steerage taught to Mariners,
By which strange Lands they found, and un-
known Stars,
And took from Seas Imaginary Bars.
They saw when Heaven was clear
His plummy Rudder steer
Starboard and Larboard, plying here, now there.

These Sayers having a good Voyage made,
Neer *Kite's* Seats rich Vessels did unlade,
And to that Prince a royal Banquet made:
Him with fat Offerings fed,
With Oyl, Wine, White and Red;
Which Surfeit a Malignant Fever bred.

And now, who long by Rapine and by Stealth;
Had heap'd up Riches, lost his former Health,
More worth to Mortals than all worldly Wealth:
In his well-feather'd Nest
The sick Bird, takes no Rest,
When to his Mother he himself confest;

Mother, you know, and I now to my grief,
That I have liv'd a most notorious Thief,
Robbing for Pleasure oftner than Relief.
I once from th' Altar stole
With Flesh a kindled Cole,
Which burnt my Nest high as the lofty Pole.

Such are my Sins, no God I dare implore,
Left they should know I live, and punish more:
You for your Son may pray as heretofore.

Let

Let Heaven but grant me Health,
 I'll give the Church my Wealth,
 And Orders take, repenting former Stealth.

Then to her Son the Mother made reply;
 Ah my *Dear Bird*, couldst thou but once-more fly,
 And cut with fanning wings the ample Sky,
 Wert hungry once agen,
 Thou'lt rob the Lyon's Den,
 Spoyl th' Eagles Nest, and pillage Gods and Men.

M O R A L .

*A golden Robe in Winter is too cold,
 Too hot in Summer is a Beard of Gold :
 Church-Robbers thus cram impious Coffers still,
 And greedy men count Sacrilege God's Will.*

F A B.





FAB. XVIII.

Of the Old Hound and his Master.

OLD Dog 'tis thou must doe it, come away;
 Within a Thicket neer
 Is lodg'd a gallant Dear,
 We must not, friend, neglect so brave a Prey.
 Kill'd, thou and I will feast,
 To Morrow and to Day,
 Upon the slaughter'd Beast;
 Then come I say.

Remember once a Conqueror thou wert,
 And seizing didst pull down a mighty Hart,
 When the King's swiftest Dogs thou didst out-strip.
 This said, the Hunts-man let his old Hound slip.

The rows'd Dear flies for life, the Dog to kill,
 Through Lawns, o'r Hills and Dales,
 So swift the nimble Gales
 Seem in their faces, turn which way they will.
 Ready to pinch, *Kilbuck*
 With Air his Mouth did fill;
 At last the Dear he took,
 Yet was deluded still:

His Phangs grown old, now fail; and what vext more,
 He crost a Proverb, says, *old Dogs bite sore*.
 Then stripes rebound upon his panting side,
 Who while his Master beat him, loud thus cry'd &c.

Ingrateful Lord, once I did save thy life,

When thou by thy own Hounds

Wer't chac'd through neighbouring grounds,

Transform'd like to ^(a) *Alæon* by thy wife.

You

(a) Whilst *Diana*, accompanied by her *Nymphs*, bath'd her self in the Valley of *Garga'ria*, *Alæon* by chance came thither, and beheld them naked, whom the angry Goddess, lest he should divulge what he had unfortunately beheld, transform'd into a horned Dear, and was slain by his own Dogs; which *Ovid* thus describes,

*Demque ibi perliniur solita Titania
 Nympha,
 Ecce nepos Cadmi dilata parte labo-
 rum
 Per nemus ignotum non certis passibus
 errans
 Peruenit in lucum, &c.*

Whilst here *Titania* bath'd (as was her guise)
 Lo *Cadmus* nephew, tir'd with exercise,
 And wandering through the Woods,
 approach'd this Grove
 With fatal steps, to Destiny him drov:
 Ent'ring the Cave with skipping Springs
 bedew'd;
 The Nymphs, all naked, when a man
 they view'd,
 Clap'd their rebounding Breasts, and
 fill'd the Wood
 With sudden shrieks, like Ivory pale
 they stood
 About their Goddess: but she, far
 more tall,
 By head and shoulders, over-tops them
 all.
 Now tell, she saies, th' halt seen me
 disarray'd,
 Tell if thou canst, I give thee leave.
 This said,
 she to his Neck and Ears new length
 imparts,
 T' his Brow the antlers of long-living
 Harts:
 His legs and feet with arms and hands
 supply'd,
 And cloath'd his body in a spotted
 hide, &c.

This is the Fable, the ground where-
 of was, the Hound in the Canicular
 daies being possess'd with fury through
 the power of the Moon, that is *Diana*,
 worried their Master, which fate, as
Scaliger reports, befall many Hunters
 of *Corfica* in his time.

You a horn'd Monster, Sir,
 I knew, and vent'ring life
 Beat off the leading Cur ;
 But these Rewards are rife ;
 Thus Masters former Services forget ;
 This no new way to pay old Servants Debt.
 Ah me poor Wretch! and must the Proverb hold ?
A serving Creature is a Beggar old.

MORAL.

*Servants beware, oft is but little space
 Betwixt preferment, and the loss of place.
 Ladies are fickle, and fantastick Lords
 Would see new faces waiting at their Boards.*

FAB. XIX.

Of the Hares and Frogs.

THE HARES AND FROGS.

19

(wood resounds,
V Hile a huge Tempest through the
 The frighted *Hares*
 Prick up their ears,

Supposing lowd-mouth'd gufts, shril Horns & Hounds,
 And leave their native Seats, and antient Bounds ;
 Wing'd with vain fear, th' out-strip the thundring wind
 Not one durst make a halt, or look behind.

A Stream th' incounter, fwoln up to the brim,
 Which a full Cloud
 Had made so loud

As ranting *Anfer* ; this they dare not swim,
 Viewing the hollow Wave it look'd so grim.
 Nor durst the valiant *Hares* once backward look ;
 The Devil's behind, the Devil is in the Brook.

One of the graveft, here did Courage take,
 When he did spy
 The Frogians fly
 At their Approach, and did their Camps forfake
 To shelter in the bosom of the Lake :
 Then bids them stand, and make the Front the Rear ;
 Vain is the *Frog's*, as vain may be our Fear.

All do as he commanded, not one stirs ;
 When soon they find
 Threats empty Wind.

Which did not hurt, but difcompofe, their Furs.
 Then thus he faid ; There is from barking Curs
 No danger ; we are fwift, and strong, all parts
 We have, that make good Souldiers up, but Hearts.

I

Fortune

*Fortune assists the Bold, and he that dares,
 Though but a Swain,
 May Scepters gain ;
 But whom cold Blood beleaguers with base Fears,
 That start at every Sound, like timorous Hares,
 At Court not thrive, nor in the Martial Lists,
 Nor Venus in Love's Condu& them assists.*

M O R A L .

*Strange are effects of Fear, Danger to shun
 On grim Death's sternest Visages we run :
 Fear in a night will blast the Conqueror's Bays,
 And from serv'd Cities mighty Armies raise.*



F A B. XX.

Of the Doves and Hawks.

Long had the *Doves* a happy Peace enjoy'd,
 Broaching no quarrel with their neighbour nati-
 Nor stir'd up civil strife, with plenty cloy'd (ons
 Than Love the *Pigeons* had no other Passions ;

They have no ^(a) Gall,

Nor know at all

Diffention, nor stern *Mars* his angry Mood,
 Nor pleasure tak'n in Rapine nor in Blood.

But they *Diana* flighted, nor prepare
 For *Pallas* Offerings, nor great *Juno's* Diety,
 To *Venus* and her Son is all their Pray'r ;
 These Powers offended highly with th' impiety,

Did *Mars* intreat,

Now in a heat,

Since more *Adonis*, *Venus* did delight,
 To raise 'gainst gentle *Doves* the cruel *Kite*.

Mov'd by the Gods, the Kitish Prince proclaims
 War 'gainst the *Turtles*, and their wealthy Regions ;
 Far more than Honour, Booty him inflames,
 And from the North he musters feather'd Legions ;

The War grows hot,

The *Turtles* not

Inur'd to Battels, Camps, and fierce Alarms,
 Many strong Houses lose by force of Arms.

They call a Counsel, and consult of Aid ;
 They know the *Hawk* more valiant is, and stronger ;
 Would he take Pay, they need not be dismay'd,
 His Pounces sharper be, his Wing is longer :

(a) It was the general opinion of the Ancients, that there was no Gall in Pigeons, because they found not the Vessel in which the Gall is contain'd, on the Liver, as in other Animals ; whence they were made the Symbol and Hieroglyphick of Love, kindness and mildness : But this is sufficiently refuted by *Galen*, and the later Anatomists.



The *Hawks* desire
 But Souldiers Hire,
 Their Purse shall only for the *Pigeons* fight,
 And they are certain to defeat the *Kite*.

The *Hawks* are muster'd, and the War renews,
 Soon they regain their Houses, Forts, and Castles :
 As soon the *Pigeon* their Assistance rue :
 For those they hir'd, and were the Turtles Vassals,
 Seiz'd them for Pay,
 And day by day
 Their Bowels rend, and tender Bodies plume,
 And, more than *Kites*, the *Dovish* Race consume.

M O R A L.

Effeminate Nations, so long Peace inur'd,
Are by Auxiliaries ill secur'd :
Who e'r prove Victors, they shall be the Prize ;
But best your Friend knows where the Money lies.

F A B.



F A B. XXI.

Of the Dog and Thief.

Bough wough, Who's there ? Bough wough, Who's
that dare break

Into my Master's House ? first stand, then speak,
Or else I'll have you by the Throat ; ne'r start
You Sir, I'll know your Business e'r we part.
Thus in the *Cynick* Language, loud and brief.
A true *Dog* bark'd, discovering a *Thief*,

When softly thus Night's pilfering Minion said,
This sacred silence, and the holy shade
Of Night, dear friend, disturb not: I am sent
(Because thy Master keeps a stricter Lent
Than wiser Mortals) with a Sop to thee
From ^(*) *Cerberus*, at such fond Piety

From triple Jaws exclaiming, he bids Eat.
Wife *Seeks*, who Nature serve, forsake no Meat.
Then take this Morfel and lye down to Rest;
Let not Fleas thee, nor others thou molest.
When thus the faithful *Dog* reply'd agen:

Haft thou thy habitation among Men,
And know'st not me ? Haft thou not heard how I
Six Winter days, and stormy nights did lye
Watching my murther'd Lord ? his bleeding Head
Three Spring-Tydes wash'd on a cold Osier bed ;
At last with extream Hunger overcame,
I to this house, through the broad River swam ;
Where well recruited, with warm Viands, then
From hospitable Boards, and living Men,
I crost rough Mountains with a silver Head,
To wait in open Mansions of the Dead.
At last they following me with swifter Oars,
Where by the Smell were found polluted Shores,

They



(*) *Cerberus* is the Door-keeper of Hell, feign'd by the Poets to have three Heads, representing that triplenaured Devil that haunts the Air, Earth, and Water. So *Virgil* describes him, *Enid* 6.

Cerberus hac ingens latratu regna tri-
janci
Persuas, aduerso recubans immanis in
antro.
Cui vates horrere vident jam colla co-
lubris,
Melle separata, &c.

Stretch'd on his Kennel monstrous
Cerberus, round
From triple jaws makes all these
Realms resound,
But when the Priestess on his neck es-
py'd
The Serpents bristle, she a morfel, fry'd
With Drugs and Honey, cast ; he
swallows straight
With three devouring Mouths the
drowsy bait.

They made a search, and e'r I took my place,
 Kiss'd his pale Lips, or lick'd his woful Face,
 My person they secur'd; then him interr'd,
 And I for Faithfulness was thus preferr'd.

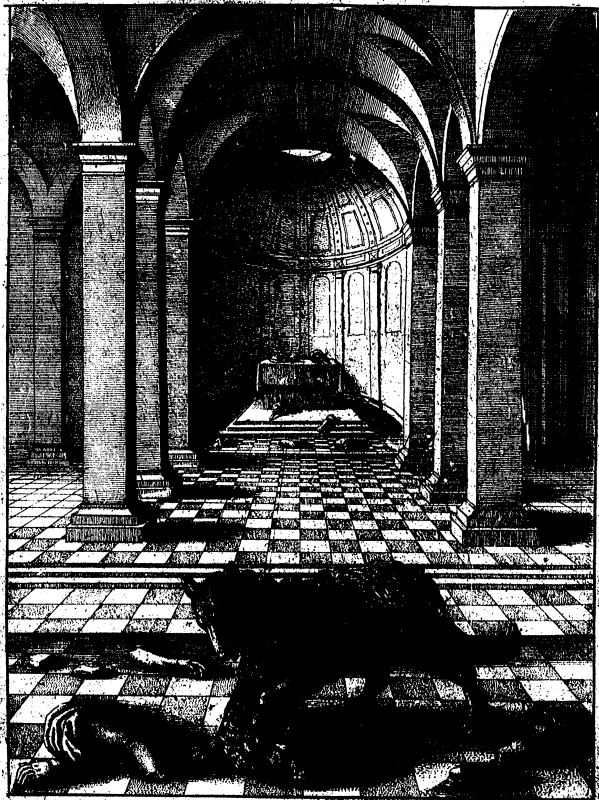
Nay more than that: 'twas I the Murtherer found,
 And with my Forces first beleagur'd round;
 Lowd Volles spent with foam, with Tooth and Nail
 Fell in on's Quarters, all parts did assail,
 No man durst rate me off, no not the Frown
 Of my dread Lord, untill I pluck'd him down;
 And he cry'd out, 'Twas I thy Master slew;
 Then fiercer *Dogs* upon him, *Sergeants*, flew:
 And think'st thou I'll be treacherous for a Crust?
Dogs are than Men more faithful to their Trust.

Not our *Penates* keep a stricter Watch
 Over these seats, than I, such Rogues to catch. (awake,
Erre, erre, bough wough, thieves thieves, with speed
 He frighted flies, the trusty *Dog* then spake;

But what he said, is dangerous now to tell:
 What Tortures *Cerberus* told him were in Hell
 For Servants that are false: But they that sold
 Their Country, or their native King for Gold;
 To them Judge *Minos* deepest seats allots,
 Where molten Gold they quaff in Iron pots,
 And when their Blood with burning Liquor fries,
 They get on Snakes the Worm which never dyés.

M O R A L.

*Servants that Ceminals to Princes are,
 When close Conspirers plotting civil War,
 Do send them Gold, if they prove faithful, then,
 They are the best, if false, the worst of Men.*



22

F A B. XXII.

Of the Wolf and Carved Head.

VV As it *Aleſto* in that impious Age
 Stirr'd up the People's Rage?
 When Dedicated Temples they did
 And what no Prophet did præſage, (ſpoyl,
 With *Heroes* broken Statues ſrew'd the Ile,
 And horrid Rudeneſs did Religion ſtile;
 This trod
 Upon the Image of his God,
 And that bold Souldier ſtorms
 Heaven's Queen, and breaks the Marble in her arms:
 Then Man
 Began,
 Seeing Vengeance flow fall from unwilling Sky,
 To queſtion Truth, and Sacred Writ deny:
 Not fearing Hell, nor hop'd for Heav'n when they dy.

Mongſt Legs, and Arms, and Bulks of Men and Gods,
 Which lay in mighty Loads,
 The Sacrilegious *Wolf*, who preys by Night,
 In Sacred and Prophane Aboads,
 Came, and with Eys caſting malignant Light,
 Through gloomy Shades eſpy'd this joyful Sight;
 And thought
 Some Battel had been fought,
 Or fatall ^(a) *Veſpers* had, with blown-out Lights,
 Mix'd bloody Butcheries with Sacred Rites.
 Where beſt
 To feaſt,
 And be with Blood and humane Slaughter fed,
 He muſ'd a while, then with much Purple red,
 Painted to life, he ſaw a decollated Head.

The

(a) The *Sicilian Veſpers* when all the *Freſcob* in that Iſland were murder'd by the Inhabitants.

The bloody Neck inviting ; streight he seiz'd
 What little pleas'd ;
 And in obdurate Oke his teeth engag'd ;
 Which not his Hunger well appeas'd,
 Nor thirsty Jaws with crimson draughts asswag'd :
 Who while his broken Phang extreamly rag'd,
 Thus said,
 Beauty hath Wit betray'd ;
 All is not Gold that glitters, and a fowl
 Cabinet oft includes the fairest Soul :
 They're wife
 Whose eyes
 With deep inspection on the inside look,
 Regarding not the gilding of the Book ;
 But they are fools with Idol stocks, & stones are took.

MORAL.

*A comely Carriage, Youth, and beauteous Form,
 Take proudest Hearts, and enter without Storm :
 But when they find their List of Vertues short,
 As suddenly they are expell'd the Fort.*



23

F A B. XXIII.

Of the Lyon grown old.

Come all, come all, take your revenges full,
My Cousin Horse, the Boar, the Bear and
Bull;

Come all you free-born beasts, and now no more
Tremble to hear the cruel *Lyon* rore;
The Forrest now is ours, that Tyrant which
So long proud Scepters swai'd, in yonder Ditch
Lyes bed-rid, brays the Ass; then come each one
And give him ample Retribution.

And I'll redeem my Reputation lost:
The *Lyon* now shall know unto his cost,
The *Ass* is no such dastard, nor so dull;
Then come, come all, and take Revenges full.

This said, the Vulgar rush, both wild and tame,
Where the old *Lyon* lay, Weak, Sick, and Lame:
His Crown they seize, upon his Scepter tread,
And pull his Royal Ermine o'r his Head.

When round his Eyes the dying Monarch cast,
And as he view'd them, groaning, spake his last;
I did not well, when I had Strength and Power,
So many loving Subjects to devour,
Whose friends take just revenge: But where are they
Who drank with me their blood, and shar'd the Prey
To guard my person from their cruel Rage?
Some my dim sight presents, who now engage
With greater Malice: ah! for which good deed
Friends doe you tear my sides? You make me bleed?
'Twas no well grounded Policy of State
By Arbitrary Power to purchase Hate;

K

But

But I did worfe, in choofing fuch falfe Friends,
That joyn with Foes, having obtain'd their ends.

M O R A L .

*When Kings are weak, then active Subjects strive
To raife their Power above Prerogative :
Both Friends and Foes confpire with Time and Fates,
Oft to reduce proud Kingdoms into States.*





FAB. XXIV.

Of the Dog and the Ass.

VVHy how now Rogue, why Rascal,
hast thou got
Thy breakfast yet, speak Sirrah, hast
thou not ?

Your whining and colloging will not serve,
Thy fat fides, Villain, say thou dost not sterve,
The Master said to's *Dog*; then strokes his Head,
And claps his Back, and Neck : the Cur well bred
With fawning postures first plays with his Knee,
Then leaps up to his Breast, next who but he,
His Master's lap's his Cushion, where at ease
He lyes, and torments the tormenting Fleas.

This put the sullen *Ass* in woful dumps,
Who his deep Judgment for a Reason pumps.
Why he should toyl, and eat the bread of Care;
And th' idle *Dog* like his rich Master fare.

Then with a sigh he said;
Have I with Patience, and Packfaddles, broke
My heart and fides, my back so many a stroke
Endur'd, to make my greedy Master rich ?
When his proud Steed lay fainting in a Ditch,
And cry'd no more he'd be a Pack-Horse made :
I took the Burthen from the pamp'rd Jade,
And bore it stoutly through a tedious Rode.
And yet this Whelp, this cringing *A-la-mode*
With Bels, and Collar, Hair in th' Island guise,
Feeds with his Lord, and on soft Couches lyes.

And why ? because hee'l sport, and fawn, and cog,
He knows no other Duty of a *Dog*.

This keeps no Sheep, nor takes foul Swine by th' ear,
Ne'r barks at Thievs, nor plays at Bull or Bear,

But a meer Foisting-Hound ; well, now I see,
 Not always Strength, nor Wit, nor Industry
 Gains Fortune's Smile ; too oft in Princes Courts
 Great Favourites rise by Jests and idle Sports
 And Complements : if so, there's none surpasses
 For Complement your Complemental *Asses*.
 I am resolv'd their Dog-ships, Ape-ships all
 This day to imitate, fall what my fall.

This said, the *Ass* pricks his notorious Ear,
 And like a Hobby-horse, or dancing Bear,
 Begins to move, now like a Spaniel plays,
 But still his own Voyce frights him when he brays.
 Then to his Master boldly he drew neer,
 At last charg'd him with a full Career :
 Then rising up takes with a rough embrace,
 About the Neck, offers to lick his Face,
 And with foul Hoofs wanders all o'r his Breast.

With wonder then and suddain fear oppress'd,
 Th' affrighted Master calls aloud for aid ;
 Then *Assnago* for his folly paid :
 Who, while his bones Swains made with beating sore,
 Did thus his Fortune patiently deplore ;

My *Genius*, and my Person I mistake,
 Not every Block a *Mercury* will make ;
 Foul ways, and heavy Burthens better suit
 With Rustick *Asses*, than the Ivory Lute.
All things besit not all, and Imitation
Is for the Ape, more than the Ass, in fashion.

MORAL.

Oft airy Jesters, and phantastick Drolls :
Take more than wise, learn'd, or industrious Souls :
A handsome Mien, a varnish'd Out-side, can
More than the golden Linings of a Man.

F A B.



Hardly with life the wounded Serpent fled
To his own seats, and frighted hides his Head.

Those whom we wrong, we hate: what Arts the stern
Rustick before did learn
From the wise Serpent, now seem'd poor, and cheap :
Who Winds and Stars observe, not Sow, nor Reap.
Him Industry, and Fortune happy made ;
But not long after Udders full wax dry,
A chaffie Ear shoots from a wither'd Blade ;
His Corn is blasted, Sheep and Cattel dy.
Suppliant he stands then at the Serpent's dore,
And thus desires his company once more.

Wife as thy self, than Doves more innocent ;
The injury I repent ;
And though 'tis Justice, since thy Head did feel
My cruel Axe, that thou shouldst bruise my Heel ;
Yet pardon me, and once more I entreat,
That thou wouldst bless my little House again.
Then spoke the Serpent from his low-roof'd seat,
Though the Wound's whole, the memory I retain ;
Yet I'll forgive the Wrong, but never more
While thou a hatchet hast come in thy dore.

M O R A L.

*What pleasure hath full Boards, when o'r our Head,
A ponderous Sword hangs on a twisted Thread ?
Fly dangerous Company, when Choler burns,
Oft Princely Cheer to bloody Banquets turns.*

F A B. XXVI.

Of the Fox and the Crane.

Noble Sir *Crane*, I tarried at my Gate,
 You, and your Victory to congratulate.
 I heard the Battel was both sharp and long;
 The ^(a) *Pigmies* are a Nation fierce and strong.
 Be pleas'd good Sir to light,
 And take a Bait with me, 'tis long to night;
 Thus did the *Fox* the mounted *Crane* invite.

(a) Of the Cranes and Pygmies, see
 Note on Fable 15.

The *Crane* not doubted but the *Fox* could gibe,
 As well as any of his subtle Tribe.
 But the sharp Air amongst *Riphean* Rocks,
 Where nothing was but Hunger, Cold, and Knocks,
 Provok'd his Appetite;
 Besides, a savoury Stream did him invite,
 And his long Nose now stood in his own light.

At last *Fox-hall* they enter, where they found
 A Table in a Broathy Deluge drown'd:
 Broath must not cool; This piddles with his bill,
 While young Sir *Reynard* did whole Rivers swill,
 Licks up the *Mediterrane*,
 Drinks misty Bays, then guzzles up the Main,
 Till the boards *Weinicot* face appears again.

When to himself the vex'd *Crane* said; Did I
 That Giant *Pigmy* kill twelve inches high,
 When breaking of our eggs a Sea he made?
 Him, spitted on this *Bill*, with wings displai'd

I carried o'r the *Rocks*:
 And shall this long-tail'd Cur, this Fox-furr'd *Fox*
 Abuse me? Must my shoulders bear his Mocks?

It



It must not be. This said, he wipes his Bill,
 As if that he had banqueted his fill,
 And *Reynard* then invites, with many thanks,
 To taste a Dish brought from *Caisar's* Banks,
 The *Fox* consents, nor did
 Believe the *Crane* to any thing would bid
 His Worship, unless Veal, or Lamb, or Kid.

Th' appointed hour is kep't, and as he wish'd
 Choice Cates he found, but in glass Viols dish'd.
 This diving with his beak sweet Morfels picks,
 With watry Jaws dry Glass Sir *Reynard* licks:
 Then said; I have deserv'd
 With ^(b) *Tantalizing* Banquets to be serv'd,
 And am with tricks for tricks most justly serv'd.

(b) *Tantalus*, a friend of the Gods, admitted to their counsels, was cast down into Hell for revealing of them; where he hungers and thirsts in the midst of plenty. *Homer* *Iliad*. i. i.

Καὶ μὲν Τάνταλον ἐπέειλεν χαλκῷ ἀργῷ
 ἔχειν,
 Ἐπειδὴ τοῖς θεοῖσι τὸ μυστήριον ἔκρυπτε.
 Στάντων γὰρ ἐν πλούτῳ, ©.

— Next *Tantalus* I spy'd
 Suffering a horrid torment, standing in
 A pleasant River close up to his Chin;
 Who thirstily, oft as he desir'd to drink,
 Dry Sands appear, and swelling billows
 Thrink
 Beneath his Feet, forc'd by some angry
 God;
 About his Head, Trees which rich
 Fruit did load,
 Pears, Apples, figs, and Olives in a
 throng
 Their various kinds in dangling Clus-
 ters hung:
 Oft as th' old man strove one of them
 to catch
 A Wind couceal'd, or blew out of his
 reach.

Whom *Ovid* follows lib. 4. *Metamor-
 phos*.

— tibi *Tantale nulla
 Deprenditur aqua, quæque imminet
 effugit umbra*

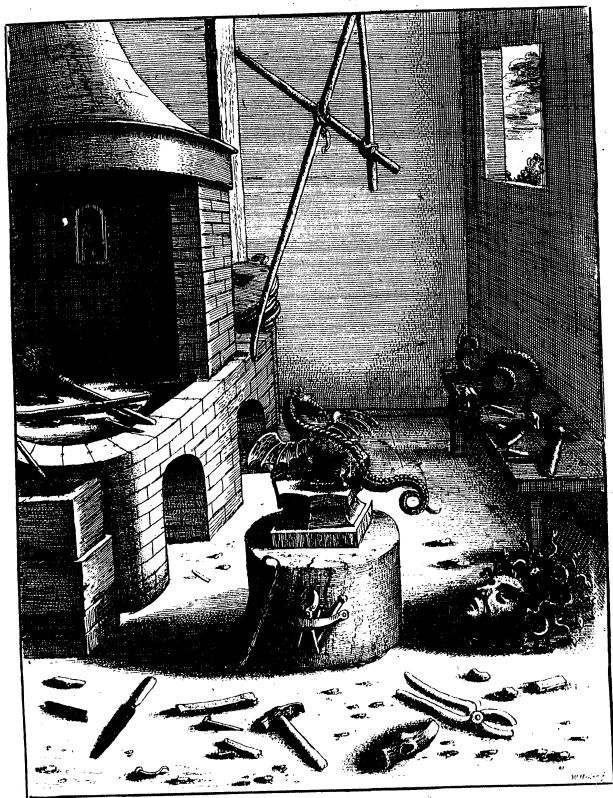
From *Tantalus* deceitful water slips,
 And catch'd at fruit avoids his touch'd
 lips.

By which the Antients signified how
 fatal a thing it was to discover the
 secrets of Princes.

MORAL.

The most ingenious Scoffs, and bitter'st Taunts,
 Are best revenged with the like Affronts:
 But many times from them such Rancor breeds,
 That he that laugh'd at first, soon after bleeds.

F A B.



F A B. XXVII.

Of the File and the Viper.

VV As't ill-advifing Hunger did perfuade,
Or Anger, that fond *Viper* to invade
A horrid *File*, which had an iron hufk

Scorn'd the Sharks tooth, def'd the wild Boars tusk :

It had a fkin fo hard, and rough,

As that infernal coat of Buff

The *Luciferian* General had on

In the firft grand Rebellion :

Which no Celeftial arm

Could harm,

Or pierce,

But his, who guides the Stars, and rules the Univerfe.

But Anger gave the caufe he fo miftook ;

He knew the sweating Artift was no Cook,

Who with this *File* that day had polished

The Snakes which Periwig the ^(a) *Gorgon's* head,

And had fil'd down the fpeckled Mail,

Which fhining arm'd th' old Dragon's Tail :

He thought thofe Snakes alive had been,

And ftrange Tortures he had feen.

Since on the Man he could not light

To bite,

He glides

Raging with venom'd tooth, to pierce ftrong *Iron fides*.

The fecure *File*, whilst he did gnaw and bite,

Smiling lay ftill ; at length it laugh'd out-right ;

Finding his Foe no *Eftridge* weapons had,

To murder Horfe-fhoos, and devour a Gad.

L

Then

(a) We cannot better defcribe the *Gorgons* head than in the words of *Sidonius Appellinaris*, *Epithalam*.

*Gorgo tenet pelius medium, fallaxa
videnti
Et truncata moras, nitet infidiosa fu-
perbum
Effigies, vivique animâ perennite ve-
nustas.
Alia, crassarum spinis caput asperat
atrum
Congeritis, &c.*

The *Gorgons* head, which guards her
bofom, would
Change thee to Statue shouldst thou
it behold.

The treacherous face fhines proudly,
and though dead,
Lifes beauty keep : Snakes matted
round her head,
In fpeckled curls voluminoufly
wreath,
And biting trefles direly hissing
breath.

It was the head of *Medusa* cut off
by *Percus* while ſhe was afleep, and
was carried afterwards in the midft of
Minerva's ſhield, according to the
descriptions of it by *Homer* and *Vir-
gil*.

Then thus began ; Desist for shame.
 Thou hurtst not me I'm still the same :
 When thou begin'st a War, not only know
 Thy own, but forces of the Foe :
 Thou seest I lye upon my back,
 And crack
 Thy Gums :
He is not wise with his own strength himself o'rcomes.

MORAL.

*Fools that with Spleen and Fury are possess'd,
 Not mind their own, nor publick Interest :
 Some, vex'd abroad, on their Domesticks fall ;
 Or bruise their knuckles on a senseless Wall.*





F A B. XXVIII.

Of the Hart.

THe Hart beholding in a Fountain clear
His stately Crest,
With Antlers drest,

Admiring said, I am a gallant Dear.
How many in the Park like me appear ?
Where is the Beast that can,
Or the Cornuted Man.

Shew such a horney Forrest on his Head?
Nor could that mighty Stag,
Arms like these Weapons brag,
Which with the famous Clubman combated,
Nor were *Ætæons* branches fairer spread.

But his Supporters did stir up his Gall ;
'Mongst all the ranks
Of spindle thanks,

None were so little, none had Legs so small.
Both God and Nature he unjust did call,

To mount him like the Crane,
On four Limbs less than twain.
Such spiny Shins ne'r went in any Road ;
Those usher Dames boast half,
His Legs had ne'r a calf ;

He wonders that on Stilts he durst abroad,
And why four Sticks bore such a gallant Load.

Thus while he descanted on every part,
The Wood resounds
With Horns and Hounds ;

Like to a *Scythian* Shaft, or *Indian* Dart,
Or Clouds with Tempest driven, flies the Hart :

Those Legs he so much scorns
 Did save him, but his Horns
 Entangled 'mongst thick boughs made him a Prey,
 Who spake with weeping eys;
 Poor Friends I did despise,
 Who me from Dogs and Hunters did convey,
But Pride, vain Pride, did the Proud Hart betray.

MORAL.

*Too much we value Beauty, Wit, and Arts,
 Since oft great Men are ruin'd by their Parts:
 Some with small Learning, and a slender List
 Of Vertues, Frowns of sickle Chance resist.*

FAB.



FAB. XXIX.
Of Birds and Beasts.

A Difference 'twixt Birds and Beasts arose,
But how no Story shews ;
Traditions tell, that Beasts
In Trees would build their Nests ;
Others, that Birds did Forrest lands enclose :
But hot Debate at last did come to Blows.

Both Feather'd, and Four-footed not delay
To muster and array ;
And as the Nations use,
Their Generals they choose :
The Eagle must the winged Legions sway,
The Lyon, in great Bodies, Beasts obey.

Poets and Painters added to their force,
The feather'd Griphon and the winged Horse ;
Than those no other dare
Tempt Castles in the Air,
Northrough untraced Sky to bend their Course,
Among steep Rocks the Eagles Nest to force.

The *Bat* observing that the Bestial Power
Encreased every hour,
How Lyons, Wolves, Bears, and Boars,
Dogs and Horses fill'd the shores,
Enough ten flying Armies to devour,
Streight he revolts, and yields his airy Tower.

Both sides engage, there was a mighty Fight,
From Morning untill Night ;

Beasts

Beasts well maintain their place,
 Birds charge them in the face :
 The *Eagle* by advantages of Height,
 Both Salvage and Domestick put to flight.

The treacherous *Bat* was in the Battel took :
 All hate the Traytor's Look,

He never must display,
 Again his Wings by day,
 But hated live in some foul dusty Nook,
 'Cause he his Countrey in Distress forsook.

M O R A L .

*Wise Men are valiant, and of honest Minds ;
 Treacherous subtle, and explore all Winds :
 Or King or State their ruin they'l indure,
 May they from Sequestration be secure.*





FAB. XXX.

Of the Jay and Peacocks.

VV Ho hath not heard of that most cruel
fight,
When by the Eagles beafts were put
to flight ?

When, from Supplies fell in at setting Sun
Of Harpyes, Furies, and sad Birds of night,
Tygres like Steers, like Sheep bold Lyons run :
Then first on birds and beafts men to the height
Did feast themselves, and they who often prey'd
On slaughter'd Armies, now a Prey are made.

'Mongst other Chances of that dreadful day,
A wing of Peacock was discomfited :
Their valiant Leader 'mongst the formost lay,
His Angel-plumes dy'd with his own blood red.
This had a Page, a proud and foolish Jay,
Whom from an Egge, he in his nest had bred :
This strips his Lord, and boldly then assumes
His train of ^(a) Argus Eys, and gaudy Plumes.

When to the Eagles Court the proud Jay got,
And like a Turkey-Cock struts up and down,
Sueing to draw in ^(b) Juno's Chariot,
As if those gaudy Feathers were his own :
With Love fair Pea-hens here he follows hot,
Keeps company with noble birds, or none :
Among the Wits, and Braveries did sit,
And would be (strange) a Bravery and a Wit.

His tongue condemn'd to everlasting prate,
Boasting his Beauty, Wealth, and better Notes,
Brought

(a) Argus was feigned to be a man with an hundred eyes, to whose custody Juno delivered *to* transform'd into a Cow ; who, by the command of Jupiter, being call into a dead sleep, was slain by Mercury. This Fable is at large related by Ovid in the first of his *Metamorphosis*.

*Dumce Arelloridæ servandam tradidit Argo.
Centum lumbibus cinclum caput Argus habebat, &c.*

Until the *Jo* gave to Argus guard
A hundred eyes his Heads large circuit starr'd ;
Whereof, by turns, at once two only slept,
The other watch'd and still their stations kept.
Which way so e'r he stands he *Jo* spies,
Jo behind him, was before his eyes, &c.

The Moral of this Fable is thus expressed by Pontanus,

*Argus enim cælum est ; vigilans luminis flamma
Æthereæ, & vario labentia sidera mundo.*

Argus is Heaven, æthereal fire his eyes,
That wake by turns, and scurs that set and rise.
These sparkle on the brow of shady night,
But when Apollo rears his glorious light,
They vanquish'd by so great a splendor die,
And buried in obscure Olympus lie.

(b) That the Chariot of Juno was drawn by Peacocks appears from many of the Roman Medals, whence its call'd *ales Junonia*.

Explicit atque suas ales Junonia pennas.

The Poets feign'd that Juno converted the eyes of Argus, after he was slain by Mercury, in her Peacocks Train. Ovid. l. i. *Metam.*

*Excipit hos, volutisque sue Saturnia pennis
Collocat, & gemmis candam stellantibus implet.*

Yet that those Starry Jewels might remain,
Bright Juno fix'd them in her Peacocks Train.

Brought on him first Suspicion, after Hate :
(Peacocks, though Angels plumes, have devils throats)
 At last they strip him, as he chattering fate,
 Of his fairy Feathers, and his gaudy Coats ;
 Naked and banish'd from the Court of birds,
 He to a dolefull Note compos'd these words ;

I stand the true Example of vain Pride,
 Since I the *Jayish* Nation did despise,
 Not only noble Birds will me deride,
 But I shall be a scorn to Jacks and Pies :
 Not *Tyrian* Robes can birth and breeding hide,
Let their own Fortune still content the Wise.
 And let all those that climb above their place,
 Strip'd be like me, and suffer such disgrace.

M O R A L.

*Whether Ambition, Vertue be, or Vice ?
 Hath rais'd great Disputations 'mong the nice :
 Who by unseen gradation s reach a Crown,
 Heroes are stil'd, but Traitors tumbling down.*





F A B. XXXI.

Of the Wolves and Sheep.

THe *Wolvs* and *Sheep*, great Nations both,
and strong,
Had long
A mighty War maintain'd :
Great slaughter oft there was of old and young,
With various Chance, yet none the better gain'd.
Finding their Strength decay'd, their Treasure drain'd,
With one consent Commissioners are chose,
That might so great a Difference compose,
And joyn in lasting Leagues such antient Foes.

Long they not fate, when they conclude a Peace :
On these

Few Articles they streight agreed ;
The *Wolvs* should give their Whelps up Hostages,
The *Sheep* their Dogs, their stout *Molossian* breed,
And then they might in Fields at pleasure feed ;
The *Wolvish* Bands should fall forth no more
From Wood nor Hill ; no *Wolf* come neer the dore :
To this horn'd ^(a) *Beline*, and fierce ^(b) *Isgrim* swore.

(a) The Ram.
(b) The Wolf.

And now on pleasant Plains themselves the *Sheep*
Do keep ;

No Dog of War to guard the Coat ;
All seem secure ; they eat, and drink, and sleep :
When the young *Wolvs* extend a hungry throat,
Wanting their Dams, and raise a dismal Note.

Wolus cry, The Peace is broke, and like a shower
 Fell in their Quarters, and whole Flocks devour.
Neither to Friend nor Foe give up your Power.

MORAL.

*Not Hostages, though Sons, the Foe can bind,
 If they an evident Advantage find:
 Let Mothers weep, dy Children, suffer Friends,
 The Ambitious values nothing but his Ends.*





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F A B. XXXII.
Of the Wolf and the Fox.

THat Night what slaughter did the fields im-
brew,
When from the Woods, and Hills, the *Wol-*
vish Crew,
Pretending Rescue of their cursed Brood,
Howling the Peace was broke,
Fell on the guiltless Flock,
And satisf'd their ravening Jaws with Blood !
They who a Solemn League and Cov'nant swore,
But one short day before,
Then slew *Ram Beline* at the Shepherd's dore,
And with him slaughter'd many thousands more.

'Mong these was one whom *Wolvs* themselves did call,
For Rapine, *Plunder-Master-General* ;
This having stuf'd, in that great Massacre,
His Den with fattest Sheep,
Resolv'd a Feast to keep,
And sit in State alone like King's to fare:
When with Self-kindness struck, he thus began ;
I fear nor Dog nor Man ;
I scorn the Swain, and Sheep-Protector *Pan* ;
Soul take thy Rest, do they the worst they can.

A crafty *Fox*, who strict account did keep
Of those well-fed, and golden-fleeced Sheep
He, by the horns, that night to's Den had drawn,
Two days and long nights waits,
Expecting open Gates ;
When with the greedy *Worm* his Bowels gnawn,
M 2 Aloud

Aloud he calls ? Ho ! Colonel, How d'ye fare ?

Be pleas'd to take the Air ;
And since the *Wolfish* Army Conquerors are,
Keep not within, nor Spirits waft with Care.

The *Wolf* perceiv'd the *Fox* desir'd to feast,
And in his absence make himself a Guest ;
When with a heavy Groan he thus returns ;
Ah dearest Cousin, I
Am sick, am like to dy ;
In a hot Fever all my Body burns.
In that nights Service I, provok'd with Zeal
To serve the Common-weal,
After much Toyl, would needs stand Centinel,
Where I took cold, which did my Blood congeal.

In my stopp'd veins runs adventitious Heat ;
Swift doth my Pulse like an Alarum beat ;
My Throat so dry, that Seas of *Sheepish* Blood,
Which still did use to cure
The *Wolfish* Calenture,
Commix'd with humane gore, will do no good.
Desire not to come in ; Cousin, I fear
'Tis dangerous ; Spots appear :
My short Breath tells me my Departure's near ;
Ah ! that I had some zealous Pastor here.

Thin Hunger now gives place to swelling Rage ;
Thirst to revenge spurs *Reynard* to engage
With mortal Foes: who straight thus calls a Swain ;
Ho ! Shepherd, come away ;
Make this a Holy-day ;
The *Wolf*, by whom such loss you did sustain,

I'll

I'll bring you to; be pleas'd to Fancy then
Me, with his Goods and Den,
And cleer my score of Lamb, Kid, Goose, and Hen.
The Shepherd grants, and calls his Dogs and Men.

Mean while the *Wolf* did sit at joyful Feasts ;
When at his Gates he heard no welcom Guests.
Repeated Surfeits oft make Courage fail.

Up starts his bristly Hair,
His fiery Eys now stare,
And Cowering 'twixt his Legs he claps his Tail.
But out he must, and venture to the field ;
No quarter Shepherds yield :
His pamper'd Belly made him leaden heel'd,
That e'er he ran six score, the *Wolf* was kill'd.

This done, the Man sets on his Dogs again,
And *Reynard* seiz'd ; who dying did complain ;
I the sad Emblem am of rancorous Spight.

The foolish *Fox* repin'd,
Because the *Wolf* had din'd
So well alone, and would not him invite.
Thieves falling out, thus true Men get their own.
His Head must go to Town,
My Skin must face some wealthy Burgers Gown :
Thus Avarice hath the *Wolf* and *Fox* o'r-thrown.

M O R A L.

*When Conquerors, rich with spoil, scorn Men and Gods
Chance unexpected shakes revenging Rods.
Are common Foes destroy'd ? th' unequal Share
From Complices will raise a second War.*

F A B.

F A B. XXXIII.

Of the Fly and the Ant.

VV Hen the hot Dog-star, joyn'd with
Phæbus Beams,
 Drank broad-back'd Floods, to narrow-shoulder'd Streams,

From the King's Palace comes the filken *Fly*,
 And cuts with Sarcenet Wings the sultry Sky;
 From whence he saw black bands of labouring *Ants*
 (Mindful of Winter, and approaching Wants)
 March through straight paths, on many shoulders born,
 View'd a great Convoy guard one grain of Corn.

Then to himself he said; 'Tis wond'rous strange
Ants thus should toyl, to fill some petty Grange,
 When those in Courts, and Cities, with less pain,
 Oft in an hour get more than Rusticks gain
 In their whole life: Clowns toyl for Cloath and Milk,
 While Courtiers feast, and flant in Gold and Silk,
 Purchas'd in Kid-skin Gloves a thousand ways;
None e'r by Sweat did a great Fortune raise.
 Then to a labouring *Ant*, the *Fly* did call,
 And makes Comparifons odious unto all.

What art thou wretch, to me? worm, thou dost creep
 And liv'st in Caves, while I my Palace keep
 In Princes Courts, and when the World is *May*,
 About their Sun-reflecting Tow'rs I play:
 Among Heavens feather'd Quiristers I have flown,
 And to Celestial Musick was the Drone.
 Thou Water drink'st, and eat'st the Bread of Care,
 And when your Squadrons plunder, thou dost share
 Perhaps one grain of Wheat, gain'd with more Toyl,
 Than some get Kingdoms, and subdue an Isle.



THE FLY AND THE ANT.

I from the Margents of the golden Bowl
 Drink Liquor that revives the saddest Soul,
 Frees Prisoners, cures the Stripes of cruel Rods,
 Makes Peasants Princes, and makes Princes Gods.
 On gilded Ceilings my heels upward, I,
 O'r my broad Shoulders looking down, espy
 Feasts for a mighty Man, and full Cups plac't :
 At pleasure all those Delicacies I taste.

Phœbus my Father was, me he begot
 When his Steeds fainting fell into a trot
 In the high Solstice ; then my Brother *Fly*
 Dy'd by Ambition in a Prince's Ey :
 In his vast Kingdoms he no place could find
 But that to rest in, equal to his mind.

Why should I boast that sad, yet happy Fate
 Of my dear Cousin, the renowned *Gnat*,
 Who with his Trumpet sav'd a sleeping Swain
 From the Snake's Tooth, yet for the Façt was slain ?
 But soon th' ungrateful Shepherd did repent,
 And built him an eternal Monument ;
 Whose Epitaph the Prince of Poets made.
 And the first stone with polish'd Verses laid.

(a) *Prægl.*

Then spake the *Ant* ; Sir *Fly*, I in a Cave
 Not Golden Beds, nor Ivory Tables have ;
 Yet I contented live, though under ground,
 When thou dost wander like a Vagabond ;
 And where thou sojourne'st, those high Aboads
 Are none of thine ; thou hast no Household-Gods ;
 But when a Tempest comes, and *Fortune's* Frown
 Tumbles thy King, as other Princes, down
 Then in vast Circles may the hungry *Fly*
 Round empty Halls, and keep his parch'd Trunck dry ;
 There shall the Spider subtle Meshes spread,
 And having seiz'd thee, feast upon thy Head.

And

And while She changes Poïson for sweet Blood,
Thou dying shalt in vain thy King and God
Great *Belzebub* implore, who minds not thee,
Nor pitying will those mighty Slaughters see
That Emperor makes, when he so many days
To kill *Flys*, of all other business lays.

That thou art *Phæbus* of spring thou mai'st pride,
But say, What art thou by the Mothers side?
From Excrement, or Putrefaction sprung,
Foul Ordure brought thee forth, or Madam Dung.

Though I inhabit Caves and narrow Cels,
Yet mighty Kingdoms, and great Common-weals,
Following examples of th' industrious *Ant*,
Rise to their height; *Who labour shall not want*.

Thou that of Idleness and Impertinence
The Embleme art, go, seek a safe Defence,
In the great Shambles, from the Butcher's Flap,
That kils whole hundreds like a Thunder-clap.
Go drown thy self in Snuffs of Drowfy Ale,
Or leave the World, a Straw thrust through thy Tail.
Compare with me? Know, that the noble *Ant*,
With ^(b) *Myrmidons*, did once a Kingdom plant.

^(b) *Æacus* in honour of his Mother *Aegina*, having appropriated her name to the Island, where he reign'd; *Juno* her Rival thereat much incens'd, sent a lamentable Pestilence, wherewith the Inhabitants were all destroy'd, except the Royal family; whereupon *Æacus*, espying a multitude of Ants at the root of an Oak, desires as many men from *Jupiter* to supply the number of those whom the Pestilence had devour'd: who dreams in the night that the Ants were turned into men, which in the morning proved true. *Ovid* relates the Table at large,

Forth went I, and beheld the Men
which late
My dream presented: such in every
state
I saw, and knew them. They salute
their King.
Jove prais'd, a party to the Town I
bring;
Leave to the rest the empty fields, and
call
Them *Myrmidons* of their original.

This Table was invented from the Inhabitants of that Island, who to avoid the incursions of their neighbours, dwelt in obscure Caves under the Earth like *Palmires*, who being afterwards exercised in Martial discipline by *Æacus*, and persuaded to cohabit in Cities, they were feign'd to have been of *Palmires* converted into Men.

M O R A L.

*Short life and merry, give me Ease, this cries,
While that with Sweat and Care his Marrow dries:
These are Extremes; upon the Medium fix;
Study, and Toyl, with Recreation mix.*





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FAB. XXXIV.

Of the Fox and Ape.

THe French Ape gives the Fox of Spain bon jour
Three Congees, and *tres humble servitude* :
Then thus begins ; In France we not indure

To see long Cloaks, all there

Go in the shortest Wear,

But your large Fashion is the statelier sure.

Pardonne moy, as we are all too short,

In Curtail'd Garments, *A la modes* o'th' Court,

So with th' other extreme, yours Sir, doth fort.

Be pleas'd to wear your Fur

A little shorter, Sir ;

'Twill be as grave, and suit well with your Port.

Seignour, I know your Taylor is not here,

My Ape's Workman, quickly with his Shear

Shall cut you shorter, and my self will wear

The remnant of your Train,

Conformable to Spain :

And then *Don Diegoes* both we shall appear.

Si Senmor, said the Fox, we *Dons* of Spain

Are constant to our Fashion, such a Train

My Father's Father wore ; and to be plain,

This long Wear I will keep,

Though it the Kennel sweep,

Rather than give an Inch to *Monsieur Vain*.

MORAL.

Heaven to each Nation several Genius gave ;

The French too Airy, Spaniards seem too Grave :

City, the Country ; Courtiers both despise ;

Civil, and rude, most their own Manners prise.

N

FAB.

F A B. XXXV.

Of the Horse and the Ass.

HE was a Fole o' th' Winds, or of the Breed
Which *Circes* stole, got by a heavenly Steed.
Broad was his Back, his Belly short, a large
And dimpled Breast, the Office to discharge
Of swelling Lungs: his Fet-locks clean, a Hoof,
'Gainst stony Roads, and rocky Mountains, proof.
Eys full, quick Ears, fire when the Trumpets sound
From's Nostriis flies; nor stands on any ground.
His Colour Daple-grey, his Skin more sleek
Than *Venus* Bosom, or plump *Bacchus* Cheek:
On's Breast a Feather, on his Crown a Star:
Such *Alexander*, or the God of War
Did use to ride, bearing down all before
Their White Feet Strawberry'd with Crimson Gore.

His flowing Main, and bushy Tail was ty'd
With Ribands, baffled Rain-bows, in their pride:
His Bridle, Saddle, all you could behold,
His Cloath, and Stirrups, nay his Shoes, were gold.

This at *Olympus*, when the Prize he won,
Broke fiery ^(a) *Ætbon's* breath that drew the Sun,
Strain'd the neer Pinion of the Northern wind,
And far left all Competitors behind.

This proud of many Victories, at a Pass
In his *Grand-paw* did meet a laden Ass;
To whom he said; Thou Son of a dull Sire,
Stand up, or else I'll trample thee in th' Mire.
Thou shalt lye gasping here beneath thy Load,
Curst by all those thou hindrest in the Road.
The silly Beast not daring in his face
To look, nor answer, suddainly gave place,

Who

(a) The Chariot of the Sun was drawn by four Horses, *Ætbon*, *Pyrois*, *Phlegon* and *Eous*, whose names signify only Light and Heat, of which the Sun is the Fountain. *Ovid Metamorph. lib. 2.*

Inter a volucres Pyrois, Eous, & Ætbon, Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon hiansibus, antrat Flamiferis implent, pedibusque regula pulsat.

Mean while the Sun's swift Horses, hot *Pyrois*,
Light *Ætbon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eous*,
Neighing aloud inflame the air with heat,
And with their thunding hoofs the Barriers beat.



Where's all the gallant Furniture you had?
 How rustily you look in Leather clad?
 Nor your soft Neck bends proudly in a Trot,
 With Ladies in a Belgick Chariot,
 Bounding on Velvet Beds; nor I discern
 No golden Scutcheons, on your gilded Stern;
 Your Wheels not thunder, nor your Axes flame;
 This is a Cart; you draw as if you'r lame.

Thus are proud Mortals paid, and *them that know*
No Mean in Bliss, shall have no Mean of Woe;
 And this shall be the greatest Gall to Pride,
 Whom they scorn'd rich, grown poor, shall them deride.

M O R A L .

*Let no Prosperity move Arrogance;
 Like April are the fickle Brows of Chance:
 But when she most seems for thee, then provide
 With Caution to allay o'r-swelling Pride.*

F A B. XXXVI.

Of the Husbandman and the Wood.

N E'er a vast Commons, was a mighty Grove,
Protected by the ^(a) *Hama-dryades*,
Which then had Mansion in those long-liv'd
Trees;

There flourish'd ^(b) *Esculus* the Delight of *Jove*,
And *Phæbus* ^(c) Love;

And there were Plants had Sense, and some could feed,
And fruitful Palms did Male and Female breed;
Wool-bearing Stocks grew there, and some of old
Whose Leaves were Spangles, and the Branches Gold;

In aged Trees
Industrious Bees
Built Fortresses,

And did their waxen Kingdoms frame,
And some, they fame,

From whose hard Womb Man's knotty Of-spring ^(came)

This wealthy Grove, the Royal *Cedar* grac'd,
Whose Head was fix'd among the wandering Stars,
Above loud Meteors and Elements Wars,
His Root in th' *Adamantine* Centre fast;

This all surpass
Crown'd *Libanus*; about him *Elmy* Peers,
Ash, *Fir*, and *Pine*, had flourish'd many years,
By him protect'd both from Heat and Cold.
Eternal Plants, at least ten Ages old,

All of one mind,
Their strength conjoin'd,
And scorn'd the Wind;

Here



(a) The ancients invented peculiar Gods for their Mountains, Rivers, and Groves, &c. as appears in *Homer's* Hymn to *Pegæus*.

Ἡ τῆς Νυμφῶτος, ὁ δ' ἄλκιμος ἡρώδης
Ἡ Νυμφὶς δὲ καὶ τὸ γένος ἀνδρῶν
καὶ γυναῖκες ἀνθρώπων ὅς τις βλάτῃ
ἴδωκεν.

The last of which were called *Dryades* or *Hemadryades*; and these were believed to live and die with the Trees in their protection, according to *Apollonius*.

He suffered for his Sire who durst provoke
The *Dryades* by cutting down their Oaks.

The Nymph fell oft petition'd him with tears
To spare her Tree of equal birth and years
Since both their lives did flourish in that bough.
But no intreats could his rash youth cure
Till he saw it down. The Nymph reveng'd
her Fall,
To him and to his Issue tragical.

(b) *Pliny* in his *Natural History*, lib. 12. c. 1. *Arborum genera Nominibus suis dicata perpetuo servantur*, at *Jovi Esculus*, *Apollini Laurus*, *Minervæ Olea*, *Veneri Myrtus*, *Herculi Populus*. The Ceremony of dedicating this and that kind of Tree to several Gods was always observed, for the *Esculus* is consecrated to *Jupiter*, the *Laurus* to *Apollo*, the *Olive-tree* to *Minerva*, the *Myrtle* to *Venus*, and the *Poplar* to *Hercules*.

(c) The Laurel.

Here highly honour'd stood the sacred *Oke*,
Whom Swains invoke,

Which Oracles, like that of ^(d) *Dodon*, spoke.

But in the neighbouring Commons dwelt a Swain

That to his Hatchet long did want a Hest;

Which only was the Royal *Cedar's* Gift:

When to the under Cops (that did complain

Their Sovereign

A Tyrant was) he su'd, they promis'd Aid:

No *Helve* of *Brier*, or *Thorn*, was ever made.

Some rotten-hearted *Elms*, and Wooden Peers,

Run with the Stream, spur'd up by Hopes or Fears;

Avarice, *Pride*,

Make others side;

Hoping more wide,

Some mighty Trees remov'd, they in their stead

Branches might spread

From Sea to Sea, and raise to Heaven their Head.

Then to the *Cedar* he his Sute presents,

About whom round his whispering Counsel grows;

Hot they debate, some side, and some oppose;

When, but unwilling, the forc'd King consents,

And soon repents:

Arm'd by his Gift, Trees fall in Ranks and Files,

Friends, Foes, in Stacks to Heaven the Rustick piles;

Then hollow *Pines* first cut with Sails unfurl'd

Lines, that, like Nets, are drawn about the World;

Great Trees and small

Together fall,

He ruins all:

But first the Grove told Oracles expires,

And all their *Quires*,

Enough t' have made twelve *Cæsars* Funeral Fires.

At

At last the Shepherd standing on a Hill,

Beheld the Havock his own Hands had made,

And with a deep fetcht Sigh, thus weeping said;

Where is the Mast, and Akorns that did fill

My bristly Cattel still?

Ill-gotten Wealth, ah me! is ill employ'd,

And I am poorer the whole *Wood* destroy'd.

Where shall my Kids browse? How shall I maintain

My board with Nuts, and blushing Fruit again?

Thus *Avarice* brings

People, and Kings,

Their ruinings.

Thus Grants of Princes have themselves brought low,

And oft o'r-throw

Them, by their Fall on whom they did bestow.

MORAL.

Who Weapons put into a mad Man's Hands,

May be the first the Error understands:

But Kings that Subjects with their Sword intrust,

If they do suffer, seems not much unjust.

F A B.

(d) At *Dodona* in *Epirus* was the most ancient and famous Oracle of *Jupiter*. The story of it is thus related by *Herodotus*, the antientest of the Greek Historians, who seems to have been inquisitive after the original of it. The Priests of *Jupiter*, at *Thibes* a City in *Egypt*, told me that the *Phenicians* had stoin away formerly two of their Priestesses, & sold one of them into *Libya*, the other into *Greece*, which Women first constituted as they understood, Oracles in those places. But the Priestesses at *Dodona* say, that there flew two black Pigeons from *Thibes* of *Egypt*; the one into *Libya*, the other to them, which lighting on an Oak, said with a humane voice, that there ought to be an Oracle of *Jupiter* there. They, supposing it to be a Divine command, caus'd one to be built there. The rest of the *Dodonians* agreed with them in their relation. My opinion of them, saies *Herodotus*, is this; If it be true that the *Phenicians* carried away these two holy Women, and sold one of them into *Libya*, the other into *Hellas*, it seems to me that this woman was sold to the *Thesprotians* in the Country now called *Hellas*, before *Pelasia*, where during her Slavery she consecrated the place near a neighbouring Oak, it being probable that she having been consecrated to *Jupiter* in *Egypt* would retain the memory of him here. Now these Women were call'd by the *Dodonians* *Thaumantias* Pigeons, because, using an unknown Language, they seem'd to talk like Birds; but that this after a while spake with a humane voice, because she by conversation had learn'd the Greek Tongue; when they say the Pigeon was black, they signify that the Woman was an Egyptian. The Oracle at *Thibes* in *EGYPT*, and that in *Dodona* are very like one another.

F A B. XXXVII.

Of the Hart and Oxen.

AH me! poor *Hart*, ah! Whither shalt thou fly?
 A pack of cruel Hounds in a full Cry
 Are at thy Heels, on the bold Hunts-men ruff;
 In Woods there is no Safety, every Bush
 My Horns will tangle in: ah! where's the Stream
 Whose Waves commiserating would from them
 To further Shores in Safety me convey,
 Where I at last my weary Limbs might lay?

Thus the chas'd *Deer*, his woful Chance bemoans
 To Hills and Dales, deaf Trees and senseless Stones;
 When his own Fate, by ill Advice, did call
 Him to seek Refuge, at the *Oxen's* Stall.

To whom he said; Ah! for Acquaintance sake,
 Since we in one Park dwell, some Pity take,
 Receive me in; a thousand waies you may
 Save this poor Life; I'll hide in yonder Hay.
 When one repl'd, He might in safety ly
 There till the Men, and cruel Dogs pass by;
 But if their Master or his Man came in,
 The Danger greater was, should he be seen.
 Keep Counsel, Sirs, and I will venture here:
 Under the Cock, at All-hid plays the *Deer*.

When a dull Servant enter'd, one that did
 Not half the Work his careful Master bid,
 Returning when the Beasts were serv'd with Hay.
 Then flatt'ring Hope did the glad *Hart* betray.

But an experienc'd *Ox*, whom *Livie* made
 Once speak before, to him rejoicing, said;
 Unhappy Friend, thou hast small cause to vant;
 Wert thou as mighty as an Elephant,

Stood



Stood where I stand, a Castle on thy back,
 This Clown had left thee feeding at the Rack.
 This is a clod heavier than Earth; such Souls,
 Were all Heaven Sun, would see no more than Moles:
 But when our Master enters, I advise
 That close thou ly, for he hath *Argus* eys;
 To scape from him, that is a Work, a Task,
 Would all the Shifts of subtil^(a) *Proteus* ask,
 Scarce said, but in the busy Master came,
 And first his Servant's Negligence did blame,
 Gathers the Offals, did the Litter spread,
 The Labouring Yoke-mates with his own Hands fed;
 Here, there, he pries, and searcheth every part,
 Three Fathom under Hay he finds the *Hart*.
 Glad of the Prize, aloud for Aid he calls,
 Straight on the *Deer*, a Troup of Rusticks fals;
 No hope of Quarter, he with weeping Eys
 Chief Mourner was at his own Obsequies.

(a) *Proteus* was King of the *Egyptians*: about the time of the *Trojan* war, feign'd to have chang'd himself into sundry forms; now seeming a Beast, now a Tree, now Fire. *Ovid Metamorph* l. 8.

*Sunt quibus in plures juxta est transire figuras,
 Ut tibi complexi terram maris incola
 Proteu, &c.*

Others have power themselves at will to change,
 As thou blue *Proteus*, that in Seas dost range.

Who now a Man, a Lyon now appears
 Now a fell Boar, a Serpent's shape now bears:

A Bull with threatening Horns now seem fit to be,
 Now like a Stone, now like a spreading Tree:

And sometimes like a gentle River flows,
 Sometimes like fire, averse to Water, shows.

Which he attain'd, it seems, by his conversation with the Magicians of *Egypt*, of whose strange performances of that nature the Scriptures make mention. But *Diodorus Siculus* saies, that the Kings of that Countrey wore sometimes the Shapes of Lyons, Bulls, and Dragons on their heads, as marks of Regality; sometimes Trees, Fire, and the like, which was the original of this *Grecian* Fable.

MORAL.

When urgent Dangers press, 'tis hard to shun;
 Stern Fortune loves to end, as she begun:
 On Fear, and Hast, bad Counsell still attend;
 Let none seek Refuge from unable Friends.

F A B. XXXVIII.

Of the Lyon that was sick,

THrough all the Forest was a Rumor spread,
The King the *Lyon's* Sick, some report Dead,
No sooner was it trumpeted by Fame,

But Wild and Tame,
From all parts came,
With Countenances sad,
Though inly glad;

A mighty Throng at the Court Gates appear :

But lie Sir *Reynard* was not there.

To whom the King thus with a Porcupin's Quill
Writ on a Leaf ; Dear Cousin, I am ill,
And your Advice now want to make my Will.

If you suspect (but Fear is causeless, Sir)
Danger at Court, alas ! I cannot stir ;
The holy Wolf here teacheth Heaven's Commands,

Grim Malkin stands,

Wringing her Hands,

The Lamb and Tygre sit
Both at my Feet ;

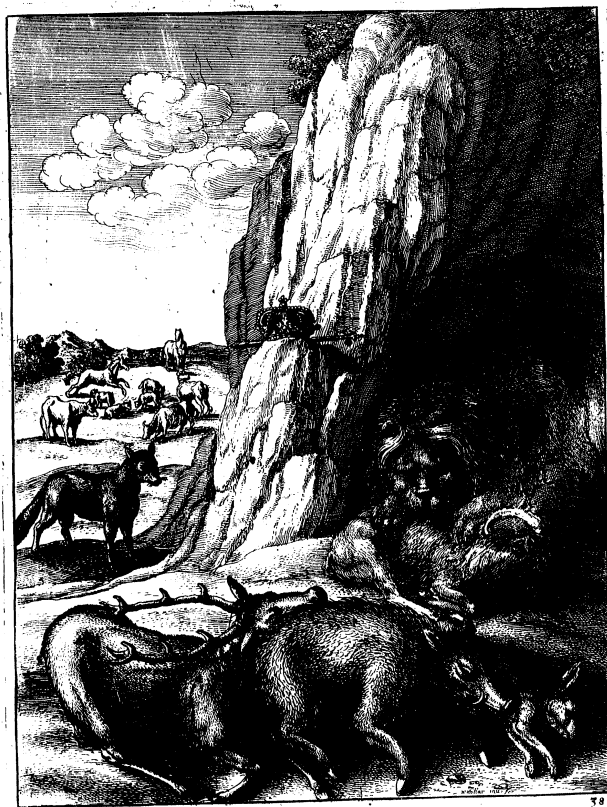
But none of these can comfort Us, like you.

You shall not, Friend, your coming rue,
Ah ! let me see thee e'er my Eys do fail ;
You oft have help'd me, oft your Wisdom's Tail
Made on the ground my Parliament Robes to trail.

To whom the subtle Fox repli'd again,
That he to Heaven would pray, his Sovereign
May former Health recover, and once more

From shore to shore
Be heard to rore,
And with his Voice to make
The Forest shake :

But



But to obey his Will must be deni'd,
 Because he many Tracts espi'd
 Of Visitants repair'd to's Royal Den;
 But saw no Print of those return'd agen.
 His Majesty must pardon him till then.

MORAL.

*Not too much Credence to Kings Letters give;
 In flowry Eloquence black Serpents live:
 Conster th' ambiguous Words, and wary read,
 For I'll advance, that's I'll take off thy Head.*

F A B. XXXIX.

Of Cupid and Death.

Cupid too careful of his Mothers task
 Roving all day did wound a thousand Hearts
 With Golden or with Leaden pointed Darts;
 At night his sport pursuing to a Mask,
 Where he his Quiver empties, and supplies
 Again from beauteous Ladies Eys,
 While they in comely Motion act their parts;
 What Nymphs are these, some whisper? others ask
 What Goddess now appears? and as the' admire,
 Active and fierce Desire
 Seven couples shoots at once with mutual Fire,
 And e'r nights Wheels could the Meridian cut,
 There thousands more the God to torture put.

The same day *Death* had at a cruel Fight
 As busy been, and mighty Slaughter made,
 She and blind Chance on both sides double plaid;
 Then the grim Angel visits Towns by night.
 Now weary, and grown late, *Death* could not well
 Reach the Adamantine Gates of Hell,
 Where Plague, War, Famine, her Companions laid
 On Iron Couches, trembling Ghosts affright;
 Nor could blind *Cupid* ^(a) *Paphos* find, so dark

The Sky was grown, no Spark
 In all Heaven's Face to give the Boy a Mark:
 At one Inn therefore two great Furies lay,
 Till Sleep *Death's* elder Brother doth obey.

(a) A City in the Island of Cyprus, consecrated to *Venus*, whence she was call'd *Paphia*.



Nor *Death* long rests her weary Bones, but wakes ;
 Not clearing well her Eys which were two Coals
 That cast Malignant Beams from gloomy Hoals ;
 She *Cupid's* Quiver for her own mistakes,
 And hungry out she flies to Country's far,
 To Breakfast at a Massacre.

Nor long the Boy from torturing Lovers Souls
 Cessation made, but out with speed he makes,
 And storms with deadly Arrows Myrtle Groves,
 Where perch'd his Mothers Doves,
 Where cunning Lovers lose to find their Loves ;
 There while the Youth did *Cyprian Vigils* keep
 Death seals their Eys up in eternal Sleep.

Then through the World a mighty Change appears,
 When the curl'd Youth, whom Love & Beauty lead
 Under pale Ensigns muster with the dead,
 Sad Verse and Garlands fix'd to Virgin Beers ;
 While in a Dance up the long bed-rid leaps,
 And Beldams mince with wanton steps,
 And their pale Cheeks with borrow'd blushes spread
 False Lillies trenches fill plow'd up with years ;
 Whom Death had mark'd for suddain Funerals
 Now for the Viol calls,
 And old remembring, makes new Madrigals.
 This hath a Son, that hath a Daughter dead,
 And their house clear'd, the lusty Parents wed.

But while this Tragi-Comedy was plaid
 Of Error long, a Youth more happy saw
 When to his Ear the God did aiming draw
 A Shaft at him, and thus to *Cupid* pray'd ;
 O hold thy Arrow tipp'd with Charnel Bone,
 And shoot me with a Golden one,

Thy

Thy darts are wing'd with death, 'gainst natures Law;
 See in the Groves what slaughter thou hast made.
 Must the World end? Must all our Youth be slain?

Must feeble Age again
 Recruit the Loss? Then let the Gods ordain
 That Winter marrying with North Winds be bound
 To make, with sharp Frosts, pregnant barren ground.

Admonish'd thus, he looks about, and spi'd
 Old Men and Matrons dancing in a Ring,
 And joyful *Pæans* to Lov's Mother sing,
 While arm in arm sad youthful Lovers dy'd.
 Streight the Mischance *Cupid* to *Death* makes known,
 Requiring to return his own;
 But *Death* in various Conquests taking Pride,
 Reserv'd some feather'd with the Sparrows Wing,
 And left him others dipt i'th *Stygian* Lake.

From whence rose the Mistake,
 That when sweet love Virgins and Youth should make
 It proves sad Wils; and Old folks one Leg have
 In wanton Sheets, the other in the Grave.

M O R A L .

*Age burns with Love, while Youth cold Ague shakes;
 And Nature oft her Principles mistakes:
 So suffers Youth in Ages cold embrace,
 As living Men to dead bound face to face.*



F A B. XL.

The Parliament of Birds.

VHen *Jove* by impious Arms had
Heaven possess'd,
And old King *Saturn* setting in the
West

Finish'd the Golden Days, a Silver Morn,
Pale with the Crimes success, did Earth adorn,
And gave its name unto the second Age.
Then Skies first thund'ring, Seas with Tempests rage,
Four Seasons part the Year, Men sow, and plant,
(The golden Times nor Labour knew nor Want)
Then Toyl found Ease by Art, Art by Deceits,
Then Civil War turn'd Kingdoms into States,
(For petty Kings rul'd first) then *Birds* and Beasts
Did with Republicks private Interests
Begin to build; *Eagles* were vanquish'd then,
And Lyons worsted lost their Royal Den.

The Silver Age.

The Birds reduc'd thus to a Popular State,
Their King and Lords of prey ejected, fate
A frequent *Parliament* in th' antient Wood,
There acting daily for the Nations good.
When thus the *Swallow* rising from the flock,
To Master Speaker, the grave *Parrot*, spoke.

Great things for us, Sir, Providence hath done,
And we have through a World of Dangers run,
The *Eagle*, and the gentle *Falcon* are
Destroy'd or Sequester'd by happy War;
The *Kitish* Peers, and *Buffard* Lords are flown,
Who fate with us till we could sit alone:
Like worthy Patriots since, your special Care
Hath settled our *Militia* in the Air.

All

All Monarch-hating *Storks* and *Cranes*, who march
Like Sons of Thunder, through Heavens Crystal-arch,
When Tumult calls, to beat those *Wigeons* down,
That vainly flock to re-advance the Crown.

Of Maritim bus'nèfs, let our Sea-fowl tell,
Who now as far beneath, as 'tis to Hell,
Th' *Antipodes* dive, to fetch home Gold and Spice
From *Phœnix*, and the *Bird of Paradise*;
Whom Thunder-eating Fire-Drakes safe convey
From royal *Harpies*, that pickeer at Sea.
War is far off remov'd, and almost done;
And we now sporting in the golden Sun
Prune, and re-gild our Wings; while on hard Coasts,
Wedded to Famine, and eternal Frosts,
The *Eagle* rigid Discipline digests,
Drove from his *Godwits* to the *Byters* Nests.

We fear no flying Nation, should the King
Plum'd *Griffons*, and his winged-Horſes bring,
Of now scorn'd (a) *Pegasus* the baffled Sons,
So oft chas'd round our vast Dominions.

But a new Danger, with a dire Ostent,
(You Gods avert it from this *Parliament*,)

Begins to threaten. *Line* unthought upon
Now shades it self, and to a Wood is grown,
Luxurious Branches shooting to the Sky.

This, this, behold! is the great Enemy:
Man will make Nets of this, where he'll no fewer
Than thousand silly Birds at once secure:

Under the Tyranny of twisted Cords
Oft *Lybian* Lyons grone; those Forest Lords
Wild Bulls, and Boars, make all the Wood rebound.
When they are taken in this Linnen Pound:
Fetter'd in these, how loud storm salvage Bears?
And took *Hyena's* weep with unfeign'd Tears.

This

(a) A winged Horſe, feign'd to have
riſe out of the blood of *Mædusa* ſlain
by *Percus*, *Ovid* l. 4.

*Dumque gravi ſomnus colubæ iſtam
que tenebat,
Eripuiſſe caput collo, pennisque fuga-
cem
Pegaſon, & fratrem matris de ſanguine
natos.*

How her head he from her ſhoulders
took
E'r heavy Sleep her Snakes and her
forſook.
Then told of *Pegasus* and of his brother,
Sprung from the blood of their new-
ſlaughter'd mother.

By which Fable the Poets expreſſed
that ſame which flies through the
mouths of men, and celebrates victo-
rious virtue.

This Branch and Root muſt up, or elſe your State
(Which forein *Eagles* now congratulate)
Will be ſhort-liv'd; down, down with't to the ground
Nor let its place or name be ever found:
Enact with ſpeed, your Time, your Strength imploy
To ruin that, which elſe will you deſtroy.

The *Swallow* for his Wiſdom much renown'd,
Since he the Art of Architecture found,
Whoſe well-built Nests incircle ſcarce a Span,
Are yet but coldly pattern'd out by Man;
Whoſe Cement ſmiles at Time, and th' Elements Rage,
Strengthen'd with Storms, and more confirm'd by Age,
Had now prevail'd, and his great Eloquence,
So ſympathizing with the Houſes ſenſe,
Perſuaded ſtreight an Hoſt of *Geefe* and *Cranes*
Should plunder and depopulate thoſe Plains.
But that the *Linnet* (private Intereſt much,
Since Linſeed was his Food, this *Bird* did touch,)
Ariſing ſaid, Moſt honour'd Houſe of *Birds*,
The *Swallow* hath, in well-compoſed words
And handſom language, dreſt up ſcar-*Crow* doubts
Of ſome *Priapus*, or a Thing-of-clowts,
Such as Plum'd Foragers fright from Corn and Fruits,
And well with his complaining Nature ſuits.
Sure I believe e'r ſince the World began,
This *Line* hath grown, or wild, or ſow'd by Man;
Yet ne'r imploy'd our Nation to betray:
(a) But theſe times find new Arts out every day,
Lime-twigs are lately known, and Hair and Hooks
Which ſcaley people draw from Cryſtal Brooks.

But grant all this, will Man his Cordage pin
To the high Poles, and ſpread his Linnen gin

P

O'r

(a) *Silvæ* Ag.

C'r Heaven's broad Face like Geometrick Lines. (Signs
To catch Stars wandering through twelve spangled
Then, if hot *Phæbus* burn it not at Noon,
How shall our gifted *Wood-Cocks* reach the Moon,
Who now from Churches Lunatick have brought
Revelations, both for Life and Doctrine taught.

Or over Earth's broad Surface will he spread
This new Device, and with entangling Thread
Where e'r we light engage our heedless Foot ?
If so, then grub it up both Branch and Root.

The worst that can, over some little patch
Of earth, this Yarn deceitful man will watch,
And with some Bait the hovering Foe entice :
Then let them suffer for their Avarice.

But the chief Point I most insist upon,
Too much we have incens'd already Man ;
Libidinous *Doves* and *Sparrows*, (most unjust,)
Plunder his Wheat to heighten filthy Lust :
And wicked *Geese*, *Storks*, and insulting *Cranes*,
Spoyl their own Quarters, midst his Golden plains.

But humane Forces if you long to know,
And aggravating wrong would raise a Foe ;
Must your Power ; your Strength consider first,
And the Malignants in your Bowels nurst,
Ready to rise at all times, when so e'r
Or *Bird*, or Beast, or Devils, or Men appear.

Unfetter'd, no such War you can maintain,
Unless the Common Foe you home again
With joy invite, unanimous joyn in one ;
But e'r I see that fatal Union,
And under cruel *Eagles* Ensigns goe,
Let me descend to unclean *Birds* below.

Brief,

Brief, 'tis impossible to joyn again,
Who Gods and Friends despise, tremble at Men, but
To Heaven, the harmless Vegetative let grow,
And Man intense not, he's a dangerous Foe.
May our good Angels those celestial *Birds*,
Who skreeking *Eagles* drive with flaming Swords
From this *Paradise*, our State defend,
'Gainst all dire Fowl, from Stygian floods ascend.

This said, th' House thunders with discording Notes
This for the *Swallow*, that, the *Linnet* Votes ;
The major still the weaker part, decry
The *Swallows* Counsel, bearing to the Sky
The *Linnet's* Wisdom and high Eloquence ;
This House by Reason was not rul'd, but Sense.
They act, that Line shall to perfection grow,
And make it Treason to call Man a Foe.

Soon fiery *Sirius*, joyn'd with *Phæbus* Raies,
Faint Heats encreased, with decreasing daies :
When *Ceres* golden locks each where were thorn,
And Line in safety to dry Houses born.
Then said the *Swallow*, fearing future Fates,
Whom Jove will ruin, he insatuates ;
And straight to Man he flies, and makes a Peace,
The Articles they sign'd in brief were these,
He grants him Chimneys for his stately Nest,
For which his Song must calm Man's troubled Breast.

Mean while fine Threads are Spun of hatchel'd Flax
And nothing for the Expedition lacks :
The War grows hot, Fowlers both night and day,
By their Communion thousands take and slay.
Here in vast Fields, Ners colour'd like the Corn
Do execution Evening and Morn ;
Their Dogs, and Italking-Horses many night
Lure the Snare, and Lowbels dreadful light ;

P 2

Eagles

Eagles and Hawks Auxiliaries they imploy,
And treacherous Fowl their dearest Friends decoy.

Thus soon this rising State was overthrown,
And Man e'r since did rule the Earth alone.
When this sad Ditty silver'd o'r with Age
A Captive *Stare* fung in his woful Cage;
When Civil War hath brought great Nations low,
Deftruction comes oft with a Forein Foe.

M O R A L.

*In perverse Counsel best Advice is scorn'd,
The worst, with Art and handsome words, adorn'd,
Enacted is; but private Interest blinds
The Wifest, and betraies the Noblest, Mind.*



F A B. XLI.

Of the Rustick and Hercules.

O Thou that didst so many Monsters kill,
And of twelve ^(*) Labours didst none ill,
Help, if it be thy will.

O thou that forc'd fire-spitting *Cacus* Den,
And got'st thy Cattel then,

Though mine I ne'r could have agen.

Alcides, thou that art the strongest God,

Help with thy long Arms out, and Shoulders broad,

My Wheels, which stick up to the Nave in Mire :

Ah ! 'tis a mighty Load,

Help, I desire,

Or here I will expire.

In a deep Tract his Cart being lodg'd thus pray'd

A lazy Swain to *Hercules* for Aid.

When thus the Deity in a mighty Crack

Of Thunder to the *Rustick* spake,

Then lying on his Back ;

Fool, whip thy pamper'd Horses up the Hill,

Thy Shoulder lay to th' Wheel,

And there use all thy Strength and Skill :

Not only me whom now thou dost invoke,

But then expect a God at every Spoke

To thy assistance ; who offended be,

When they implor'd shall look

From Heaven, and see

A heavy Clown like thee.

(*) The labours of *Hercules* were the Argument in which all the antient Poets did luxuriate, briefly enumerated by *Ovid* thus ; speaking in the person of *Hercules* :

*Ergo ego sudantem peregrino Templo
crure
Bosirim domui ? (avoque alimenta pa-
rentis
Autæo crispui ? nec me passuris Iberi,
Forma triplex, nec forma triplex una,
Ce bere, movit.
Vigine manus validis pressissis corna
Tauri ?
Vestrum opus Ellis habet, vestrum Stym-
phalides nuda,
Partheniumque nemus, &c.*

— Have I this gain'd
For slain *Bosiris*, who *Jove's* Temple
hain'd
With Strangers blood. That from the
Earth Earth-bred
Autæus held ? whom *Geryon's* triple
head,
Nor thine, & *Cerberus*, could once dis-
may ?
These hands, these made the *Cyrenæan*
bull obey
Your labours *Ellis* ; smooth *Stymphali-
an* floods
Concels with praises, and *Parthenian*
woods.
You got the Golden Belt of *Thermodon*.
And Apples from the sleep-less *Dra-
gon* won.
Nor cloud-born *Centauræes*, nor th' *Ar-
cadian* Bore
Could me resist, nor *Hydra* with her
flood
Of frightful heads, which by their loss
encreas'd.

We help the active, though they wicked are;
The Gods ne'r did, nor will, bear idle Prayer.

Of the Knave and Harp

Thou that dost to many Harp
And of my Harp, I know'st the worth.

Help it be thy will.

O thou that for'st fire-pitching Cane, Den

And for'st thy Cane, then

Though mine I not could have seen.

Wakes, thou that art the strongest God,

Help with thy long Arms out, and should'st break

My Wheels, which tick up to the Stars in 7.

Al! 'tis a mighty Lord,

Help, I desire,

O here I will expire.

In a deep Trap his Car being lodg'd thus lay,

A lazy Swain to Harpers for Aid.

When thus the Dory in a mighty Crack

Of Thunder to the Rocks broke

Then lying on his back

Too, whip thy bumper'd Horse up the Hill

Thy Shoulders lay to th' Wheel

And there the all thy Strength and Skill

Not only me whom thou dost move

But thou expost, a Harp, to

Under the Tropicks more refined Souls

Cherish old Piety: but near the Poles

Men follow War, sail, bargain, for, and rest

And no Religion love but what is cheap

F A B. XLII.

Of the Fox and Weefle.

Vith fasting long *Reynard* was grown
the Type

Of seven years Famin,
Inforc'd with Hunger, which so much did gripe
His clem'd and empty Tripe,
At last he came in
To a full Larder, through a straiter hole,
Than ever Body past, or scarce a Soul.

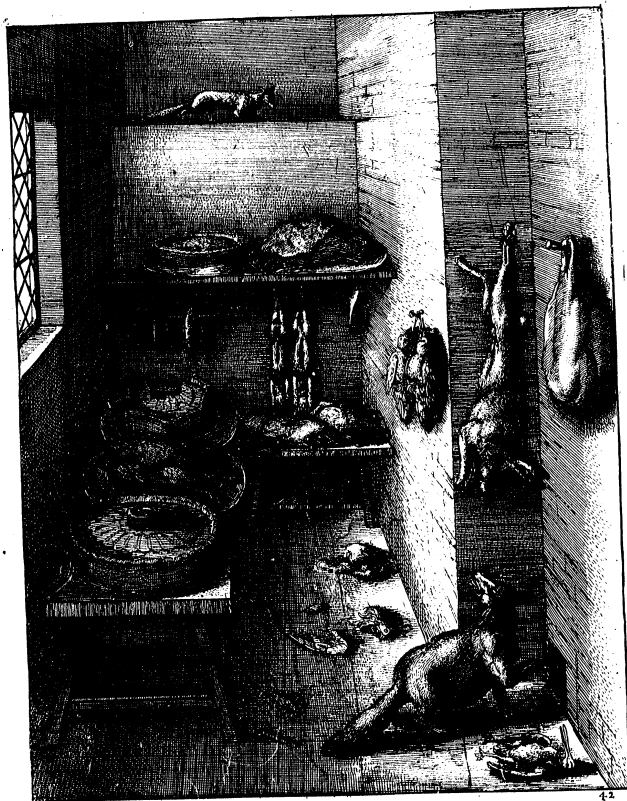
When he had stuff'd his Panier like a Sack
With store of Forrage,
Until his Belly's Hoops, his Ribs, did crack,
Streight he resolveth to go back
With all his Carriage,
By the same Pass he enter'd, nor did think
His sides might larger grow, or the hole shrink.

At last the streights of the long narrow Lane
And low-roof'd Entry
He came to, but a passage sought in vain;
The *Fox* repuls'd was fain;
There to stand Centry:

Seven times the rocky Pass with Teeth and Claws
He strives to open, and as oft did pause.
Then Conscience pricks, a melancholy Fear
Shews all his Slaughters,

Sad *Partlet* following of a woful Beer,
Where lay bold *Chanicleer*
And his three Daughters;

Then jetting Turkeys with blew snouts he spy'd,
And white-fleec'd Lambs, which he in Scarlet dy'd.
Like

The Hen.

(a) *Hydra* was a Serpent of the Lake of *Lerna*, in the Country of the *Argives*, which was said to have many heads; whereof one being cut off, two rose in the room more terrible than the former; afterwards by *Hercules* destroyed: Which Fable relates to that place which by the eruptions of its waters annoyed the neighbouring Cities, when one being stopp'd, many arose in the room: whose noysome and infectious waters were dried up by the extraordinary fervour of the Sun, signified by *Hercules* according to *Macrobius*.

(b) *The Hart*.

Like (a) *Hydra's*, hissing Geese extend their necks,
And threatning Ganders;

At's eyes the Crow, took with his Pizle, pecks;

(b) *Keyward's* pale Ghost with squeaks

About him wanders:

That some suppose the *Fox* this day did dine
On melancholy Dishes, wanting Wine.

Then spake the jeering *Weefle* from the Wall;

Sir *Fox* I know you'r crafty,

But you have made a Prison of your Hall,

Nor can you scape at all,

Or look for safety,

Until you be as thin, as when

You enter'd, then you may return agen.

Then said the *Fox*; Hunger did ill persuade,

Yet those are starving

Oft through a Wall of Stone a Breach have made,

And I may now be paid

My just deserving.

But thou that in such danger jeer'st the *Fox*,

Like Fortune may reward thee for thy Mocks:

Revenge draws nigh, beware the Cat; I can

But be uncas'd, and bravely dy by Man.

MORAL.

Heaven's Joies we sell for Broath; rather than want,
With Death and Hell consign a Covenant.
Greedy of Spoyl, with Violence and Deceit
We daily act, considering no Retreat.

FAB.



F A B. XXIII.

Of the Hawk and the Cuckow.

U Nworthy Bird, base *Cuckow*, thou that art
 Large as my self in every part,
 Strength, length, and colour of thy Wing,
 Mine much resembling ;
 Whose narrow Soul, whose no, or little Heart,
 Will to thy board
 Afford
 Nothing but Worms of Putrefaction bred ;
 Which of the Noblest Mortals are abhorr'd,
 Since they must turn to such when they are dead ;
 Mount, gorge thy self with some delicious Bird ;
 Be wise,
 Such Banquets leave for Daws, and silly Pies.
 Thus the bold *Hawk* the *Cuckow* did advise.

Who not long after taken in the Field,
 Having a harmless Pidgeon kill'd,
 Was in a most unlucky hour
 Hung from a lofty Tow'r ;
 To teach all those, who blood of Innocents spill'd.

The *Cuckow* saw,
 By Law, A O M

The Murthere's suffer'd, when their Note the Song ;
 Better with Worms to fill my hungry Maw,
 Than betwixt Heaven and Earth by th' heels be hung,
 And a cold Bird, ly in my Stomach raw.

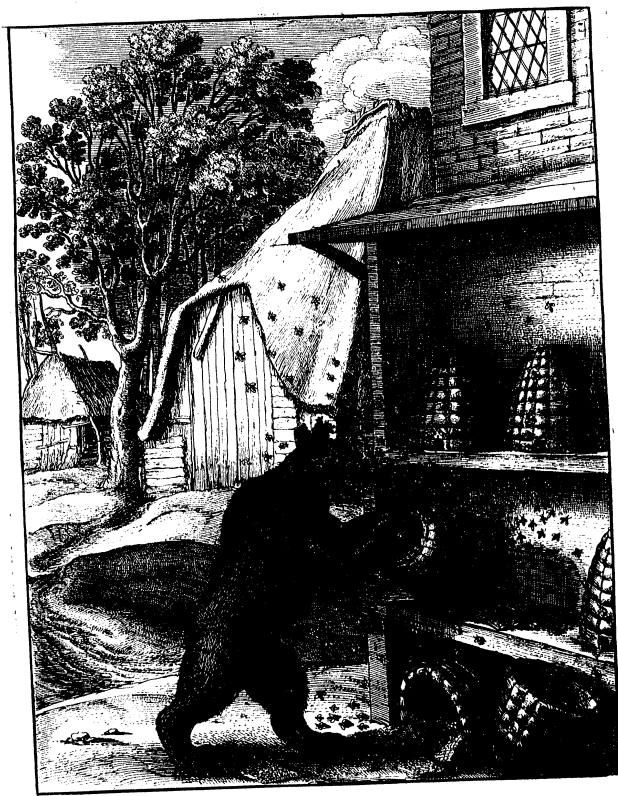
Q

Had

Had I
Thy Counsel took, and forag'd through the Sky,
There had I hang'd with thee for company.

M O R A L.

Some without Conscience plunder, spoyl and kill,
As if for bloody Banquets were no Bill:
But Vengeance Spring-rides back, as well as Neap,
When Malefactors shoot from Ladders leap.



44

F A B. XLIV.

Of the Bear and the Bees.

B Ruine the *Bear* receiving a slight Wound
 From a too washpish *Bee*,
 Joyful to raife a War on any ground,
 (It was their Wealth had done the injury)
 Did now propound,
 And to himself decree,
 Ne'r to return, till he had overthrown
 Twelve Waxen Cities of that Nation,
 And seiz'd their Honey-treasure as his own.

This being resolv'd, he to the Garden goes,
 Where stood the stately Hives,
 One, after one, the Barbarous overthrows,
 And many Citizens of life deprives :
 A few survives,
 Who in a Body close ;
 For your everted Towr's, your slaughter'd Race,
 For your great Losses, and your high Disgrace,
 Fix all your venom'd Weapons in his Face.
 This said, the Trumpet sounds, the Vulgar rage,
 And all at once in mighty War engage.

Now *Brutine's* ugly vilage did not freeze,
 Nor his foul hands want Gloves ;
 The monstrous *Bear* you could not see for *Bees*,
 No Bacon Gamon was so stuck with Cloves :
 Who Honey loves
 Not with sharp Sawce agrees.
 Ore-powr'd by multitude, and almost slain,
 He draws his shatter'd Forces off again ;

Q 2

Then

Then said ; I better had endur'd the pain
Of one sharp Sting, than thus to suffer all ;
Making a private Quarrel National.

(a) The inference of the Persian Emperor, here alluded to, in his Expedition against Greece, we shall deliver in the words of Herodotus, who liv'd though but a child, at the same time ; From Abydos to the opposite Continent is a Strait of only seven Furlongs over, which when Xerxes had caus'd a Bridge to be laid, a violent Tempest on a sudden destroy'd it : which when he heard, highly incens'd, he commanded that they should inflict three hundred stripes on the Hellepont, and drop a couple of Chains into the bottom of it ; charging them to say these impious and barbarous Words ; O bitter and salt Water, Thy master inflict this punishment on thee, because thou hast injur'd him, being not provoked by any precedent wrong ; King Xerxes shall pass over thee whether thou wilt or no. Thus he commanded them to punish the Sea, and to strike off the Heads of the Overseers of the Work.

M O R A L.

Great Kings, that petty Princes did despise,
Have oft by War's Experience grown Wise :
Who ^(a) whip'd the Sea, and breasted Floods to chain,
Brought back for Millions but a slender Train.

F A B.

F A B. XLV.

Of the Hart and Horse.

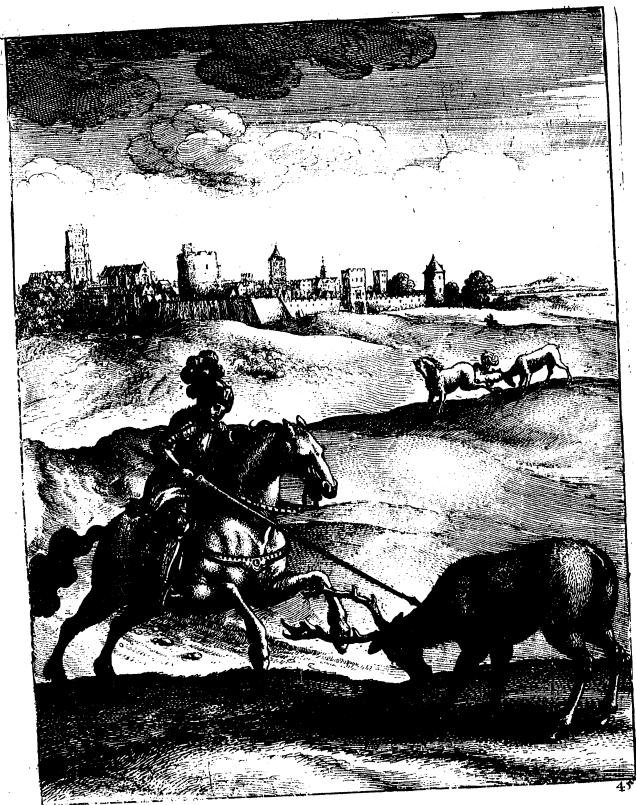
Long was the War betwixt the *Hart* and *Horse*
Fought with like Courage, Chance, and equal
Force ;

Until a fatal day
Gave signal Victory to the *Hart* : the *Steed*
Must now no more in pleasant Valleys feed,
Nor verdant Commons sway,
The *Hart* who now o'r all did domineer,
This conquering *Stag*,
Slights, like a *Nag*,
The vanquish'd *Horse*, which did no more appear.

In want, exil'd, driven from Native Shores,
The *Horse* in Cities humane aid implores,
To get his Realms again.
Let *Man* now manage him and his affair,
Since he not knows what his own Forces are.
Thus sues he for the Rein ;
For sweet Revenge he will indure the Bit,
Let him o'r-throw
His cruel Foe,
And let his haughty Rider heavy sit,

He takes the Bridle o'r his yielding Head,
With *Man* and Arms the *Horse* is furnished,
And for the Battel neighs.
But when the *Hart* two hostile faces saw
And such a *Centaur* to encounter draw,
He stood a while at gaze.

At



At last known Valour up he rows'd again,
 More hopes by fight
 There was, than flight ;
 What's won by Arms, by Force he must maintain.

Then to the Battel did the *Hart* advance,
 The *Horse* a *Man* brings, with a mighty Launce
 Longer than th' others Crest :
 The manner of the fight is chang'd, he feels
 No more the *Horse's* hoof, and ill-aim'd heels ;
 They charge now breast to breast.
 Two to one odds 'gainst *Hercules* ; the *Hart*,
 Though strong and stout,
 Could not hold out,
 But flies, and must from Conquer'd Realms depart.

Nor longer could the *Horse* his joy contain,
 But with loud Neighs, and an erected Main,
 Triumpheth after fight ;
 When to the Souldier mounted on his back,
 Feeling him heavy now, the Beast thus spake ;
 Be pleas'd good Sir to light.
 Since you restor'd to me my father's seat,
 And got the day,
 Receive your Pay,
 And to your City joyfully retreat.

Then said the *Man* ; This Saddle which you wear
 Cost more than all the Lands we conquer'd here,
 Beside this burnish'd Bit,
 Your self, and all you have, too little are
 To clear m' engagements in this mighty War ;
 Till that's paid, here I'll sit :

And

And since against your Foe I aided you,
 Can you deny
 Me like supply ?
 Come, and with me my Enemy subdue.

Then sigh'd the *Horse*, and to the *Man* reply'd ;
 I feel thy cruel Rowels gall my side,
 And now I am thy Slave ;
 But thank thy self for this, thou foolish Beast,
 That for Revenge to foreign Interest
 Thy self and Kingdom gave.
 Amongst Rockie Mountains I had better dwell,
 And fed on Thorns,
 Gor'd by th' *Harts* Horns,
 Than wicked *Man's* hard Servitude have felt.

MORAL.

Some injur'd Princes have, to be reveng'd,
 With their own Realms, the Christian World unbing'd,
 On any terms, with any Nation deal :
 Will Heaven not bear them ? They'll to Hell appeal.

F A B.

F A B. XLVI.

Of the Satyr and Traveller.

VV Hen *Lucifer* the first Grand Rebel fell,
With all his winged Officers, to Hell;
Th' Almighty conqueror thought not

That then

(fit

All should be quarter'd in the Brimstone Pit
Prepared for bad Angels, and worse Men :
But they, the vulgar Spirits did incense
Against God's Counsel, with a fair pretence, (make,
That thus Heaven's King they would more glorious
Were sent by Thunder to the *Stygian Lake* :
But such whose Crime was Error, he confines

To Caves,

And Graves,

And tender Gold to guard in hollow Mines :

And some there be, that dare

Make their repair

To Ethereal Air ;

These the rough Ocean rule, and others guide

Wing'd Clouds, and on the backs of Tempests ride.

Such are those Spirits timorous people fright

In horrid shapes, and play mad Pranks by night ;

Nymphs, Faries, Goblins, Satyrs, Fauns,

Which haunt

Soft purling Streams, cool Shades, and silent Lawns,
Begot on Mortals, Sires Immortal vaunt.

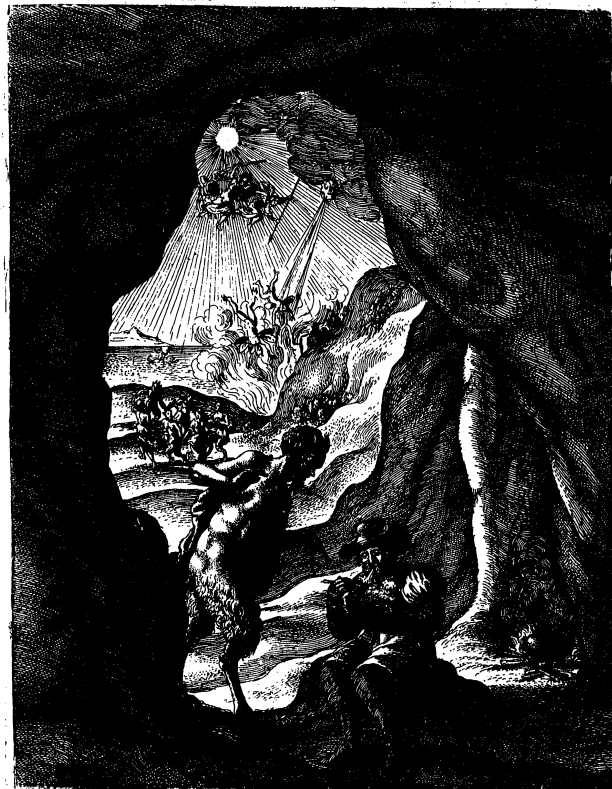
Of which our Satyr was, whose cloven Hoof,

Rough Thighs, and crooked Horns, were ample proof;

Who, by the Mother's side more gentle, gave birth

To a cold Traveller shelter in his Cave,

Whom



Whom *Boreas* charg'd with a huge Drift of Snow.

The Man

Began

Having no Fire, his Fingers ends to blow.

Why thus he blew his Hands ?

His Host demands,

And wondring stands :

Who then reply'd ; My Breath, my Fingers will

Streight unbenum, and warm, though ne'r so chill.

Soon the kind *Satyr* made a Fire, and got

Boyl'd Lentils, which he gave the Stranger, hot.

The *Traveller* begins to blow

His Broth,

Then ask'd the Rural Diety, Why so ?

My Breath will cool't, he said : Then wondrous wrath,

The staring *Satyr* answer'd ; I that am

The Devil's Sister's Son, and to his Dam

As neer ally'd by my dear Mother, which

Is now a famous *Caledonian* Witch,

Dare not a Monster like to thee behold ;

A Man

That can

With the same Lungs at once blow Hot and Cold.

Be gon, or else that Breath

Thou shalt bequeath

To me in Death.

A Sycophant, and a Backbiter too !

My Uncle himself had best beware of you.

M O R A L.

Who smile, and stab ; at once cleer, and attaint ;

Like Pictures are, here Devil, and there Saint :

But Fiends and Saints convertible be, for where

We spy a Devil, some say a Saint goes there.

R

F A B.

FAB. XLVII.

Of the Rebellion of the Hands and Feet.

R *Eason*, once King in Man, Depos'd, and dead
The Purple Isle was rul'd without a Head:
The *Stomach* a devouring State swaid all;
At which the *Hands* did burn, the *Feet* did gall:
Swift to shed Blood, and prone to Civil Stirs
These Members were, who now turn Levellers:
The vast Revenue of the little World
Is in the Exchequer of the Belly hurl'd,
And Toyl on them impos'd by Eternal Laws;
With a drawn Sword the *Hands* thus plead the Cause;
Freeborn as you, here we demand our Right;
Reason being vanquish'd, the proud Appetite

In *Microcosmus* must no Tyrant be,
The idle Paunch shall work as well as we.

The *Stomach* promis'd, and so gain'd our loves,
Our King dethron'd, we should in Kid-skin Gloves
Grow soft again, and free from Corns, the *Feet*
In Cordovant at leisure walk the Street,
Who now toyl more than when that Monarch swaid:
Then we did works of Wonder, then we made
Egyptian Pyramids, *Mansolus* Tomb,
Built the *Gran Caire*, great *Ninive*, and *Rome*;
Heaven-threatening *Babell*, those sky-kissing Tow'rs,
Proud boast themselves, a mighty Work of ours;
We ^(a) *Dædalus* wing'd to fly from spire to spire,
And Thunder fram'd out-ranted *Jove's* loud Fire;
These were our Work, which are by Fame enroll'd;
Now we dress Meat, Change it some God to Gold.
Skies, Seas, we spread with Nets, vast Earth with Gins,
To banquet you, who feast seven deadly Sins.

Did

(a) *Dædalus* with his Son *Icarus* being
imprison'd by *Minos*, and seeing no
possibility of escape either by Sea or
Land, makes himself and his son artifi-
cial wings, and saves himself by flight
through the air; but his Son, having
the cement of his wings melted by his
too near approach to the Sun, dropt
into the Sea, from him call'd the *Icarian*
Sea: The Moral of this Fable *Seneca*
the Tragedian delivers thus:

*Male pensatur magna minis,
Felix alius magnusque volat,
Me nulla vocet turba potentem, &c.*

Great heights, great downfalls ballance
still,
Be great and glorious they that will;
Let none for potent me adore.
May my small Bark coast by the shore
Unforc'd to sea by lusty Winds,
Calm Bayes proud Fortune never
minds;
But ships on high-wrought Seas assail,
Whose Top sails swell with cloudy
gales.

The History contain'd in it is this:
Dædalus imprison'd by *Minos* in the
Labyrinth, escap'd by a wile, and put
to Sea in two small vessels; the one
guided by himself, the other by his Son
Icarus, when by the help of their Sails
invented by *Dædalus*, they out-stripe
their pursuers: Which because they
were displayed like Wings, and carried
them with so strange a celerity, they
were secur'd to fly. But *Icarus* by
bearing too great Sail, overlet his
Bark, and perished in the Sea.



Did we for this storm the bold Breast, and raze
Jove's Image in the Heaven-advanced Face?
 Where our sharp Nails a Rubrick pen'd in gore,
 And curl'd roofs from King *Reason's* Palace tore?

For such rewards the *Feet* in cooling streams,
 Sweating did rush; who by such Stratagems
 Did at strange distance disaffect with pain
 The Head, hurt *Reason*, and disturb the Brain.
 Inbrief, or work, or fast, take up your Staff,
 Guird thy Loyns, Belly, and leave Banquets off.
 This said, the *Stomach* with sharp *Choler* stirr'd
 Cast forth such things, belching at every word;

Rebellious Members, you that be so far
 From Peace, that rather 'mong your selves you'll war;
 What Acts did you to those that we have done?
 Who was it carried the great business on?
 The Senses took, the Cinque-Ports of the Realm,
 With a fair Shade, and a deluding Dream?
 Was't you, or we? full with ^(a) *Egyptian* Gods
 The Brainish Monarch drove from his aboads,
 Beat up all Quarters of the Heart by Night,
 And did that Fort with its own trembling fright?
 Who swell'd the Spleen? and made the Gall o'r-flow?
 The *Feet* and *Hands*? who made the Liver glow,
 Till all those Purple Atoms in the Blood
 Which make the Soul, swom in a burning Flood.
 From whence inflam'd, they seiz'd upon the Head,
 And o'r the Face their blushing Ensigns spread?

All that you boast of since this War began,
 Are but light Skirmishes with th' Outward Man;
 Leave threatening, must we keep perpetual Lent?
 The Members shall, as soon as we, repent.

Trembling with Rage, the *Feet* and *Hands* depart,
 The *Stomach* swells, high goes th' incensed Heart.

Three days in Pockets closeted the *Hands*
 Refuse to put on *Gloves*, the vex'd *Foot* stands.
 Mean while the *Stomach* was come down, and cries,
 What once a hollow *Tooth* serv'd, would suffice
 The streighten'd *Maw*; one *Bit*, one *Crum* bestow:
 But still the moody *Members* answer, No.

At last an extreme feebleness they felt,
 Saw all but *Skin* and their hard *Bones* to melt,
 A pale *Consumption* Lording over all;
 At which a *Counsel* the faint *Brethren* call;
 The *Stomach* must be fed, which now was so
 Contracted, that, like them, it answer'd, No.
 At which pale *Death* her cold approaches made,
 When to the dying *Feet* the weak *Hands* said;

Brethren in evil, since we did deny
 The *Belly Food*, we must together dy.
 All that are *Members* in a *Common-wealth*,
 Should, more than *Private*, aim at *Publick Health*:
 The *Rich* the *Poor*, and *Poor* the *Rich* must aid:
None can protect themselves with their own Shade.
None for themselves are Born. We brought in *Food*,
 Which the kind *Stomach* did prepare for *Blood*,
 The *Liver* gave it tincture, the great *Vein*
 Sends it in thousand several *Streams* again
 To feed the parts, which there assimilates.
Concord builds high, when Discord ruins States.
 But the chief Cause did our *Destruction* bring,
 Was, we *Rebell'd* 'gainst *Reason* our true *King*.

M O R A L.

Civil Commotions strongly carried on,
Seldom bring Quiet when the War is done:
Then thousand Interests in strange shapes appear,
And through all ways to certain Ruin steer.



FAB. XLVIII.

Of the Horse and laden Ass.

DEAR Brother *Horse*, so heavy is my Load,
That my gall'd back
Is like to crack,
Some pity take,
Or I shall perish in the Road;
For thy fair Sisters sake,
Who once did bear
To me a Son, a Mule, my hopeful Heir,
Assistance lend,
My Burthen share,
Or else a cruel end
Waits on thy Fellow-servant, and thy Friend:
Here I must ly
And dy;
The tir'd *Ass* said to the th' empty *Horse* went by.
Prick'd up with Pride and Provender, the *Horse*
Deni'd his aid;
Shall I, he said,
My own back lade,
And hurt my self, stirr'd up with fond Remorse?
My prudent Master laid
This on thee, who
Better than you or I knows what to do.
My Sister *Mare*
Was given to you,
Our Nobler Race to spare,
The *Ass* and *Mule* must all the burthens bear.
I must no Pack,
Nor Sack,
But my dear Master carry on my back.

This

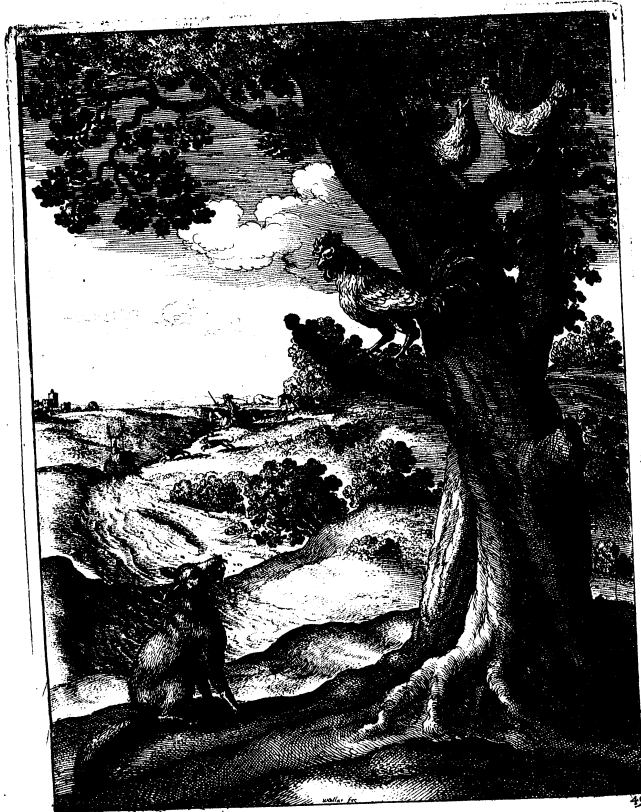
This said, Heart-broak the *Ass* fell down and di'd:
 The Master streight
 Laid all the Weight
 On his proud Mate;
 And spread above the *Ass*'s hide.
 Repenting, but too late,
 The *Horse* then said;
 Thou wert accus'd did'st not thy Brother aid,
 Now on my back
 Th' whole burthens laid.
 Such Mortals goodness lack,
 And Counsel, which their Friends distrest nor aid:
 Had I born part
 The smart
 Had been but small, which now must break my Heart.

M O R A L .

*People that under Tyrant Scepters live,
 Should each to other kind Assistance give:
 The Rich, the Poor, still over-Tax'd should aid,
 Lest on their Shoulders the whole Burthen's laid.*

F A B.

F A B. XLIX.

Of the Fox and the Cock,

Soon as the Fox to Pullen-furnish'd Farms
Approaches made,
Though valiant, *Chanticleer* not trusting Arms,
Nor humane aid,
Ascends a Tree,
Where he
Stood safe from harms:

Loud was the Cackle at no false Alarms:
From ground
About him round
For safety all his feather'd Household Flock.
When *Reynard* thus spake to the wary Cock;

O thou through all the World for Valour fam'd,
Hast thou not heard,
What our two Kings so lately have proclaim'd:
Both Beast and Bird
At Amity
Must be:
War which enflam'd

Since *Adam's* fall all Creatures wild and tam'd
Must cease;
In lasting Peace
The cruel Lyon, and the *Eagle* then
Will joyn their Force against more cruel Men.

The sacrilegious Wolf in Graves must feed,
And Birds of Prey
With humane Slaughter must supply their need:
The Popinjay

Needs

Needs not to baw
 The Hawk,
 The Lamb and Kid
 'Mongst hungry Bears may in dark Forests feed ;
 At Feasts
 Both Birds and Beasts
 Begin to meet ; the Cat with Linnets plays,
 And Griffons dine where tender Heifers graze.

Therefore, most Noble *Chanticleer*, descend ;
 And though your Spurs,
 Maintaining *Pullein* Quarters, once did rend
 My tender Furs,
 When Feathers I
 Made fly,
 I'm now your Friend ;
 Unless we strive in Love let us contend
 No more ;
 Though *Reynard's* poor,
 He's faithful to his Trust, and boldly can
 Affirm, *no Beast is half so false as Man.*

The *Cock* long weary of devastating War,
 And fierce Alarms,
 Well knowing what Outrages committed are,
 By Civil Arms ;
 And how the Man
 Had slain,
 To mend his Fare,
 His Off-spring, yet pretending Love and Care :
 Right glad,
 To him then said,
 I meet your Love, Sir *Reynard*, and descend
 To choose 'mongst Beasts, rather than Men, a Friend.

While

While the *Cock* spake, a pack of cruel Hounds
 The *Fox* did hear,
 And saw them powd'ring down from Hilly grounds
 After a Deer ;
Reynard not stays,
 Delays
 Are dangerous found,
 But earth's himself three Fathom under-ground.
 At last
 The Dogs being past,
 All Danger o'r, again he did appear.
 Then, to the *Fox* return'd, spake *Chanticleer* ;
 Learned Sir *Reynard*, if the words be true
 Which you have said,
 Why did these Dogs the trembling Deer pursue ?
 They should have staid ;
 Like Enemies
 From these
 You also flew.

Then said the *Fox*, though I th' Agreement drew,
 So late

This Act of State
 Came forth, I fear, they th' Edict did not hear :
 But I shall trounce them : Have they kill'd the Deer ?
 The *Cock* reply'd, but I'll make good this Tree :
 Is it now true ? then 'twill to morrow be.

MORAL.

To what we like we ease Credit give,
 This makes us oft from Foes feign'd News believe :
 Fame mighty Holds bath took, and storm'd alone,
 And false Reports whole Armies overthrow.

S

FAB.

F A B. L.

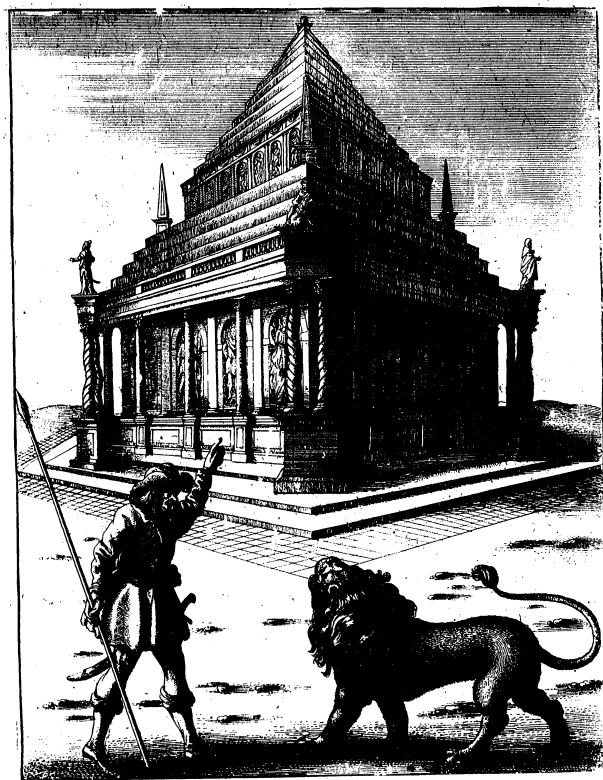
Of the Lion and the Forester.

VAst Forests and great Cities open'd, when
 Betwixt wild Beasts and Men
 A long Cessation was ;
 And it was then
 That Citizens and Rusticks view'd the *Lion's* Den,
 At his vast Courts amaz'd ;
 Where now fat Buls, Colts, and tame *Asses* graz'd,
 Through Defarts Travellers took the neereft way,
 Where with their Spaniels wanton *Tygres* play,
 Foxes 'mong Geefe, Wolves 'mong fat *Weathers*
 (lay.

At Skinners Shops the Bear unmuzzel'd calls,
 Cheapning on furnish'd Stals
 His Friend or Cousin's Fur :
 In common Halls
Panthers behold themselves on stately Pedistals.
 And now no Yeoman Cur,
 Nor Sergeant Mastive, Beasts indebted, stir ;
 The Woods Inhabitants wander every where,
 And bristly Boars walk safe, with untouch'd Ear,
 After the Proclamation they did hear.

When the great *Lion* met a *Forester*,
 With whom he oft in War
 Had strove with various Chance.
 This with a Spear
 The *Lion* gald, that would his strong-spun ambush tear,
 Then boldly up advance,
 And with his Teeth in sunder bite the Lance.

To



To whom the *Lion* said; Sir, you and I,
 Could ne'r decide our Strength by Victory.
 Let us dispute and it by Logick try.

Then said the *Woodman*, Let us wave Dispute,
 Antiquity shall do't,
 Behold *Mansolus* Tomb,
 And then be mute

If the *World's* Wonder by Example thee confute;
 There let us take our Doom.

This said, they to the Monument did come,
 Where streight he shew'd him by rare Artists made
 A *Lion's* head in a Man's bosom laid.
 This no sufficient proof the *Lion* said.

Could we, as well as you, our Stories cut,
 We might, and justly, put
 Your lying heads beneath
 Our conquering foot:

From partial Pens, all Truth hath been for ever shut.

Where I first drew my breath,
 I heard a *Cartbaginian* at his death,
 The *Roman* Nation most perfidious call;
 Crying out, by Treason they contriv'd the Fall
 Of them, and their great Captain *Hannibal*.

M O R A L.

*Through a gross Medium by refracted Beams
 Historians Friends appear: still in extreams
 The wrong end of the Perspective must shew
 In little, the great Actions of their Foe.*

FAB. LI.

Of the Lyon, the Forester, and his Daughter.

When they had view'd the wonder, and
the strife
Admir'd of Artists working to the life

Then drew the *Forester's* fair Daughter neer,
And whisper'd in her swarthy Father's ear.

The *Lyon* starts, and feels a sudden wound,
As when at first his *Lyoness* he found,
And made her pregnant in a shady Wood,
High with Man's flesh, and draughts of humane blood.
To whom the *Woodman* said; Sir, since the Sun
Mounts our Meridian, half his business done,
And your own Court so far, be pleas'd to share
Part of what's mine, though mean, yet wholsome Fare;
Oft humane Princes in poor Lodges have
Gladly repos'd, and low Roofs Honour gave.

The King the proffer takes; to lowly Rooms,
Yet daily visit'd with cleansing Brooms,
The *Lyon* is convey'd, where he in State
At a full board in ancient Maple sate.
Where, whom the Father never overcame,
The Daughter did; scorch'd with Love's cruel flame
The *Lyon* burns, the valiant, strong, and wise,
Who Javelins did, Dogs, Men, and Nets despise,
Trammels of bright Hair took, a slender Dart,
Shot from a Virgins eye, transpierc'd his Heart.
The amorous *Lyon* lays his dreadful Jaws
Now in her Lap, gently with dangerous Paws
Her fair Hand seizeth, shrinketh up his Nails;
Fain would, but could not tell her what he ails.

Then



Then staring in her face offers to rise
Ambitious of her Lip; She frighted flies;
Whom with a grone he draws by th' Garments back,
And troubled, to the trembling Virgin spake;

Sweet Creature fear not me; A Roman Slave,
Who cur'd my fester'd Foot, once in my Cave
I feasted forty days; and when that I
Was Pris'ner took, and he condemn'd to dy
In a sad Theatre, where Men fate, and laugh'd
To see how Beasts the blood of Wretches quaff'd,
I mock'd their expectation, and did grace
My trembling Surgeon with a dear imbrace.
The Story known, to him they Pardon gave,
And honouring me, sent to my Royal Cave.

Dear if you knew me, I not dreadful am;
How many Ladies have made Lyons tame?
My Grand-fires ^(a) Berecymbid's Chariot drove,
Not by Force coupled, but almighty Love.

We with your Smiles are rais'd, and when you frown
The greatest Monarch values not his Crown.

Then to her Father turning, thus he said,
Still holding in his armed Foot the Maid;
Lo! I, the King of Beasts, a Suter stand,
And this thy Daughter for our Queen demand.
We need tell you, what our Interests are

In this great Forest, and my Power in War
To you is known, but joy'n'd with such a Bride,
Our Race deriving from the Father's side
Such active Spirits, Strength, and valiant Hearts;
From her Womb taking humane Form, and Arts;
How may we be advanc'd? where shall our Sons
Find limits for their vast Dominions?
The Sibils Man-Lyon, stil'd the wondrous Birth,
Must rule the Conquer'd Nations of the Earth.

(a) That the Chariot of Berecymbid, or Cybele, the mother of the Gods, was drawn by Lions, we find in the third of Virgil's *Eneids*;

*Hinc matercultrix Cybele, Corybantique ora
Idemque nemus: hinc fida silentia
sacris,
Et juvenili curram Domina subire leones.*

Corybantium Sounds for Cybel he ordain'd,
And silent Rites in *Idæ's* Grove maintain'd.
The Ladies Chariot is with Lions drawn.

by their heat and rapacity representing the Heavens, wherein the Air, in which the Earth, or Cybele is moved, is contain'd. *Ovid* feigns that *Hippomenes* and *Atalanta*, having polluted a sacred Grotto with their unseasonable Lulls, were by Cybele transform'd into Lions, and forced to draw her Chariot.

——— *Turrisaque mæter
An Stygiâ fontes dubitavit mergere
nulli.
Pana leviter visa est. Ergo modo leviter
fulva
Cella juba velans, &c.*

——— *Cybel* crown'd
With Towers, had struck them to the
Eryxian sound
But that the thought that punishment
too small,
When yellow Mains on their smooth
Shoulders fall;
Their Arms to Legs, their Fingers turn
to Nails;
Their breasts of wondrous strength,
their tufted Tails
Whisk up the Dust, their looks are full
of dread;
For Speech they rore, the Woods be-
come their bed.
These Lions, fear'd by others, *Cybel*
checks
With curbing bits, and yokes their
Rubbish necks.

The

(a) *Alexander the Great.*

The ^(a) *Macedonian* was a Type of this,
Who sent the Spoils of *Persia* to *Greece*.
Which to his Father was in Sleep reveal'd,
When his Queens Womb he with a *Lion* seal'd.

Then said the Man; I know great Prince you are
In defarts King, I know your force in War,
But all the Laws of Men and Gods forbid,
That humane Creatures should with Salvage wed.

The *Lion* then, ready to lash his side,
Rowling up Anger, with grim Looks reply'd;
Did not a Queen march with an ugly Bear?
And in dark Caverns liv'd with him a year?
Was not the pregnant Lady, he being slain,
By Hunters brought to her own Courts again?
Did not his Son prove a most valiant King,
And slew all those were at the murdering
Of his Dear Father? Orson was no Beast,
Though like his Sire he had a Hairy Breast.

Thus having said, he cruel Weapons draws,
Sharp Teeth appear, and needle-pointed Claws.
Now Wit assist; against the *Lion's* Rage
Inflam'd with Love, what Madman would engage?
Then said the *Forester*, great Sir, sheath your Arms,
If you vast Realms will joyn to humble Farms,
My *Daughter's* yours, my Error I confess:
For many Salvage Beasts in Marriages
With Women have conjoyn'd, the golden As
As fair a Lady hath as ever was;
Mastives and pious Virgins wed so rife,
Ballads in Streets have sung them Dog and Wife.
Take, Sir, my *Daughter* to your Royal Seat:
Yet one thing for the Damsel I entreat;
For sweet Love grant her this; See, how she stands
Trembling to view your Teeth, and armed Hands!

Meet

Meet her with equal Arms, that face to face
She may as boldly charge with strict embrace:
Then pare, and draw them out. The *Lion* said;
What ere thou ask'st, I freely give, O Maid;
I will devote my self of all my Power,
And make my Teeth, and Claws, thy Virgin Dow'r.

No sooner said, but done: With bleeding Jaw
On tender Feet he stands; the *Woodman* draws
Then a bright Falchion hanging by his side,
Which to the Hilts he in his bosom dy'd.
The *Lion's* slain, and the Cessation broke;
When to the dying King the *Woodman* spoke;
*They that give up their Power to Foe or Friend,
Let them for Love expect a woful End;
They that undoe themselves to purchase Wives,
Like Indians, part with Gold, for Beads and Knives.
Love is a Child, and such as Love obey,
Like Kingdoms fare, that Infant Scepters sway.*

M O R A L .

*The powder'd Gallant, and the dusty Clown,
The horrid Souldier, and the subtil Gown,
Old, Young, Strong, Weak, Rich, Poor, both Fools and Wife
Suffer, when they with frantick Love advise.*

F A B.

F A B. L I I.

Of the Forester, the Skinner, and a Bear.

THe *Lion* slain, the greedy *Forester*
 Soon strips him of his *Robe*, and *Royal Fur*;
 The *Crown* and *Scepter*, old *Regalities*
 Of many former *Princes*, now are his ;
 He takes possession of the *Palace*, which
Trophies made *Proud*, and *Spoils of Enemies*, *Rich* :
 Where at an *Out-cry* pretious things are fold
 At small *Rates*, deer to *Potentates* of old.
 When the same *Man* that bought the *Lion's Skin*,
 Thus to the insulting *Victor* did begin ;

Sir, since the *Groves* are yours, and you have won
Dark Haunts, impenetrable by the *Sun*,
 The *Lion* dead ; go, and th' ambitious *Bear*
 Destroy, who now aspires his *Master's Chair*.
 A *Heathen King* sent to my *Shop* this *Morn*,
 To have a *Libyan Bears-skin* to adorn
 His spreading *Shoulders* with at annual *Feasts*,
 When barbarous *Cups* must raise his *Salvage Guests*.
 Call forth thy *Dogs*, and a fresh *War* begin,
 Then *Gold* receive for slaughter'd *Bruin's Skin*.
 Then said the *Wood-man* ; Wilt thou buy ? I'll sell
 The *Devil's Hide*, and bring it thee from *Hell*,
 For ready *Money* ; come, and give me *Coin*,
 And the *Bear's Skin*, though now he lives, is thine.
 And thou shalt go along and see the *Sport*,
 And how I'll rowse him from his shady *Court* :
 I'll make him pay now for my slaughter'd *Bees*.
 Here they strike hands, and *Gold* the *Earnest* is :

Then



Then in vast Woods to Hunt they both prepare.
 The valiant *Forster* trusts his new-ground Spear;
 The Citizen, more wary, takes a Tree,
 Neer *Bruin's* Cave, where he might safely see.
 The Dogs are streight sent in, such ranting Guest
 So troubled *Bruine* newly gone to Rest,
 That to the Tarriers he resigns his Cave;
 At whose dire Gates the Woodman with a Glave
 Did ready stand, thinking to give the Blow
 Should his Staff Crimfon in the dying Foe;
 When his Foot slip'd, his sure Hand fails, his Spear
 Leaves him to Mercy of the cruel *Bear*,
 Fainting, or feigning, to the ground he fell,
 As one struck dead. Then with a hideous Yell
 Came the incensed, and arrested him
 With his great Paw, to tear him Limb from Limb
 Fully resolv'd; he brake the Peace, he slew
 The King his Guest, and watch'd to kill him too.
 But when he nuzling laid his Nose to ground,
 And from his Mouth nor Lips no passage found
 For vital Breath, nor saw his Breaft and Sides
 To Ebb and Flow with life-respiring Tides,
 Scorning to wreak vain Anger on the Dead,
 To Man more cruel, he this Lecture read;
 Let *Wolvish* Monsters rip up putrid Graves
 Of buried Foes, and be old malice Slaves:
 Although thou fought'st my life when thou didst live,
 Thy friends shall thee due Rites of Funeral give;
 I war not with the Dead: Thus having said,
 He coverts in the Woods protecting shade.
 When from the Tree the *Skinner* did descend,
 And having rous'd almost from Death his Friend,
 He thus began; Good Sir, what was't the *Bear*
 Spake, when so long he whisper'd in your Ear?

T

Who

Who answer'd ; *Bruine* said, I did not well,
Before the *Bear* was slain, his Skin to sell.

M O R A L .

*Fortune assists the Bold, the valiant Man
Of Conqueror proves, because he thinks he can :
But who too much flattering Successes trust,
Have fail'd, and found their Honor in the dust.*

F A B .





53

F A B. LIII.

Of the Tortoise and the Frogs.

Vould it not grieve one still to go a-
 Yet ever be within; (broad,
 To ly condemn'd to a perpetual load,
 And over-match'd with ever gowty Toad,
 And thus be hide-bound in
 A slough
 Of proof,
 An Adamantine Skin :
 No Curafe is more tough ;
 A home-spun Iron Shirt,
 A Web of Mail still on, would Gyants hurt.
 How happy are these *Frogs*,
 That skip about the Bogs !
 Some pittying God, ah ease me of my Arms
 And native Farms,
 That naked I may Swim
 Below, now on the Brim,
 Among the scalie swarms,
 Searching the Bays, and Bofoms of the Lake,
 And with these nimble Crokers pleasure take :
 Vext at his Shell, thus the fond *Tortoise* spake.

But when he saw, fierce Eels devour the *Frogs*,
 And mark'd their tender Skin
 Pierc'd with each Rush, which circle in the Bogs,
 And his less penetrable then hard Logs,
 The *Tortoise* did begin,
 To find
 His mind
 Contented with his Inn !

T 2

And

And thought the Gods now kind
 To grant him such a Fort,
 Over whose Roof one drove a loaden Cart ;
 Better to bear his Castle on his back,
 Though it should crack,
 Then to be made a Prey
 While he abroad did play,
 To every Grig, and Jack.
 Then thus aloud his Error he confest ;
 I live in Walls impregnable, at Rest,
 While all my Friends with Tyrants are oppress'd.

MORAL.

*Thus at Home happy, oft fond Youth complain,
 And Peace and Plenty with soft Beds disdain.
 But when in Foreign War Death seals his Eys,
 His Birth-place he remembers e'er he dies.*

FAB. LIV.

Of the Tortoise and the Eagle.

BUt now again she cries, Ah, must I creep,
 Still as I were asleep !
 All Creatures else can swim, or walk, or run ;
 I in the dusty Road lye like a Stone :
 The Birds do fly
 So high,
 That oft they singe their Feathers in the Sun.
 Most Princely *Eagle* bear me through the Sky,
 That I may measure the bright Spangled Arch,
 Where the great Planets march,
 And I will give thee Jems
 Such as doe shine in Princes Diadems,
 With a huge Pearl I in a Scollop found
 In the Hellespontick Sound
 Thought worth Nine hundred Ninty thousand pound.

This said, the *Eagle* lifts her, and her House,
 Up like a little Mouse;
 Through the cold Quarters of the Stars they go,
 And Magazines of Rain, Hail, Wind, and Snow :
 Such was their Flight,
 They might
 See the dark Earth's contracted face below,
 To cast forth sullen Beams, with Brazen Light,
 Like a huge Moon, and turning on her Poles
 Dark Seas like *Phæbe's* Moles,
 Casting a dimmer Ray.
 Then rolling East, they view *America*,
Asia, and *Africk* ; *Europe* next arose :

No



W. H. Miller del.

++

No Map so perfect shews
How the great Mid-land Sea betwixt them flows.

But here the *Eagle* his Reward did ask

Due for so great a Task,

But when the *Tortoise* saw his threatning Beak,
And cruel Sears, amaz'd he could not speak.

The Royal Bird

Then stirr'd

With Indignation thus did silence break ;

Thou that didst boast as if thou hadst a Hoard,

And didst with promis'd Jewels mock a Prince,

Now for thy Insolence

I'll strip thee from thy Shell ;

Cheaper thou might'st have seen the Gates of Hell

Than the high Stars ; who rais'd thee from thy hole

To Seats above the Pole,

Shall now divide thy Body from thy Soul.

M O R A L.

*What to gain Treasure will not greedy Kings,
Sweet smells the Coin drain'd from Mercurious Springs:
But Promisers, who Princes Hopes defeat,
Oft pay sad Forfeits with their Lives and State.*

F A B.



F A B. L V.

Of an Egyptian King and his Apes.

R Ealms, marl'd and water'd with the fertile Nile
A King did rule, who lov'd nor care nor toyl,
Nor with devasting War his neighbours land
to spoyl.

Nor he in Ostentation Riches spent

Vexing poor *Israelites*,

Proud *Pyramids* to build,

Whose pointed Spires still wound the Firmament,

Darkning our Western Nights,

When they our rising Moon and Stars unguild.

Nor took he pleasure to Hunt Salvage Beasts,

But Entertainment lov'd and Princely Feasts,

Pleas'd with his own, or to here others witty Jest.

When, at full Boards a jolly Peer did start

This Question, Whether *Apes* might learn the Art

Of Dancing, and be taught to act a human part?

The Novel Fancy much the King did please;

When thus he said, my Lord,

This Project I'll advance;

Since here are none, we'll send beyond the Seas,

To Realms far off well stor'd

With Masters, that shall teach them how to dance.

Both *Greece* and *Rome* the Art of *Ocastry*

Alwaies esteem'd, where dancing-Masters be

Whose feet Historians are, and tell a History.

(*) *Mars* in a Net this in a figure shap'd;

That, ravish'd *Proserpine*; these, the several Rapes

Of all their wanton Gods, and lustful *Jove's* Escapes.

But

(*) That the antients danced not to
Tunes only, but to Songs, represent-
ing with the figures and motions of
their body the subject of the Ballad,
appears from this place of *Homer*,
where in King *Alcinous* Court they
dance the Story of *Mars* and *Venus*
taken in Adultery by *Ulysses*.

Αἶψ' ἔπαυσεν Ἰδδμευος ἑὸς ἀρ-
τι-
στούτου, ὃς καὶ ἐν τῷ ἱερῷ ὅτε ἐλ-
θοῦντα τὴν ἑσπέρην, ἑστὴν τὴν ἑσπέρην, ἑστὴν
&c.

Our Dances bid prepare, that he may
tell
His friends at home how much we all
excel.
Let one straight for *Demodocus* re-
pair,
And bring his Harp, of which pray
have a care.
This said, thence for the Lyre his
Herald goes,
Nine Masters of the Revels then a-
rose
Who drove the people back, and more
room made.
The Harp brought in, *Demodocus* not
staid
But went into the midst: prime Youth
advance,
And plac'd in figures, round about him
dance.
Ulysses much their motions did ad-
mir-
While he sung sweetly to his charming
Lyre
The escapes of *Mars* and *Venus*; how
he sped
When first he brought him to her
Husbands bed;
How their stoin sports the Sun to him
declar'd.
And how the news the jealous chafing
heard;
Who at his Forge strait anvil'd out a
Chain
Whose Links not Force, nor Cunning
could contrain.
Then raging to his Chamber went, and
spread
The artificial Gin about his Bed, &c.



But there are Masters in a Realm far West,
 As Travellers relate,
 More for our purpose fit;
 Where the whole Nation like our *Apes* are drest,
 And grave long Garments hate,
 Being much of their Capacity and Wit;
 Go then and dancing Masters fetch from *France*,
 The best choose by their Apish Countenance,
 To teach our *Apes* like Men, or like themselves, to dance.

Sails from *Marsellies* a stout Vessel sets,
 Laden with dancing Masters, and their Kits,
 To purge the *King* of all his Melancholy Fits.
 Now Eastern *Apes* ply *Gallick* dancing Schools,
 Where the dull *German*, joyn'd
 With the raw English *Afs*,

That imitate all Nations, look'd like Fools;

The *Apes* were so refin'd,
 That all our *Alamodes* they far surpass:
 How they a Brawl, a Saraband would do!
 How stately move in a Coranto! Who (knew?)
 From their great Masters, now the cunning Scholar

Of for his Monsieur the King pleas'd to ask:
 But when he heard they had perform'd their Task,
 He Solemn Order gave to have a stately Mask.
 And now th' expected Night was come: when late

Enters the joyful King,
 And takes his lofty Chair:
 About him Peers and Princes of the State,
 And in a glorious Ring

Sate Gypsie Ladies, there, accounted fair.
 The Scene appears, the envious Curtain drawn,
 In Gold and Purple, tufted with pure Lawn,
 Beasts Frenchifi'd, shew'd like the blushing Dawn.

When

When from the Scene a nimble *Hermes* springs,
 With his *Caduceus*, golden Shoes, and Wings,
 Conducting in a *Dynastie* of ancient Kings,
 That had been Mummey many thousand years
 Before, our Authors say,
 Adm the Wqrld began

Each in his hand a mighty Scepter bears,
 And from their Heads display
 Twelve Silver Rays, shot from a Golden Sun.

Like demy-Gods the *Apes* began to move,
 ¶ *Semele* saw such a Majestick *Jove*:
 The Men admire, the taken Ladies fire, with love.

When one that knew what best would please the King,
 A Mus of Nuts did 'mong these *Hero's* fling;
 Which suddenly did all to great disorder bring.
 Figures they quit, and alter soon their pace,

And scrambling run to seize
 Their most beloved Nuts,
 Respecting not the Majesty of place:
 These would Kings Palaces
 Forsake to reign in well stor'd Squirrels Huts.
 At last the Dancing Kings began to rage,
 Scuffling for Prey, old Princes seeming sage,
 All Laws of Revels brake, and in fierce War engage.

They fight, they scratch, they tumble o'r and o'r,
 Their Masking Sutes are all in Mamocks tore,
 The Stage with green Cloth spread, is now a Field of
 Their *Apish* Masters taken with the Sport, (gore.)
 Among the thickest run,
 Where scrambling down they fall:

V

Then

(b) *Semele* was persuaded by the fraud of *Juno*, in the form of her Nurse, to ask a boon of *Jupiter* (which he rashly confirm'd with an Oath) that he would approach to her in the same manner that he did to *Juno*, with all the Ensigns of his Regality, who burns in his embraces, as not being able to endure the divine brightness. *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*.

— *Qualem Saturnia discit,
 Te solus amplexi; Venus cum sedulo
 init,*
Da mihi te talcm.

— then *Semele* said,
 Such be to me, O *Jove*, as when th' In-
 vites
 Of *Juno* summon you to *Venus* Rites.
 Her mouth he sought to stop, but now
 that breath
 Was mix'd with air which sentenced
 her death.
 Lightning t' her Father's house *Jove*
 with him took;
 But (ah!) a mortal body could not
 brook
 Æthereal tumults. Her success the
 mourns
 And in those so desir'd embraces
 burns.

By which Fable the Antients taught
 that those who too curiously search'd
 into divine Majesty, were oppress'd
 with the glory of it.

Then Showts and Laughter shake the joyful Court,
 Which had not yet been done,
 But that the King did cry a Hall a Hall.
 All silent then, he gravely thus began ;
Rich Cloaths, nor Cost, nor Education can
Change Nature, nor transform an Ape into a Man.

MORAL.

Nature in th' old World's Infancy was strong :
But Education, Diet, Art, so long
'Mongst Mortals hath prevail'd, that Apes and Owls
Not only Shapes transform, but change their Souls.

F A B. L V I.

Of the Eagle and the Beetle.

O Thou most noble *Beetle*, thou that art
Stil'd by some Nations the black flying *Hart*
O save my life, and do a friendly part!

The towering *Eagle* threatens from the Skies

Poor ^(a) *Keyward* to destroy.

(a) *The Hare.*

Help thou whose troops of Hornets, Wasps and Flies

The Bestial Army did annoy,

More in that fatal day the *Lyon* lost,

Than they, who Wings like spreading Sails might boast:

Arm'd Trumpeters they were, whose numerous Swarms

Thunder'd about their ears still fresh Alarms,

And in their faces fix'd their venom'd Arms.

Thus at approaching death the *Hare* dismay'd

To the poor *Beetle* for Protection pray'd,

Who pities and to safety him convey'd.

The *Eagle* lights, and asks, Who's in that Cave?

She freight replies, I here

A harmless Beast my menial Servant have,

The *Hare* whom I esteem most dear.

But the *Eagle* tore him freight without remorse.

Then said the *Beetle*, I that kill'd a Horse

With Hornets nine in that victorious day,

And dost thou thus thy Souldier's service pay?

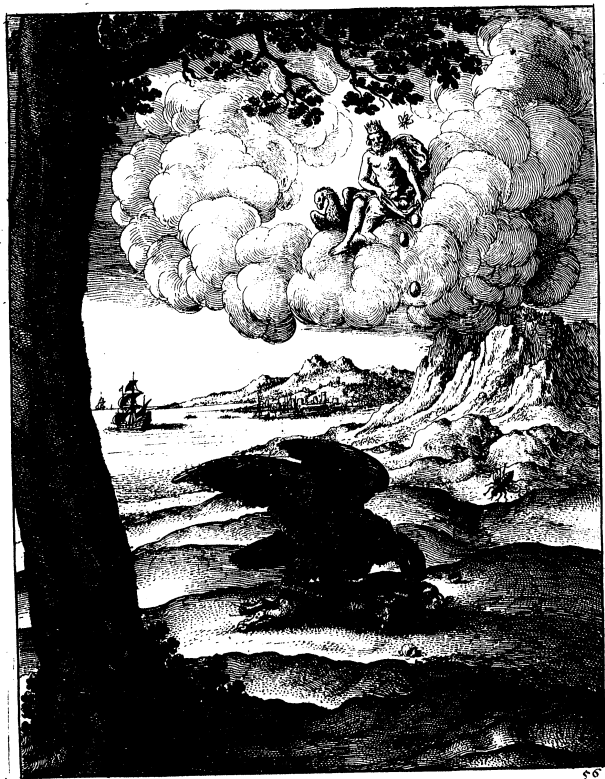
Those that can help, to hurt may find a way.

And now the *Eagle's* Queen laid Royal Eggs:

When the vex'd *Fly* aid of *Alecto* begs;

V 2

Who



Who sprinkles her black Wings with *Stygian* Dregs;
And to small Members gave a mighty Force.

Soon the high Nest she found,
And what an *Embryo* was, without remorse,
Did break and tumble to the ground.
At which her Husband mounts *Ethereal* Skies,
And to his great Protector *Jove* thus cries;
The spiteful *Beetle* to our Palace came,
And our dear Race, which should preserve our Name,
She hath destroy'd, and I most wretched am.

(*a*) *Ganymed* the Son of *Tros* King of *Troy*, being a Youth of admirable beauty, was stoln away by *Jupiter* transform'd into an Eagle, and carried into Heaven. Thus the Fable is related by *Ovid*.

*Rex Superum Phrygii quondam Ganymedis amore
Arfit, & inventum est aliquid quod Jupiter esse
Quam quod erat mallet: nullo tamen
Alite versis
Dignatur nisi qua portat sua fulmina
terra.*

Heaven's King young *Ganymed* enamours with Love:
There was what *Jove* would rather be than *Jove*,
Yet deigns no other Shape than hers that bears
His awful Lightning in her golden scarts.
Who forthwith swooping with deceitful wings
Tras'd up fair *Ganymed* by *Ida's* Springs:
Who now for *Jove* (though jealous *Juno* scowls)
Delicious Nectar fills in flowing bowls.

Because *Jupiter* wore an Eagle on his Crest, he was feign'd to have taken him away in that form.

To whom thus *Jove* in pleasing Language said,
Thou brought'st me (*a*) *Ganymed* on wings displai'd,
Thou need'st not thus for our high Favour plead.
When next thy Queen brings forth a happy Birth,
And hath supply'd her Nest,
Bring them to me up from the dangerous Earth,
And those I'll cherish in my Breast.
Pleas'd with the Grant, the Bird descends again,
And did his Spouse with sweet Love entertain:
Who freight another hopeful Issue brings,
With which to Heaven he mounts on spreading wings,
And bears them to Great *Jove* the King of Kings.

Hell hath no depth, nor profound Heaven that height,
Will not be found by wrong begotten Spight.
Thither the furious *Beetle* takes her Flight;
And bears with her foul Pils of fordid Earth,

Which in *Jove's* Breast she threw.
He shakes them out, with them the unhatch'd Birth:
Which when the God did view,
He said; I that have made, and can unhinge
This World's great Frame, yet cannot curb Revenge.
And therefore Mortals, you that strongest are

(C)

Of injuring the smallest Worm beware;
Since they our Lap, a Sanctuary, not spare.

M O R A L.

To find much Treasure; to obtain a Bride,
For whom so oft thou hast, and others, dy'd;
Hungry and Cold, Feasts and Rich Wine to meet,
To Sweetness of Revenge are nothing sweet.

F A B.

F A B. LVII.

Of the Fox and the Cat.

THUS to the *Cat* the *Fox* did boast his Parts,
 And glorify'd himself with his own Arts.
 Know Madam *Puss*, a thousand ways I have
 Beloved Life to save,
 Despising the Advantage of a Cave.
 When bloody Hounds pers'd me, I have oft
 Trac'd my own Scent, and their vain Fury scoff'd:
 When Dogs the Men, Masters their Dogs, condemn,
 While I did both contemn,
 And in contracted Circles hunted them.

When me swift Grey-hounds follow'd, though a brace,
 I have struck blind, and urin'd in their face:
 When after me both Court and Country throng,
 I from a Branch have sprung,
 And in a Stream on yielding Sallows hung:
 Only my Mouth above the swelling Wave.
 The King is mad, the Dogs and Hunts-men rave.
 These Arts of mine would many Volumes make,
 My Sights would fill a Sack,
 Of which from many, this short Story take;

In a full Slaughter-house hung round with Meat,
 I uninvited did descend to eat;
 Feasted with Poultry, Mutton, Veal, and Lamb,
 I did attempt the way I came
 To have leap'd back, but fell short of my aim;
 When in the fierce Man comes, no sooner spy'd,
 But with loud voice, The Thief is found, he cry'd;

Then



Then shuts the Door and casts at me a Stone,
Which bruise'd my Shoulder Bone,
And made me Fizz, 'twas with such Fury thrown.

The Fight was long, and doubtful ; in short space
I could expect no other but Unsafe :
My Liver given in Wine to them that could
By Night no Water hold,
And *Hetick* Lords to drink my Tail in Gold.
At last he threw at me a mighty Stone,
Which fell beneath the place where I came down ;
He stoops to take it up, on's Back I step'd,
Thence through the Window leap'd,
And spight of him my Skin and Breakfast kep'd.

Then said the *Cat*, I have no Trick but one,
If that *Grimalkin* fail, then she's undone.
While thus she spake, a Pack of Dogs they see :
Puss nimbly takes a Tree,
The *Fox's* Heels must his Deliverers be.
Safe on a Bough the *Cat*, in th' open Plain,
Maugre all Arts, saw boasting *Reynard* slain ;
When thus she spoke, Friend for thy Death I'm sad.
Much Knowledge makes some Mad ;
One good Art's better than a thousand bad.

M O R A L.

*Some think much Learning and too many Arts
Debilitate the Strength of Natural Parts :
Of one ingenious Mystery fills the Bags,
When Men of many Trades scarce purchase Rags.*

F A B.

F A B. LVIII.

Of the Fox and the Goat.

NOW *Sirius* and the Sun seem'd to conspire
To set the great world's *Artick* side on fire:
Countrys forbidden by eternal Laws
To feel excessive Heat,
Lay in a burning Sweat;
Opening ten thousand parched Jaws
Water to get:
To silence put were all those purling Streams,
Whose murmur gives to Shepherds pleasant Dreams:
And some did think,

Another *Phaeton* the Sea would drink.
Scarce would ^(a) *Deucalion's* Flood restore the Grass;
Earth was turn'd Iron, Heaven had so long been Brass.

(a) *Deucalion's* Flood, in which all the *Grecians* were drown'd except himself and his Family sav'd on the top of the Mountain *Parnassus*, hapned about seven hundred and fourscore years after the general Deluge recorded by *Moses*: It is at large described by *Ovid*, *Metamorph. l. 1.*

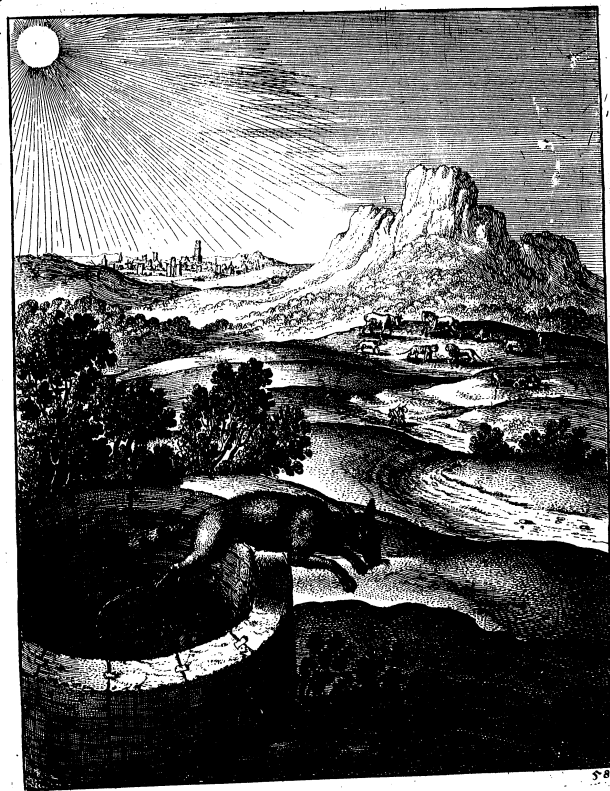
*Exposita sunt per apertos Flumina campi,
Cumque satis arbuscula simul, pecudesque
viresque, &c.*

Through open Fields now rush the
spreading Floods,
And hurry with them Cattle, People,
Woods,
Houses and Temples with their Gods
enclos'd.
What such a force, an overthrow,
oppos'd
The higher swelling Water quite de-
vours,
Which hides th' aspiring tops of swal-
low'd Towers.
Now Land and Sea no different visage
bore,
For all was Sea, nor had the Sea a
shore.
One takes a Hill, one in a Boat de-
plores,
And where he lately plow'd, now plies
his Oars,
O'er Corn, o'er drowned Villages he
sails;
This from high Elms entangled Fishes
hales;
In Fields they Anchor call, as Chance
did guide,
And ships the under-lying Vineyards
hide:
Where Mountain-loving Goats did
lately graze,
The Sea-call now his ugly body laze,
&c.

In this Combustion, and excessive Heat,
The Fox and Goat extremely thirsty met,
Where (but deep dig'd) by chance they found a Well.
Then spake the Learned Fox,
Dry are all Pipes and Cocks;
For drink I'll venture down to Hell:
Through Adamantine Rocks
To *Pluto's* Cellars break, to get one drop;
And from loud *Cerberus* waking, snatch his Sop.

Let it be so,
Come Father, let us try these Shades below.
This said, they down to the deep Fountain glide,
Where they beheld the Heaven scarce three yards wide.
There they drank deep, and now their hands being in,
Profoundly quaff to th' Lyon and his Queen,
Many go-downs on Reputation drank;

To



To th' Bull, the Bear, and Boar,
To all could fight and rore ;
To Animals, then, of the civil Rank.
Suffic'd gave ore ;
*For sensuall Beasts could alwaies better tell,
Than could the Rational, when they are well.*

But here the Goat
Stroking his Beard the hard Return did note ;
And fighting said, *To Hell's an easie way,*
But how shall we again revisit day !

That is a Work, a Task beyond my Skill.
Then said the Fox, Have a good courage still ;
The means is found to scale Ethereal Skies :
Against these steep Walls set
Your two fore-feet ;

Stand Man-like on your hinder Thighs ;
Let your Chin meet

Your Hairy Bosom, that your Horns may rise
Upright, as if prepar'd to Butt the Skies :
Then from your back to those two Spires I'll leap,
Whence out is but a Step,
Then on the brink I'll in fit posture stand,
Grave Sir, to bring you off with my strong Hand.

Th' advice is took ; Who would good Counsel doubt ?
And at three Skips the nimble Fox got out.
Then at the Margents like a wanton Hind
Sports, proud of his success,
Nor more his promises,
Nor his forsaken Friend did mind ;
Who in distress

Falle Reynard did with breach of Faith upbraid.
Th' insulting Fox to him deriding said ;

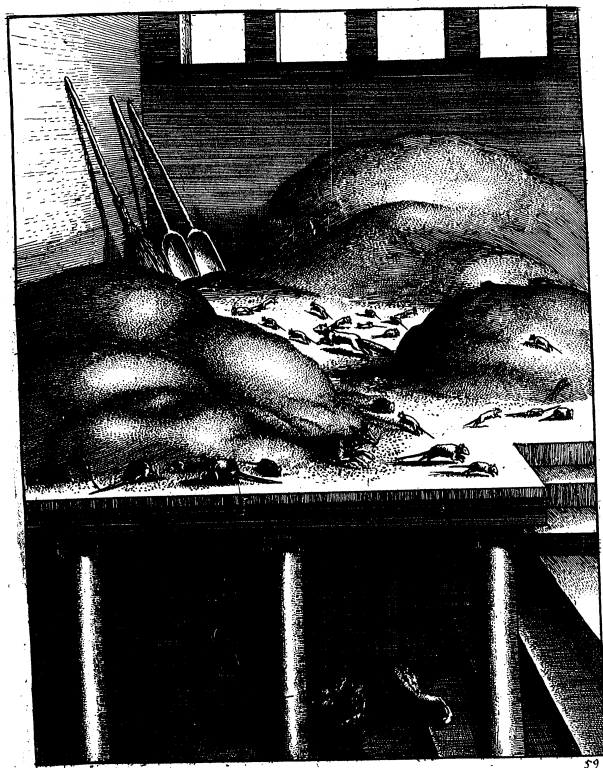
X

Goat,

Goat, in thy Head had so much Wisdom been
 As Hair upon thy Chin,
 (But long Beards witless are) thou wouldst have known
 How to get up, before thou hadst come down.

M O R A L .

*For Action Youth, Age best with Counsell fits,
 But readiest are in danger younger wits.
 A Forrest-Beard, grave looks, and Silver locks,
 'Mong shaven Chins shew now like Tradesmens blocks.*



F A B. LIX.

Of the old Weefle and the Mice.

I That so long maintain'd this ample House
From bold Excursions of the plundering *Mouſe*,
And in huge Weincot Woods have in the holes,
Where never Cat could venture, freed their Souls :

Now growing old, my Strength and Courage fail,

Just when I have them by the Tail,
Like a swift Ship arrested under Sail

By Rocks or *Remora's*, I stay,
While they the Pillage to strong Holds convey.

And when I stand and cough,
And sharp-breath'd Tyficks shake my panting sides,

The *Miceans* laugh,

And *Old-Rat* m'imbecility derides.

In this my House Souldiers and Scholars dine,
Inspir'd with truth from most oraculous Wine;
I heard them say, That Strength and Courage are
Inferiour much to Policy in War.

Their gowty Generals in Chairs will fit,

And by a Stratagem of Wit,
Make stubborn Kings, with all their Powers submit.

If it be so, I'll Cunning use at length,
Since with my Youth Courage is gone and Strength :

In this huge Pile of Wheat
I'll shelter, and the Cat's Invasion shun.

Let *Miceans* eat

To my Retreat,

And din'd, then let them from the *Weefle* run.

Th' Old Vermin said, and dives into the Hold
Thrice his own length ; as soon the News was told,
The Foe was dead : then black Bands issue out,

And like a Deluge through the House are born :
 They plunder all the Corn,
 And highly feast from Evening to the Morn.
 When with the Dawn *Cerealian* Mountains shook,
 And a dire *Spectrum* with a ghastly Look
 Rose from th' infernal Shade,
 Which to the Plunderers did no Favour shew :
 Great Slaughter made,
 The *Weesle* said ;
Who Questions Fraud or Valour in a Foe ?

M O R A L .

*Of unknown Stratagems shorten a long War ;
 'Tis not how Valiant, but how Wise, they are
 That Armies lead : But Money is a Spell
 That conquers all, and takes in Heaven and Hell.*

F A B .



F A B. L X.

Of the Spider and the Swallow.

O H I shall burst
 With my own Poyson stir'd!
 Oh that accurst
 And most despightful Bird!
 The *Swallow* dayly on spread Wings resounding,
 Ne'r leaves surrounding
 These vast and empty Halls;
 And bold at once on winged Legions falls
 Of Flys that sport
 About our Court,
 And gives whole thousands cruel Funerals:

While I in vain
 Have built my lofty Rooms,
 From Wind and Rain
 Secure, and cruel Brooms.
 There I spread Nets to catch the Boneless People,
 High as a Steeple:
 With slender Hands and Thighs
 Spinning my Bowels, poor *Arachne* lyes
 Watching all day
 To seize a Prey,
 And catch not one; this Bird takes all the Flyes.

What shall I do
 Now to revenged be?
 I'll make a Clue
 And Threds twist three times three:
 I know the Chimny top where builds the *Swallow*,
 Thither I'll follow,

The

The *Spider* said ;
 Then o'r her Nest, most skilful in her Trade,
 All night She spun
 Till day begun,
 And, as she thought, a dangerous Engine made.

The *Swallow* saw,
 And said thus with a Smile ;
 I that gave Law
 To th' over-flowing *Nile*,
 And with huge Bulwarks did keep out his Water,
 Though Floods did batter
 A Furlong wide,
 I with rang'd Nests kep'd out his Conquering Tide:
 And is this Net
 To catch me set ?
 Thou should'st thy Mesh, fond *Spinster*, first have tri'd.

When with the Dawn
 Out the swift *Swallow* flies,
 And Cobweb Lawn
 She breaks, then to the Skies
 The *Spider*, and her vain Endeavour, carries ;
 And never tarries,
 Untill her flight
 Did put ^(a) *Arachne* in a woful Plight ;
 In one small Rope
 Was all her Hope,
 And if that break She on the Earth must light.

When thus she said ;
 I am deservedly
 Example made,
 That scarce could take a Fly

With

With all my boasted Art, and fond Indevour.
 To think that ever
 In such thin Meshes I could *Swallows* catch :
 I did but ill
 Imploy my skill
 And a Nights toyl, my self to over-reach.

MORAL.

*Jews, Turks, and Christians, severall tenets hold,
 Yet most one God acknowledge, and that's Gold,
 Parent of Love and Hate, in Peace or War
 Strength and Craft may, but thou much more by far.*

F A B.

(a) *Spider*.

F A B. L X I.

Of Cupid, Death, and Reputation.

Cupid, and Death, with Reputation met
At woful *Hymens*, where the cruel Fates
At once snatch'd two, fair, young, and noble

Mates:

And th' unrequired Debt
Inforced them to pay,
Long time before the day

That was by Nature set:

Conjugal Rites are chang'd, a Funeral Torch
Condukt dead Lovers through a mournful Porch.

The fatal Archers having put up Darts
With which glad Offices, and sad were done,
Their Fames enroll'd by *Reputation*,

And three Gods play'd their parts:

They in the woful House

Full Cups of Brine carowse,

And from sad Parents hearts,

Kindred, and Friends, which in long Order stood,

Quaff'd, broach'd with sighs, warm spirits mix'd with
(blood.

They then began to vapour, and with vain
Boasting promote their Power; now mellow grown,
Desire t' each other to be better known,

And where to meet again,

Such Company to enjoy.

Cupid, although a Boy,

Yet eldest there, began:

All-Conquering *Death*, and *Reputation*, know,

Though Heaven's my Seat, I places haunt below:

But



But seek not me, where oft you hear my Name,
In Princes Courts, nor 'mong the City throngs;
They all are Atheists, only in their tongues

My Deity proclaim:

Their Bosoms never felt

My kindly Shafts, nor melt

With true coequal Flame.

They Lust, and Wealth adore, to me they bring
Poesies for Offerings, conjur'd in a Ring.

But I reside in th' unfrequented Plain,
Where silly Sheep the harmless Shepherd feeds,
Playing sweet Pastoral Notes, on Oaten Reeds;

There every Youthful Swain,

And blushing Virgin, well

Can tell you where I dwell,

Who in their Bosom reign;

In those chaste Temples resident I am,

Till the last hour quench the long-lasting Flame.

Then *Death* began; My Habitations are
Not in this World, but at the Gates of Hell,
I with the Devil and his Angels dwell:

The Cruel Furies there

On Iron Couches lye,

And bloody Fillets tye

Their Elf-lock'd viperous Hair.

By *Love*, nor *Reputation* to be found,

Three thousand Mile and more beneath the Ground.

But you shall find me, where in mighty War,
Against his King, some Valiant General stands;
There you shall see me use ten thousand Hands.

Or when that burning Star

Y

Joyns

Joyns a pestiferous Ray
 With the great Eye of day,
 And Towns infected are:
 Then th' Angel *Death* you with a Syth shall meet,
 Mowing down thousands daily in the Street.

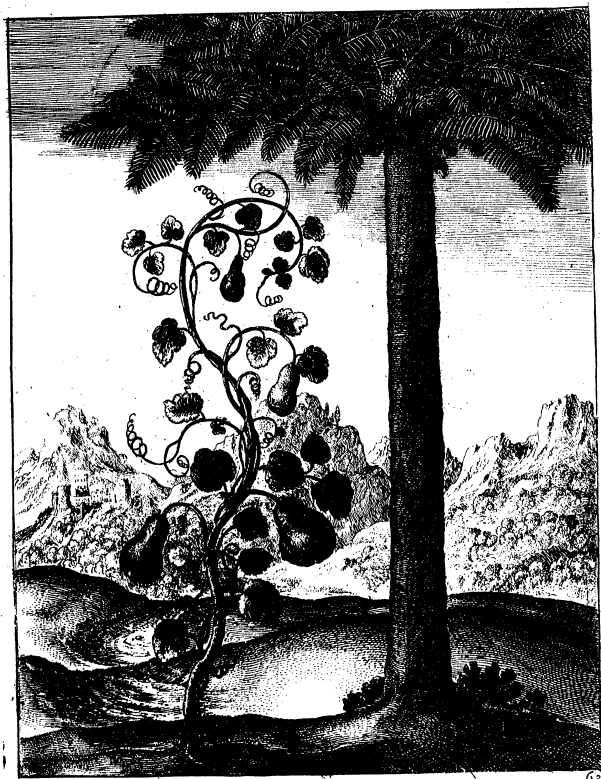
Then *Reputation* spake; I have no Seat,
 But wander up and down from Coast to Coast,
 Hard to be found, and easie to be lost.

Therefore I would entreat,
 Since now you have me, you
 Would keep me; there are few
 Having departed, meet
 With me again: Though false or small the ground;
Lost Reputation hard is to be found.

M O R A L.

*From honest Dealing Reputation springs;
 But other Notes the Matchivellian sings.
 They are most honor'd, who are most unjust,
 And, Wrong or Right, stand faithful to their Trust.*





FAB. LXII.

Of the Gourd, and the Pine.

THere was a stately *Pine* which long had stood
 The glory of, and was it self a Wood;
 Which when the warring Tempests took the
 Did shake a hundred Arms with leavy shields, (Fields
 Which watch about her, a perpetual Guard,
 Gainst all the injuries of Heaven prepar'd.
 Conquerors Trophies, Shepherds there their Pipes
 Did use to hang; of War and Peace the Types.
 Upon the swelling Bark Lovers did put
 Their Names with Knots, and pleasant Fancies cut,
 Still intimating, as the Letters grow
 With the increasing Tree, their Loves should so.

Neer to this Plant which flourish'd many years,
 In one short night shot up, a *Gourd* appears:
 Which by sweet Seasons, gentle Dews, and Rain,
 Did suddainly a mighty Body gain; (shoots
 Her Boughs were spread, to Heaven her proud head
 With Blossoms white, the hopes of blushing Fruits.

This Princock, the base Issue of the Morn,
 When she beheld the *Pine* with Branches torn,
 Her Front want Curles, an antiquated Grace,
 Mix'd with Times ruin in a careful face,
 Her self beholding glorious as the day,
 In Green and Silver Liveries of *May*;
 Proud of her self, at last forth boldly stood,
 Comparing thus with th' Honour of the Wood.
 Give place base wither'd *Pine*, that I may grow,
 And at a distance me your better know:

Dost thou not see how far we do excell?
 My Crown strikes Heaven, and my Roots touch Hell,
 My Leaves are fairer, and more fresh than thine;
 A Prince may on my Golden Apples dine;
 When yours are fit to serve a hungry Pig.
 See how my Tresses flow! thy Periwig
 So ruffled and uncurl'd, with boisterous Storms,
 Is powder'd with the Dust of Canker-Worms,
 Of which you're pleas'd some to bestow on me.
 Then gravely thus reply'd the scorned Tree;
 I many a raging Winter here have been,
 And felt black *Auster's* and bleak *Boreas* Spleen,
 And when loud Winds made Cock-shoots through
 the Wood,
 Rending down mighty Oaks, I firm have stood:
 So when I with Autumnal Blasts have lost
 My golden Tresses with a biting Frost.
 I stood bare-headed, and was naked-arm'd,
 When the Sun beams no more than *Cynthia* warm'd;
 I, in as extream Heats here also stood,
 When *Sol* and *Sirius* to the swarthy Mud
 Drank brim-full Rivers, what the Earth did yield
 Roasted to powder in the parched Field,
 And to the bellowing Herds, and bleating Flocks
 Gave shelter under my thick shady Locks.
 Here I stand firm, all Changes have indur'd,
 My body with its mighty arms secur'd.
 But when the raging Heat, or bitter Cold,
 Or rough winds rise, *Gourd*, you'll not be so bold,
 These gaudy Flow'rs and spreading Leaves you boast,
 Favours of *Madam May*, will all be lost:
 Then I shall see thy Root and Branches torn,
 And blown about, to the proud Winds a Scorn.

Of

*Of Pride in thy Prosperity beware,
 Vicissitudes of Fortune Constant are.*

MORAL.

*Whose Tresses are in Golden billows curl'd,
 Whose Eys give life and light unto the World,
 Bald wrinkled Age despise, and bate to hear,
 They shall in time as ruinous appear.*

FAB.

F A B. LXIII.

Of the Devil and a Malefactor.

A *Malefactor*, such a one that made
 Of Murthur, Theft, and Sacriledge a Trade:
 One that could Club
 Plots to work Mischief with old *Belzebub*,
 And had from him at need especial Aid;
 A little *Devil* still
 Help'd him when things went ill,
 And oft from Prisons, and strong Warders took,
 And when condemn'd did save without his Book.

He was an Honest *Devil*, and a stout,
 A good Solicitor to trot about.
 How he would trudge!
 There with a Golden Dream corrupt the Judge,
 Here with like Visions a whole Jury rout;
 On this a plenteous shower
 Of yellow drops he'd powr
 To Angel Gold transform'd; there he would set
 Some Courtier on, that should his Pardon get.

Who, as his custom, now in Jayl thus pray'd
 Unto the Devil his good Lord for aid:
 Almighty Fiend,
 To thy poor *Barabas* some comfort send,
 Who most unjustly is in Prison laid:
 Whom I so late did stab,
 Did call my Mistress Drab;
 Good *Pluto* hear, and leave awhile Debates
 Of striving Princes, and aspiring States.

Thus



Thus while he pray'd, his Spirit appear'd, his Back
With old Shooes loaden, and thus sadly spake ;

Evening and Morn,

Trotting for thee, out all these Shooes are worn.

No more thy business, Friend, I'll undertake :

To hang then be content

Since all my Coin is spent,

Without which busy Lawyers will not do

Ought for great *Belzebub*, my self, or you.



MORAL.

*The Devil oft for's Servants does his Best ;
But now since Mortals have the Fiends possess'd,
Seek Hell no more, but with worse Men compact,
Would'st thou to life unheard-of Mischief act.*

FAB.

FAB. LXIV.

Of the Lion and the Horse.

THe *Lion* old, his pow'r grown weak, his Crown
By Bestial Commotions trampled down,
Resolves to fill his Coffers with the Gown.

Doctorships three,
Of Law, of Physick, and Divinity,
There be:

But which of these may greatest Profit bring,
He long debates; Then spake the *Quondam* King;

Sir *Reynard* thrives not since this Civil War,
Nor pleading Beasts oft wake the slumbering Bar;
Sutes few be grown, but Bribes more frequent are:

Law hath no Force
When Plains are eaten up by armed *Horse*,
Her course

Obstructed is, what ever Gods and Men
Injustice stile, is Law and Justice then.

Nor ^(a) *Isgrim's* Preaching Tribe now better fare,
Though great Incendiaries of this War,
Since Beasts in Buff full as long-winded are:

The Sheep-skin Gown,
Lin'd with Hypocrisie and Rebellion,
Is down;

In his own Cloaths th' *Ass* stands without a Ruff,
Beating the Pulpit with an unpar'd Hoof.

Law and Divinity of these times farewell,
The Souldier is about to ring your Knell;
I'll turn Physician, and Diseases sell.

(a) *The Wolf.*



A Turf, or Stone,
 Conceals ill Cures are by bad Leeches done :
 If one
 Or two we chance to help, up goes our Name,
 Then patient Beasts come in, both wild and tame.

While thus he spake, a pamper'd *Horse* he spies :
 And clapping on his Doctorships Disguise,
 Said, On this Patient first I'll exercise,
 And let him blood,
 For me a Drench may make him present food,
 And good :
 Oft skilful Empericks do as bad or worse,
 And try Experiments would kill a *Horse*!

Then to the grazing Steed the *Lion* spake,
 Your Horfeship looks not well, be pleas'd to take
 Something I'll give you for prevention sake :
 What's worldly Wealth,
 When sad Diseases shall invade your Health,
 By stealth ?
 When in these Pastures you shall raging ly,
 And tear those pamper'd Limbs before you dy.

Sir, I in *Germany* have practis'd long,
 Where humane Bodies are like *Horses* strong,
 What there I did prescribe, no Beast can wrong ;
 In *England* too,
 Where Men now drink as deep as they, or you,
 A few
 Cures I have done ; I made one cast a Frog
 Had turn'd his Paunch, with drinking, to a Bog.

Mercurius-Dulcis, Scamony, and the *Flos*
 Of *Sulphur, Colocynthus*, each a Dose ;
 Shall purge all Humors cholerick or gross.
 And next our Art
 Directs a Cordial to refresh the Heart,
 A Quart
 Of Dyapenthed Muscadell each Morn,
 Shall seven years free you from the Farriers horn.

The *Horse* perceiv'd the Doctor was not well,
 Did through Disguise a hungry *Lion* smell,
 And thus his Malady began to tell ;
 Sir, th' other Morn,
 Leaping a Hedg to breakfast on green Corn,
 A Thorn
 Did pierce my Foot ; your Doctorship, no doubt,
 Hath so much Surgery to draw it out.

The *Lion* joyful was of any Hint,
 And looks on's Foot ; which, as the Devil were in't,
 Dash'd him o'th Brow, and leaves in blood the Print,
 And dead him lays :
 Wheeling about him then the Palfrey neighs,
 And saies ;
 A double Fee, dear Doctor, is your Due
 For your great Cure ; come, and I'll make it two.

At last th' astonish'd *Lion* rising said ;
 I am with Fraud for Fraud most justly paid,
 And my own Stratagem hath me betrayed.
 Who lay a Bait,
 Should fee lest others use not like Deceit :
 Too late

They

They may repent, having their Error then
 Writ on their Brow, thus, with an Iron Pen.

M O R A L.

*He that in Health by Physick's Prescript lives,
 Sickness i' himself, Wealth to Physicians gives.
 Sick, take Advice ; but well, to Nature trust :
 Let none with Doctors deal, but when they must.*

Z 2

F A B.

F A B. LXV.

Of the Sun and Wind.

Rough *Boreas* proud of many Victories, now
 Will not preheminnce to the *Sun* allow.
 While *Phæbus* stands, in the high Solstice, mute
 The bluftring *Wind* did thus for place difpute ;
Phæbus we are not ignorant of your Parts,
 And profound Science in ignoble Arts
 Of Minftrallie and Phyfick, and we know
 Well you can dart, and ufe an able Bow.
 But thefe are Toys ; Let Gods for Power contend :
 When I my Forces mufter, when I blend
 My Rain and Hail, and Snow ; or when I cleer,
 As now, black Clouds from the bright Hemifphere,
 (Which you with all your Raies could not Difperfe,
 But fuffer'd once to drown the Univerfe)
 I fhall appear more potent far then thou.
 Thou canft warp Timber, make green Staves to bow ;
 But I tall Okes that lofty Mountains crown,
 And only with my breath, can tumble down.
 How many ftately Piles have I o're-thrown ?
 And Towns interr'd with their own falling Stone ?
 But who at Sea can my great victories tell !
 Where I 'twixt billows fform the Gates of Hell ;
 On watry Mountains and congefled Floods,
 Then make approaches dreadful to the Gods.
 Like Racket-Bals with *Argos's* I fport,
 And the whole Ocean is my Tennis-Court.
 Saylors in vain then to thy Deity pray,
 That thou wouldft let them know there is a day.
 But while I thunder through the trembling Shrouds,
 Thou dar'ft not peep through melancholy Clouds.

And



And when *Autumnus* with the year grows old,
 Thou looking on, I break hard Rocks with Cold,
 And turn broad Seas plow'd up with thundring Keels,
 To Roads, where Waggon's jolt with groning Wheels,
 These are the Acts that I have done, nor can
 They be deny'd by Fiend, or God, or Man.

Then *Phæbus* said ; Words *Boreas* are but wind,
 But let Experience judge, then thou shalt find
 Who strongest is ; That Traveller behold :
 Muster *Riphean* Blasts and *Russian* Cold,
 And take from him his upper Weed, that Cloak,
 Which trembled at each breath, now while you spoke :
 But if thou canst not, leave the Task to me,
 And cease comparing with a Deity.

Here he a Cloud unfolds, which like a pack,
 Bore winds to sell to Witches at his back ;
 And at one soup he treasures in his mouth,
 Dry Northern vapours, and the dropsi'd South.
 Adding café-shot of new created Hail :
 His swelling Checks made frightened Seamen pale.
 But on the Man he falls with all his Power,
 And round beleagures with a suddain Shower ;
 Storms him with Whirl-wind, lin'd with biting Cold,
 Yet all in vain he faster kep't his hold.
 What rent huge branches from a sturdy Oke,
 Could not divorce the crafty from his Cloak.
Who fight with Heaven, with Wooll must keep out death.
 Then *Boreas* fainting ask'd some time to breath.

When *Phæbus* smil'd, and bid the weary rest ;
 His brows then he with all his glory drest,
 And at the Traveller a whole Quiver shot
 Offiery Darts, he warms first, then grows hot :
 From Pores exhausted briny Rivers flow ;
 He takes short Breath, at last he scarce could go ;
 Weary

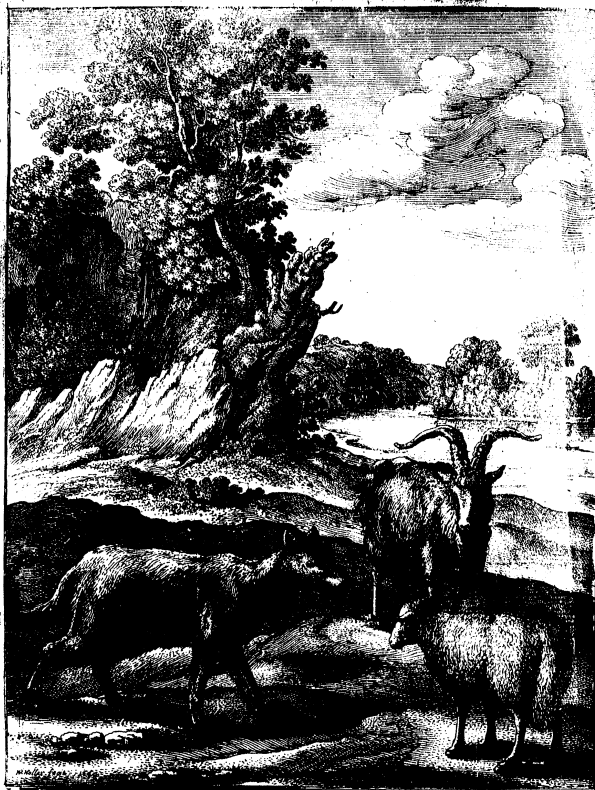
Weary and faint, then resting in the Shade,
Throws by his Cloak, and *Phæbus* Victor made.

Then said the God; *Boreas*, thou art but Voice,
Great Actions are not carried on by Noise;
What Ranters, nor loud Blustering can obtain,
A Fancy, or facetious Jest may gain.
They that contend, they should not only know
The Forces, but the Cunning of the Foe.
Valour and Strength, though Warriors great, submit
To Counsel, and th' Almighty Power of Wit.

Then Northern *Boreas* saw himself a Fool,
And was resolv'd to put his Sons to School.

MORAL.

*Loud Threatnings make men stubborn, but kind Words
Pierce gentle Breasts sooner than sharpest Swords.
To Rant and Mouth is not so neer a way
To Cheat your Brother, as by Tea, and Nay.*



FAB. LXVI.

Of the Wolf and the Lamb.

Great Seed of *Mars*, O *Romulus*, who art
My Grand-fire's foster-Brother, Aid impart :
If'er you at a *Wolfe's* bosom hung,
If her life-saving Milk made you so strong,
And fierce,
If'er those Hands she fashion'd with her Tongue
Laid Wals which after rul'd the Universe,
Then for her sake send Help ;
I and my tender Whelp
Are like to dy :
Ah for some Food,
A little Blood !
We cry ;
Help thou that art the *Wolves* great Deity.

Scarce were his Prayers ended, when he spid
A Bearded Goat and *Lamb* walk side by side.
Then said the glad *Wolf*, I am heard : this *Lamb*
To me a Present from *Rome's* Founder came.

She's fat,
Her Guardian is more dangerous than the *Ram*,
The Fortune of all Fights
Are doubtful, I'll use Slights.
Then loud he cries,
Good Mistress *Lamb*,
As is your Dam,
Be wise,
And leave that stinking Letcher I advise.

(a) *Amulius* King of *Aufonia* forc'd his brother *Numitor's* daughter *Ila* to become a Vestal, whereby she was bound by her Vow to live a perpetual Virgin, and so all hopes of her Father's posterity cut off. But the bare two sons at a birth, begotten, as pretended, by *Mars's* impregnation, by a God being accounted honourable. *Amulius* charg'd that the Twins should be drown'd, and *Ila* buried alive, according to the Law concerning *Vestal* virgins: but the Children were expos'd only, not murder'd by the resenting Executioners, and were nourish'd, according to the *Roman* Histories, by a Wolf, Monuments of which there are still remaining several Statues; and generally avouch'd by the Latin Poets. *Virgil's* *Æneid*. 8.

*Fecerat & viridi satam Mavortis in
aureis,
Procrevitque lupam: geminis huic ubera
circum
Ludere pendentes pueros, & lambere
matrem
Impavidos, &c.*

Mars's pregnant Wolf in a green Covert lay,
And hanging at her Breasts two Infants play;
Bending her Neck she licks the tender young,
And quiet, shapes their Body with her Tongue.

But it is rather believ'd, that they were nurs'd by a Harlot, the Wife of *Faulstus*, call'd *Lupa* by the Latins; which word being equivocal, and signifying a *wolf* too, gave the occasion of the Fable.

Seek'ſt thou ſweet Milk from ranck He-Goats to get ?
 Return poor Innocent to thy Mothers Teat,
 There at extended Udders take thy fill,
 Kids drain their Dams, the Lamb her Mother ſtill.

Befide

Such Maſters of the Flocks are counted ill,
 That rough Goats not from fleecy Sheep divide.

Sweet *Lamb*, forſake this Goat,

Go to thy Mother's Coat ;

The neereſt way

Is through the Woods,

Where tender Buds

You may

Gather, and you and I in ſhade will play.

Then ſaid the *Bleater* ; Know, Sir *Wolf*, I am
 To follow the Inſtructions of my Dam ;
 My Parents Counſel, and not yours, obey :
 She bid me with this armed Father ſtay.

The Counſel of our Friends

Too oft have byaſ'd Ends,

But when a Foe

Shall give advice

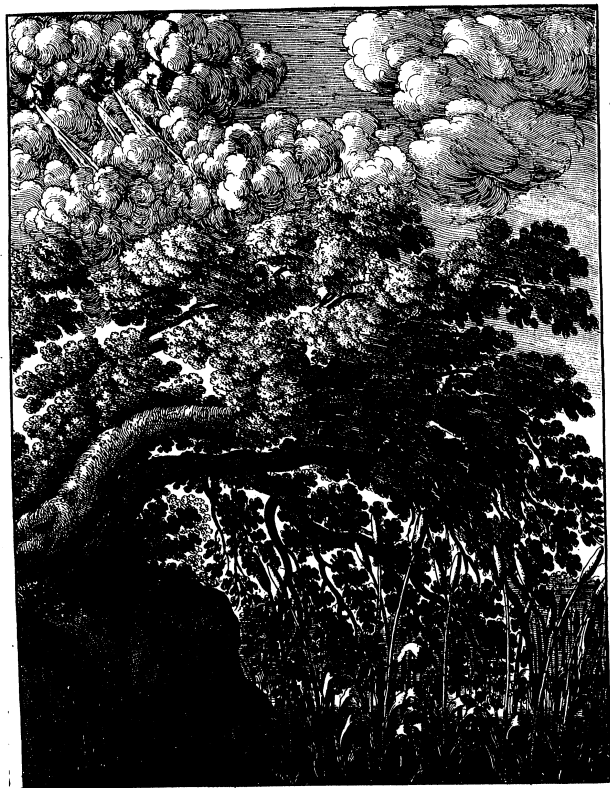
The *Lamb's* ſo wiſe

To know,

Some Plot may be to work her Overthrow.

M O R A L.

*Youth that muſt travel, carefull Tutors need,
 Left God's Commands, their Parents, and their Creed,
 Should ſhaken by ſtrange Tenets be, and they
 Return worſe princip'l'd, than put to Sea.*



F A B. LXVII.

Of the Oke and the Reed.

THe Four Winds muster'd up Winds four
times seven,
From all their *Horizontick* Seats in Heaven,
Thirty two Brethren did at once Conspire,
Because the Sacred *Oke* was Free,
By *Jove's* Decree,
Both from Celestial Fire,
And Thunder,
On her to wreak their Spight,
And in one hideous Night
T' extirp and ruin quite,
And all her Boughs and verdant Leaves to Plunder.
To the Skies Arbiters since she'll not bend,
They are resolv'd up by the Roots to rend.

Stout *Eurus* mounts his Steeds; on Northern Hags
Rough *Boreas* rides; black *Auster* fable Bags
And foul *Borachio's* fill'd i'th Southern Main;
Bright *Zephyre* now comes muffled up,
And in a Troop
Did bring a *Henricane*
To rend her.
They all at once discharge;
Huge Arms and Branches large,
'Gainst Sun and Wind a Targe,
From their proud Fury could no more defend her,
But with a mighty ruin Branch and Root,
Groning her last, lights at the Mountain Foot.

From whence down on the River's back she swims,
Which the foul Night had swell'd above the Brims.
A a Catching

Catching her Boughs a small *Reed* stopp'd her way;
 The hapless *Oke*, not yet quite dead,
 Then rais'd her Head,
 And to the *Reed* did say;
 I wonder
 That thou shouldst scape last Night,
 Who scarce canst stand upright,
 So huge a Tempest's Spight,
 And art not rent, like wretched me, asunder:
 Trusting my own strength, I from Rocks was torn,
 And to ridiculous Winds am now a Scorn.

The gentle *Reed* then softly whispering said;
 I am not of the greatest Storm afraid;
 When raging Winds among themselv's contend,
 What way they hurry through the Sky
 That course ly I,
 And flexible do bend:
 I marvel
 How you so long kept up,
 Disdaining still to stoop
 To that all-conquering Troop
 Which wracks tall Ships, & drowns the stoutest Carvel:
 I to the strongest yield. *What ever chance,*
All Fortunes vanquish'd are by Sufferance.

MORAL.

*Though strong, resist not a too potent Foe;
 Madmen against a violent Torrent row.
 Thou mayst hereafter serve the Common-weal;
 Then yield till Time shall later Acts repeal.*

F A B. LXVIII.

Of Jupiter and the Ass.

Jove, thou who view'st from thy Empireal Sky,
 And pittyest oft a Worm or injur'd Fly,
 Leaving to Fate,
 That Supreme State,
 The March and Muster of the Golden Stars,
 And to inconstant Fortune Princes Wars;
 Without Advice of thy great Council send,
 And well thou may'st, Aid to th' oppress'd Ass,
 Me from the Gard'ner's Tyranny defend;

Father of Men and Gods,
 So heavy are my Loads,

That though my Ribs were Steel, my Shoulders Brags,
 I in a little space
 Must yield to cruel Death;
 O change my place, or stop my vital Breath.

The Gard'ner's Ass to mighty Jove thus pray'd,
 Who streight did bind him to another Trade;

A Tyler now
 His Back did bow,

And him with what whole Roofs must cover loads,
 Through deep Ways lashing, and far longer Roads,
 When thus to Jove the Beast again did pray;

Thou who from Slavery brought'st the Golden Ass,
 And didst prefer 'mongst them that Scepters sway,

With supercilious Look,
 He now denies the Book,

And cruel in his place

Of frights sad Pris'ners with his Beastly Face:

O hear me when I cry,

And change this Master too, or else I dy.

A a 2

Jove



Jove turn'd him over to another streight,
 A cruel *Tanner*, who with no less Weight
 Did load his Back
 Till it did crack :
 But when he found his Master's Trade, and spy'd
 Him Currying of his Brother *Asses* Hide,
 Struck with sad *Omens* of his woful Doom,
 Thus to himself the Wretched did complain ;
 I see that seldom better Masters come,
 I should have been content,
 With what the Gods have sent ;
 This, when I am with cruel Labour slain,
 Will put me to fresh Pain,
 And what should shroud me in
 He will not spare, but dead will Tan my Skin.

MORAL.

Is it Decreed, and did the Fates consent,
None should with present Fortune be content,
Though in right Judgment they most happy are ?
If so, no wonder Men change Peace for War.

F A B.

F A B. LXIX.

Of the same Ass.

BUt after *Jove*, pitying the woful *Ass*,
 Bids *Hermes* take, and turn him out to *Grass*;
 There let him wander far, in unknown ground,
 Nor by his cruel Master soon be found.
 There the Free-born did lead a happy life,
 Among wild *Asses*, there he got a Wife,
 A dainty female *Ass*, whose *Assian* seed,
 In Vales and Groves, and on green Mountains feed:
 Of Concubins, since prosperous his affairs,
 He had a whole *Seraglio* of wild Mares.
 The Martial Steed, though spurr'd with *Venus*, proof
 Was not for his enamour'd Rival's Hoof;
 But when he thought, though up to th' Eys in *Grass*,
 Of his mean House, though Rich, yet still an *Ass*:
 That the brave *Horse* could boast proud Ancestors,
 And great Atchievements got in antient Wars;
 Then he repin'd, and when he saw his Ears
 At watering, brackish made the Flood with Tears.
 But he had Friends at Court, the Golden *Ass*,
 T' in-noble him, might see his Patent pass.

While thus he murmur'd, mighty War arofe,
 And great Kings prove (to raise their Interests) Foes,
 Those *Horse* gras'd with him, on *Thessalian* plains,
 Were all took up, and curb'd with Bits and Reins,
 Yet still he kep'd his walk; at last he saw
 Full Legions in thick Ranks to Battel draw.
 Then sees them charge, when suddenly the Fields
 Where strew'd with Men & *Horse*, & Spears, & Shields,
 And Steeds he knew thrust through with hostile Spears.
 At this new Light, 'twixt Grief and Joy, with Tears

He



He thanks the Gods they coyn'd him but an *Ass*,
 Nor made a Horse, then said ; I here may pass
 My life in safety, and when Wars surcease,
An Ass may make a Justice of the Peace.

M O R A L.

*In Halcyons some repine, others no Loss
 Deject at all. Is thy own Fortune cross ?
 Rectifie't then ; with better Men compare,
 And let their Losses mollifie thy Care.*



FAB. LXX.

Of the same Ass and his Lion's Skin.

After that mighty Battel, where the *Ass*
 A sad Spectator was,
 Had long been fought, as various Chance did please,
 Till many valiant Captains dy'd the Grass,
 And, their great Souls stood neer the *Stygian* Seas
 Begging a pafs :
 While Dogs, and Vultures feasted on the flain ;
 The Long-ear'd went to view the bloody Plain,
 And though an *Ass*, not without hope of Gain.

Among huge heaps of Slaughter, on the Green
 He found a *Lion's* Skin,
 Once dreadful Trappings to a gallant Steed.
 Old-fancy'd Honour, as this Prize was seen,
 To raise himself and his ignoble Breed,
 Did fresh begin ;
 The shaggy Main conceals his Back, the Jaws
 Gape o'r his Face, long was the Train, the Paws
 Struck fire on's Hoofs, and shine with golden Claws.

Accoutred thus, he with Majestick pace
 Returns unto his place,
 And at first view routs all the timorous Flocks,
 (The *Ass* is dreadful in the *Lion's* Cafe :)
 Bulls leave their Courtship, and the labouring Ox,
 As he did pass,
 Ran bellowing as if bit by Summer Swarms,
 Nor Goat, nor Ram, have confidence in Arms,
 But fly for safety from such fierce Alarms.

And



And now the *Ass* did o'r vast Countreys reign,
 Commanding all the Plain,
 Scorning those Honours which at first he aim'd,
 Wond'ring he Thoughts so mean could entertain.
 The Lions a Princess him inflam'd,

Her love to gain,
 Th' Impostor said, must be our next Design,
 The Royal and the *Assian* House must joyn,
 Then by just Title all these Plains are mine.

When Fortune, that delights in casting down
 Great Kings, began to frown,
 The cruel Tanner who had lost his *Ass*,
 Several occasions sent on foot from Town ;
 He saw the Prodigy, wond'ring what it was,
 To be his own

He little dream't ; What e'r thou art, said he,
 I'll lose some way, and time, but I will see ;
 Thou canst not sure the dreadful *Lion* be.

Thus saying, he advanc'd : The *Ass* did know
 This is a dangerous Foe ;
 Should he go less than what he seem'd, and fly,
 He would a Scorn to his new Subjects grow :
 When thus he said ; I'll keep up Majesty,
 And courage shew.

Then to his Master loud he thus began ;
 What e'r thou art, fly hence, presumptuous Man,
 Else thou art dead : and at him fiercely ran.

Then suddain Fear the Tanner did surprize,
 But when his Ears he spies,
 He stands, and by them Prisoner took the *Ass*,
 And wondring at his Royal Weeds, replies ;
 Among

Among these Foresters thou well might'st pass,
 Who have no better Eyes,
 For the great *Lion*, and possess a Throne
 In Groves where *Asses* are no better known,
 But you my *Ass* are, and I seize my own.

MORAL.

*The Taylor makes the Man, Breeding and Coyn,
 Of them pass by, as those ride o'r a Mine,
 Are unregarded : great Impostors so
 In Royal Habits oft for Princes goe.*

B b

F A B.

F A B. LXXI.

Of the Wolf and the Sow.

A War-Wolf mangy with an entail'd Itch,
 Symping Comprest a *Caledonian* Witch :
 She, neer her time, with others did embark
 In a tite Egg-shell ; safe as in the Ark
 Mountains they ride to Southern Kingdoms rowld,
 While Northwinds lowd from sixteen angles scowld.
 Then, landing safe, they mount fantastick Foals,
 And bent their course to Cocker up their souls
 With *Gallick* Wine, down in a sacred Vault
 Where never came the impious Race of Malt,
 Where sweet *Lyæus* no small Hoops contain,
 The Hags descend, in Thunder, Wind, and Rain.
 Heighten'd with *Bacchus* blood, and Bisket Sops,
 Frolick, they throw Spigots o'r houses tops ;
 Black, and Red Seas, mix with the *Mediterrane*,
 While they in Purple Must their ankles stain.
 Then hoytie-toytie, frantick *Bacchanals*
 Begin to Revell : When the Spirit calls,
 Aboard, aboard, the Chariot of the Dawn
 Rattles on Eastern hills ; Their Cobweb Lawn
 Streight is unfurl'd, all yare, and tite, they sail
 Back, whil'st Seas Seas charge with an adverse gale.

But here the Dame pregnant with *Wolvish* seed
 Deliver'd was, but when they saw the Breed
 A rough she-Wolf, streight inconcocted Grapes
 Began to work, nine, and no little scapes
 Nine Hags discharge at once, and th' Infant bore
 To *Ardens* Forrest, far off from the shore



Apit'ying *Wolf* took up, and nurs'd the Child,
 And from her wond'rous Fortune *Erswind* stil'd.
 She married *Isgrim*, and, if Fame be true,
 Him a she-*Wolf* bore to a wandring Jew,
 Who by his humane Nature got the hint
 Of *Wolvish* Discipline in *Geneva* Print,
 And his mad zeal first made the Forest blaze ;
 This by his howling Rhetorick did raise
 Arms 'gainst his King, did antient Right supplant,
 And made Beasts take a Beastly Covenant ;
 This Urchins call'd, and stir'd up senseless Moles,
 And innocent Sheep inspir'd with *Wolvish* Souls ;
 Then Females, like milch Tygres first were seen
 To rage against the Lions, their Queen ;
 Steers, Colts, and Asses, did like Panthers stare,
 And Bulls horn-mad for Reformation were.

When *Erswind* with a blessed Off-spring big,
 Weary with Lamb, and Mutton, long'd for Pig,
 And thus She howl'd to move her surly Mate ;
 Swine's flesh I loath with a Maternal Hate,
 Yet for the Off-spring of the Salvage Boar,
 The Fat Priest's Quarters which I keep in store,
 Which at my Lying-in I meant should feast
 My Mother, and her *Caledonian* Guest,
 Now I would give to see one Pig depart
 To eat the Liver and the bleeding Heart.

When the grim Sire reply'd ; Leave off complaints,
Afflictions have been wholsom to the Saints :
 But if the Boar her Husband be abroad,
 My mortal Foe, by Force or pious Fraud
 I'll get thee one, *no Scruple is in Meat,*
 And thou and I abundantly will Eat.

This said, he hafts unto the ſpreading Oke,
 Where lay a pregnant Sow, and kindly ſpoke ;
 Siſter, your Husband hath great Service done,
 And by his Valour we the Victory won ;
 But ſince I hear your Spouſe in Countries far,
 Muſt for ſmall Pay attend a lingring War,
 And this your Charge is great, take friendly helps :
 Some of your Sons I'll ſofter with my Whelps,
 Not in prophaner Arts, like Popiſh Pigs;
 To pettitoe-it on the Organs Jigs,
 When Surplic'd *Aſſes* Chaunt it to the Lyre ;
 Nor they ſupine ſhall wallow in the Mire :
 But Paſtors be, and them I'll teach to keep
 The Sheepiſh Souls of Flocks, and ſhear the Sheep.
 They have Prick-ears, and as we Teachers wear,
 Howling in hollow Trees, ſuch is their Hair.

The Brawny Dame did here break off all Speech ;
 If you are ſuch a Friend, Sir, I beſeech
 You'll ſhew it in your abſence, nothing more
 Can me and mine oblige, back twenty ſcore,
 That is the greateſt favour you can do ;
 You hate all Swine, and I abhor a Jew :
 I hear him whet his Tuſk, the Boar is neer,
 And you have taken a wrong Sow by th' ear.
 Cowring his Tail, endeavouring to have fled,
 Wings Fear not added to his feet, but Lead ;
 Whom ſuddenly the angry Boar o'r-took :
 Him, at whoſe Rage the Lion's party ſhook,
 No more Reſiſtance than a tender Lamb
 Made 'gainſt this Foe, whom ſtreight he overcame ;
 And with his Phang a Window in his ſide
 To Flank from Shoulder rent, where, as he dy'd,
 The deep Hypocriſie and bloody Ends,
 Writ in his Heart, were read by Foes and Friends.

Soon

Soon after that the Boar the Wood enjoy'd,
 And Wolves as new Malignants were deſtroy'd.

M O R A L.

*Miſchiefs beſt Plots Women too oft have laid,
 And tender Females ſoonest are betray'd.
 Some great Seducers make a timely End,
 But oftner they in Bloody Sheets deſcend.*

F A B.

FAB. LXXII.

Of the She-Goat and Kid.

A She-Goat Widowed by Civil War,
 (As many other woful Matrons are)
 Although her Sequestration a small Fine
 Had taken off,
 Had little cause to laugh,
 For when she rose, she knew not where to dine,
 Which made cold Cups be season'd oft with Brine.
 One Son she had, now Heir,
 Just of his Fathers Hair,
 Her Comfort, and her Care;
 But what did most extol this gentle *Kid*,
 He did
 All the Commands which his dear Mother bid.

When to her only Hope the Parent said,
 I go dear Child (subsistence must be had)
 Where I for thee will crop the tender Bud,
 And search the Ground,
 For Moon-wort, rarely found;
 Which from our Wounds draws Steel, and stops the
 A Sovereign Med'cine, and a dainty Food. (blood,
 But *Kid*, when I am gone,
 Open the Gate to none,
 To Friend, nor Foe, not one.
 The *Wolf*, although the *Bore* had brought him low,
 I know,
 His Nature keeps, and will no Mercy shew.

Shall I forget how he thy Father slew,
 When from the *Cambrian* Hills a Goatish Crew

Of



Of *British* Long-beards with three Sons he led?

He pierc'd his throat,
And drank his best blood hot,
Then on his Bowels and his Liver fed.
As ill, woes me, thy hapless Brethren sped,
When down their Arms they threw,
Quarter being granted too,
Most barbarously he slew
And in his Den their Limbs in pieces tore;
Nay more,
With their gnawn Bones he pav'd his bloody flore.

This said, away she speeds. The *Wolf*, who long
Had watch'd his time, skill'd in the *Goatish* tongue,
On's loins the *British* Captains spoils did guird,
With his fair horns

His horrid Brow adorns,
Down from his Chin hung a long Silver Beard,
As if the King and Father of the Heard.

Accoutred thus before,
At the dull Goat-herd's dore
He oft drank Kiddish gore:
When thus disguis'd with feigned voice he spoke,
Unlock,

Long-beard is here, the Father of the Flock.

I live, whom Fame reported dead, and bring
Good tydings, never better was the King.
The Lyon now is forty thousand strong,
Innumerable Swarms,

Both old, and young, take Arms;
And he will thunder at their Gates e'r long,
Changing their Tryumph to a dolefull Song.

And

And now the Conquering Boar,
 Of those subdu'd before,
 Doth speedy Aid implore,
 But the dissenting Brethren in one Fate,
 Too late,
 Shall rue they turn'd this Forest to a State.

Whom *Pan*, 'his Parents, and his King obey'd,
 Duty, Belief, and Piety betray'd,
 And bolted doors he suddenly unbars :
 The *Wolf* rush'd in,
 Throwing off his borrow'd Skin,
 His Eys with Rage blazing like ominous Stars,
 Which threaten Earth with Famine, Plague, and Wars;
 Then on the expected Prize
 With open Mouth he flies,
 His Jaws sweet Purple dies.
 When thus th' Insulter did the *Kid* upbraid,
 And said ;
Let all thus perish with the Lion Aid.

M O R A L.

*First, God's Commands, your Parents next obey ;
 At home and Snares, Pride, Lust, and Avarice lay :
 But other Arts now taught in Modern Schools,
 Stile all our wise and pious Fathers, Fools.*

F A B. LXXIII.

Of the Young-man and the Cat.



G Rimmalkins Grand-child, Tyberts Noble race,
 For Beauty gave no *Catfish* Damfel place,
 Round was her Face,
 Her Eys were Grey as *Germans*, or the *Gaul*,
 The Stars that fall
 Through gloomy shade, cast no such dazzling light:
 Nor Glo-worms that most glorious are by night;
 Her Bosom soft and white
 Like Down of Silver Swans, her Head was small
 And round as any Ball,
 Daily she wore a party-colour'd Gown,
 Curiously mix'd, with white, black, grey, and brown.

Stolen from her Mother's Teat, a Young-man bred
 This Female up, and laid her in his Bed;
 Each Morning fed,
 And Evening, with warm strokings from the Cow,
 Would Fish allow,
 But not to wet her tender feet afford,
 She may in pleasant Gardens catch a Bird,
 Or make afraid.
 Scorch'd with Love's cruel-flames this Youth did now
 At *Venus* Altars bow,
 That She, his Love would change into a Maid,
 When thus with rear'd-up hands to Heaven he pray'd;
 O *Citherea*, since the cruel Dart
 Of thy dear Son hath strangely pierc'd my heart,
 Some Aid impart;
 C c Thou

(a) *Pygmalion* the son of *Cilax* the *Cyprian*, deter'd by the beaulty life of the *Propeitides*, and the vices generally incident to Women resolv'd to live a single life; who carving the Image of a Virgin in Ivory, fell in love with his own Workmanship, at whose prayers *Venus* converted the Statue into a Woman, of whom he begot *Paphus*. Thus *Ovid* relates the Tale.

*Sit Coniux opto, non ausus, churua virgo,
Dixere Pygmalion, similis mea dixit churua, &c.*

Give me a Wife, one like, *Pygmalion* said,
But durst not say, give me my Ivory maid,
The golden *Venus*, present at her Feast,
Conceives his wish, and friendly signs express;
The Fire thrice flaming, thrice in flames aspires.
To his admird Image he retires,
Lies down besides her, rais'd her with his arms,
Then kiss'd her tempting lips, and found them warm:
That he soon oft repeats, her bosome oft
With amorous touches feels, and felt it lost;
Th' Ivory dimpled with his fingers, lacks
Accustom'd hardness; as *Hymettian* Wax
Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce
To pliant forms, by handling fram'd for use,
Amaz'd with doubtful joy, and hope that feels,
Again the Lover what he wishes feels,
The Veins beneath his thumbs in pref-
sion beat,
A perfect Virgin full of Juice and Heat, &c.

Thou at the Prayer of sad (a) *Pygmalion*

Mad'st Flesh of Stone,

Form'd a soft Woman from obdurate Flint:

That had no Soul, this hath a Spirit in't,

This hath her Passions, hath Affection shown,

And loves or me, or none.

Make her for Marriage fit, and She and I

Will day and night adore thy Deity.

The Goddess heard, first on her Hairy face

Did Lillies of untainted beauty place,

Which Roses grace;

And now her Grey eyes sparkle more by day;

A Milky way

'Twixt Hills of Snow, which Curral Fountains shews,

And her clear Neck like Silver Dawn arose,

Her white Foot grows

Now a fair Palm, whence fingers long display,

Where azure Rivers stray:

A Virgin then appear'd, so Fair and Sweet,

She seem'd a Heaven all o'r, from Head to Feet.

Nor could the ravish'd Youth admire too much,

Nor could believe, till by enduring Touch

He found her such,

But when she spake, sweet Love was in his Breast

With joy oppress,

And loud he cries; Come all my Friends, and see

The Gods great Gift, what Heaven hath done for me,

I shall too happy be.

Bring Silk and Gold, with Gems let her be dress,

Prepare the Marriage Feast:

All came, and wonder, Womens envious Eye,

Surveying her, could not one blemish spy.

All

All Rites perform'd, and *Hymen's* Torch put out,

Who of the Joys of Marriage Bed could doubt,

Or fear a flout?

The *Cyprian* Goddess then desir'd to find

If that her Mind

Was with her Form improv'd; a little Moufe

Streight she presents on th' Evins of the House:

The Bride leaps from her Spouse,

And leaves the Young-man to embrace the Wind,

The *Cat* will after kind;

Just when he thought to reap the Joy of Joys,

A Moufe, she cries, and all his Hope destroys.

When *Venus* thus, highly incens'd, storm'd:

A hateful *Cat* to a Virgin we Transform'd

But still Deform'd,

And Bestial thoughts within her Breast remain,

The Task was vain,

No Power can stave off Nature; though our Art

Gave fair Dimensions to the Outward part,

We could not change the Heart.

Here she transform'd her to a *Cat* again;

Then did the Youth complain;

Thy pity *Venus* thou hast turn'd to Spight,

Wouldst thou not let me have her one short Night?

M O R A L.

No Punishment, no Penalty, nor Hire,
Can repulse Nature led by strong Desire.
So Barbarous People Civiliz'd with Care,
The least Occasion turns to what they were.

C c 2

F A B.

F A B. LXXIV.

Of the Cat and the Cock,

SHe that so lately was the Young man's Spouse,
 And left the Joys of Marriage Bed to Mouſe,
 Now conſcious of her Crime, and hooted at
 By all the Houſe,
 Grew more and more a Cat :
 And after that
 By day ſhe haunts ſad Rocks, and ſhady Groves,
 When dark, through Gutters o'r Houſe-tops ſhe roves,
 And ſeeks Night-walking Loves,
 Who couple not like Doves ;
 Where round about her *Cattiſh* Youngſters throng,
 (For ſhe was fair) and with a hideous Song,
 A diſmal Note and long,
 The haughty Rivals Challenge, Meet, and Fight,
 And terrifie the ſilence of the Night.

(laid,
 'Mongſt theſe ſhe proves : her Pregnant Womb being
 The ravenous Beaſt in neighbouring Houſes prey'd,
 That Milky Breasts her tender Young might breed :
 Once thus ſhe ſtraï'd,
 And not ſupply'd her need,
 Nurſes muſt feed.

When thus ſhe ſpoke ; Each Paſſage, Door and Lock
 In my Lord's Houſe I know : where dwels a *Cock*
 Chief of a feather'd Flock,
 Which once my Hopes did mock,
 But now he ſhall not ſcape : hark how he Crows :
 What, boaſts thou Fool e'r thou ſubdu'ſt thy Foes !
 This ſaid, on ſtreight ſhe goes,

Through



Through waies unknown, and mischiefously bent,
Down boldly leaps, and seiz'd the Innocent.

With her sad Prisoners *Puss* was us'd to play,
Though he must die, she'l do't by Legal way,
And thus Attainders formally began;

Thou before day

Awakenest drowfie Man,

Who Curse and Ban,

Vext with thy Minstralcies unwelcome Airs,

At such a time when Heaven should hear their Prayers

To prosper them and theirs.

This said, the *Cock* declares;

I am the Husband-man's Alarm, and Watch;

Those Sons of Toyl, that live in Smoke and Thatch,

Rais'd by my voice, dispatch

(Buckling on Leather, Freeze, and clouted Shoon)

A long Day's labour, often before Noon.

Then said the *Cat*; Is thy Impiety

(O wicked Bird) and Incest hid from me?

Thou hast against all Laws of Men, and God,

Which I did see,

Thy Virgin Daughter trod;

Nay, thy hot Blood,

Thy Sister, Mother, Grandam, did not spare.

Then he reply'd; Thy last Charge less I fear,

Since 'tis my Master's care,

For him, and for his fair

Lady, I should get Eggs, who now is Wed.

Shalt thou a Strumpet feed in joys the Bed

From whence I'm banished?

Accumulative Crimes have no retreat;

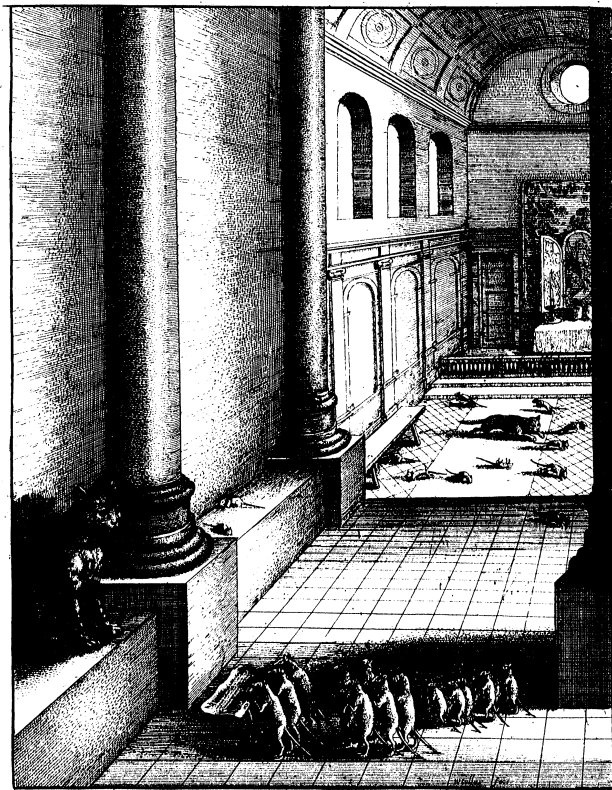
'Tis Treason, thou shalt die, and I must eat,

Said

Said angry *Puffs*; and sharp-set with a Groul
She eats his Flefh, and drinks in Blood his Soul.

MORAL.

*When Tyrants would their empty Coffers fill,
Against some wealthy Peer they draw a Bill:
The Tryal's fair, Charge, Answer, and Reply,
But Riches is your Crime, and you must Dy.*



F A B. LXXV.

Of the Cat and the Mice.

And now our *Cat*, which once had been a Wife
 The Iron tooth of time
 Had alter'd from her prime,
 Old, she with Nuns lead a Monastich life,
 Free from rough Lovers, and Proud Rivals strife;

And with those pious Virgins went to Prayer,
 Who while they number Beads,
 About them softly treads,
 Disturbing none that at Devotion were,
 Contented with long Fasts, and Lenten Fare.

Setled for Strength, Convenience, and Health,
 Neer to the Larder Door,
 Some *Miceans* had a poor
 Plantation rais'd from Sacrilege and Stealth,
 Almost from nothing to a Common-wealth.

These *Hogen Mogens*, when their cruel Foe
 The *Cat* they heard drew neer,
 Were struck with mighty fear,
 And at the Tydings streight to Counsell goe;
 Till then these People knew no face of woe.

When some inform'd, and they of no mean place,
 They *Tybert's* Issue saw,
 Her countenance struck no Aw,
 But full of Meekness, heavy was her pace,
 And Sadness much dejected had her face.

They

They saw how oft She contemplating fate ;
 Nor in that holy House,
 They thought, shee'l touch a Mouse,
 Nor view with jealous eye their rising State;
 This was a Saint, a most Religious Cat.

When they this Character had understood,
 Commissioners they chose,
 (No time they carefull lose)
 That should bear gifts, and kiss great Pusses hand,
 And Leagues confirming lasting Peace demand.

Soon they admitted were, and Audience had ;
 The subtle Cat in State
 Heard what they could relate
 With mild Aspect, her Visage pale, and sad,
 And thus to them a friendly Answer made ;

Bold *Miceans* know (if ne'r you heard the same)
 I have been once a Wife,
 Seeking one *Micean's* life,
 I was transform'd to what you see I am,
 For which bold crime to Penance here I came.

Your Sute we grant : but as our custome, nine
 Potentates I invite
 To Sup with me this night,
 So intimate ; but you with us shall Dine :
 Then in their preface lasting Peace I'll sign.

This known, nine chosen march through narrow Ports
 And winding passles forth,
 With many *Mice* of worth :
 There the fond Vulgar in great troops resorts,
 Expecting Banquets in the *Cattish* Courts.

No

No sooner in, but stern *Puss* shuts the Door,
 Stops all the Chinks and Holes ;
 Then Terror strikes their Souls :
 And to a Fury she transform'd, once more,
 Beltrews the Room with mangled Limbs, and Gore.

Which to the Senate a new Lesson reads,
 Fair Words, and simpering Looks,
 Are still Deceivers Hooks :
None that is wise, outward Comportment beeds ;
Mortals their Face declares not, but their Deeds.

M O R A L.

Treaties are full of Fraud ; if rising States
Would joyn with Princes, and make Kings their Mates,
Let them beware how they confirm the League ;
Monarchs still jealous for small Cause Renege.

Dd

F A B.

FAB. LXXVI.

Of the Fox and the Lion.

OH! all you Gods and Goddesses that dwell
In Heaven and Earth, in Heaven, Earth, Sea,
and Hell.

If all your power conjoyn'd can one protect,

Save the poor *Fox*,

Nor prayer reject.

What is it I behold?

His shaggy locks

Are prest with shining Gold.

It is the *Lion*; See! his spreading Robe

Covers at least half the terrestrial Globe:

Terror of Beasts and Man,

Whose hard teeth can

Crack brazen Bones of the *Leviathan*.

Help, help, if me he not in pieces tears,

I shall in sunder shake with my own fears.

At first the *Fox* thus trembled to behold

The Scepter'd *Lion*, Arm'd and Crown'd with Gold.

But when the King the second time he saw

Hunting in green,

Not so much awe

Did in his looks appear,

Less Majesty in's *Mein*,

Then *Reynard* drew more neer;

But the third day the bold beast had the face

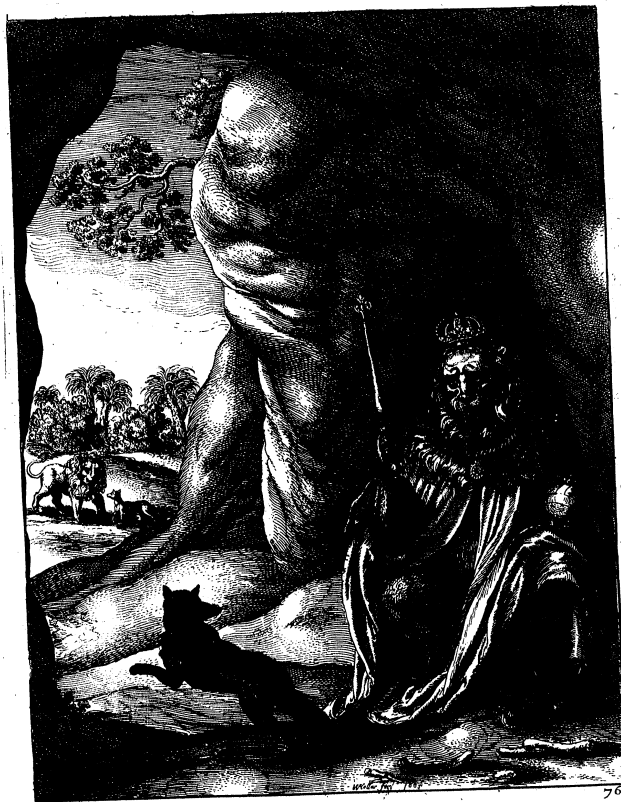
To come up close, and cry'd, *Love* save your Grace.

At last so neer did stand,

He kist his hand,

Soon after did the Royal ear command,

In



In which he said ; *Custom* makes *Mortals* bold,
To play with that they durst not once behold.



MORAL.

Who hate to draw a *Sword*, and *Guns* abhor,
Custom hath made most valiant *Men of War*.
Love's Novice so, trembling, fresh *Beauty* storms,
Which soon lies ruffled in his conquering *Arms*.

F A B. LXXVII.

Of the Lark and her Young.

IT is the sweet and early chanting *Lark*,
 That to the Heavenly Choristers is Clark,
 And mounts the Sky as freely as a Spark ;
 Yet she in haughty Towres not builds her Nest,
 Nor on the tops of lofty Cedars dwels,
 Which are with all the roring Winds oppress'd,
 That Northern Witches conjure up with Spels;
 But in Corn Fields her habitation's found,
 Flanck't round with Earth, six inches under ground.

From whence she issuing to her Young-ones spake ;
 Notice be sure of what you hear to take,
 And strict Account at my returning make.

When thus the *Landlord* to his Heir begun ;
 This Wheat is ripe, we must have down this Corn ;
 Goe, and invite my Friends with rising Sun
 To reap it, and at night it shall be Born.

At this sad News the *Lark* astonish'd were,
 And told their Mother, struck with mighty Fear.

Then said th' old Bird ; If for his Friends he look,
 (He may be, but I shall not be mistook)
 This Corn need fear no danger of the Hook.
 Giving like Charge, out the next Morn she flies,
 While th' *Old-Man* long did Friends in vain expect ;
 At last he said, grown with Experience wise,
 Son, call our Kindred, since our Friends neglect,
 Those from our own loyns sprung will not forget,
 That we to morrow may cut down this Wheat.

Th'



Th' affrighted Birds this to their Mother told,
 Who cheer'd them thus, Kindred too oft prove cold ;
 This Corn will stand, and we shall keep our Hold.
 The second Morn made bright the Hemisphere,
 When of the Confanguineous none were seen :
 Then said the Father to the Son, I fear
 We shall not be beholding to our Kin ;
 Stand to me Boy, to morrow thou and I
 Will reap this Corn, Cousins and Friends desie.

With these, the Birds their Mother did acquaint,
 When with a Sigh she said ; We time shall want,
 For we to morrow must new Regions plant.
 They that with Care to their own Business look,
 Are in the readiest way to have it done,
 But who shall trust to Friends or Kindreds Hook,
 Shall find it at a stand, or backward run :
 As when the Arm against the Stream is slack,
 The Boat in the swift Chanel hurries back.

M O R A L.

*Intelligence best moves Affairs, by which
 Both Kings and Common-wealths grow Great and Rich.
 But who their Business would have follow'd, must
 More to themselves than any other trust.*

F A B. LXXVIII.

Of the Hawk and the Nightingale.

VW Hen the triumphant Sun, in his Ca-
 roach,
 Cut from an entire *Topaz*, made ap-
 To the great tract betwixt the Golden Horns (proach
 Of the Celestial Bull ;
 When the *Ambrosian* Tresses of fair Morns
 With liquid Pearl were full ;
 Then *Philomel* did from her Nest depart,
 With a sad Omen, and a heavy Heart,
 To try neglected Art ;
 By the Grove side she on a Haw-thorn bough
 Sung her first Song, and paid her yearly Vow :
 Lovers that heard her, e'r the Cuckow's voice,
 Rejoyce,
 Since *Valentine* chose, but she confirms the choice.

While thus she chants, a sharp Thorn at her breast,
 A prying Swain, who late had found her Nest,
 Came secretly, and in her absence stole
 From thence the Callow young ;
 A fresh Wound's anguish in a wounded Soul
 What Pen can say or Tongue ?
 He to his City Landlord bears the prize,
 But she sends loud Complaints to Marble Skies,
 And moves the Deities :
 Which (as relentless as their Statues were)
 A Bird of War pickeering through the Air,
 A fierce *Hawk* sent, who while she did in vain
 Complain,
 Seiz'd, and poor *Philomel* must now be slain.

Though



Though great her woe was, and she much did grieve,
 Yet at pale Deaths approach she fain would live,
 And from the proud Foe thus begs quarter then ;

 This little body spare,

What is to thee a *Nightingale* or *Wren*,

 A Mouthful but of air ?

Take some large Bird, and Fat, on whom is Meat ;

Behold on every Tree, and Bush they feat,

 And spare me I intreat.

With frowning look the *Falcon* then replies ;

Thus counsel Daws, no *Hawk* is so unwise,

When in their Pounces they have seiz'd a prey,

 That they,

Let it, in hope of better, fly away.



M O R A L.

*A small Estate and sure, is better far
 Than Fortunes that in expectations are :
 What we possess we have, Fancy may feed
 The Mind, but not supply the present Need.*

FAB.

F A B. LXXIX.

Of the Husbandman and the Stork,

THere was a greedy Villager took pain
To Plow deep wrinkles on a Virgin Plain,
Where his strong Steers broke such obdurate
Glebes,

As might have danc'd into the Walls of ^(a) Thebes
Instead of Stones,

Harder than *Pyrrha's* moystned Mothers Bones.

This Swain while he did whet his blunted Share,
Often to *Ceres*, and Superior Gods,

Did make no idle Prayer,

To recompence his Care,

And fruitful render hard and barren Clods.

They heard, and nurs'd his hope with timely Rain,

That now black grounds did shine with golden Grain.

When a fierce troop of Plundering Cranes he spies,
And wicked Geefe, to cut the Crystal Skies,
Call'd in by those domestick Geefe he fed
In his own Barn, with what should make him Bread.

His Gander thus

He heard declare; Welcome dear Friends to us:

Our spightfull Master, if he see us look

But o'r the hedge, with threatning voice will call:

Who can the injury brook?

Come let's deprive the Hook.

(a) *Amphion*, who first liv'd in a small Town call'd *Bastres* afterwards remov'd to *Thebes*, which he was forc'd to Pulwark round for fear of the *Phlegya*, potent enemies near hand. The Poets generally say, that he play'd so sweetly on his Harp, that the very Stones and Trees spontaneously followed it to the building of the Walls of *Thebes*. *Horas* in his Art of Poetry,

*Dillas & Amphion Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, & prece blandâ,
Ducere quæ vult —*

Amphion who built *Thebes* made stones advance,
As they report, and to his Musick dance,
And lead them where he pleas'd with moving strains.

By which they signified, that he by the sweetness of his discourse and carriage had mollified the more fierce and barbarous people, and persuaded them to a politick Society.



This said, th' whole Army on the Field did fall.
Plots met with Counterplots; strong Gins were set,
Which took both Foes, and Traitors in a Net :

Mongst whom he found a *Stork*, who to the *Swain*
Thus pleaded Innocence ; I am no Crane,
Nor impious Goose, nor have I touch'd your Corn,
But the best Bird am I on wings is born ;

'Tis I that feed
My Parents spent with Age, and in their need
Bear like the ^(b) *Trojan Heroe* on my back ;
The Pelican that feasts with her own blood
Her young when Meat they lack,
Compar'd to me, is black ;

Who will not spend their lives to save their Brood ?
Great Love descends ; to Age who gives respect ?
Children, and Friends, Parents grown old neglect.

Then said the *Swain*, Your boasting will not serve ;
You found with these shall find what they deserve,
And with these cursed Malefactors dy,
Though, as you say, you are the best that fly ;

Your wicked Troop
Would all my Harvest hopes have eaten up :
Wert thou the Phœnix, though we lost the Race,
A Cherubin, or Bird of Paradise,

Expect from me no Grace ;
Now thou shalt suffer in this place :
You tell your Virtues, Bird, but not your Vice.

(b) *Æneas*, who at the sacking of the City of *Troy*, sav'd the Gods of his Family, and his Father, bearing them away on his shoulders, mention'd by *Virgil* and *Ovid* ; by the first, *Æneid* the second.

*Ergo age chore pater cervici imponere
posse
Ipse sibi humeris, nec me labor iste
gravabit.
Quæ res cunque cadent, unum & com-
mune periculum,
Una salus ambobus erit, &c.*

Dear Father get upon my shoulders
straight,
Nor burdensome to me shall be your
weight :
Whatever chance, one common danger
we
shall equal share, to both one safety
be.
I shall *Africanus* my companion chuse,
My Wife must follow, but some dis-
tance use.

By the other, *Metamorph. l. 13.*

— *Sacra & sacra altera patrem
Fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cythe-
reus heros
De tantis opibus prædam prius elegit
illam,
Africanumque suum, &c.*

— the Son and joy
Of *Cytherea* with his household-Gods
And aged Sire his pious Shoulders
loads.
Of so great Wealth he only chose
that prize,
And his *Africanus* : from *Antandrus*
flies
By Seas, and thence the wicked *Thra-
cian* thore,
Destin'd with blood of murder'd *Pa-
lydore*.

Antonius Pius, the *Roman Empe-
rour*, had a Signet bearing the Image
of *Æneas*, with his father on his back.

To your own Parents you obedient are,
But not for Kings (our common Fathers) care.

M O R A L.

*What Crimes commit we, or what gross Abuse,
That is not palliated by Excuse?
Who saies he's Guilty? These Bad Company load,
The Devil This, and That laies all on God.*



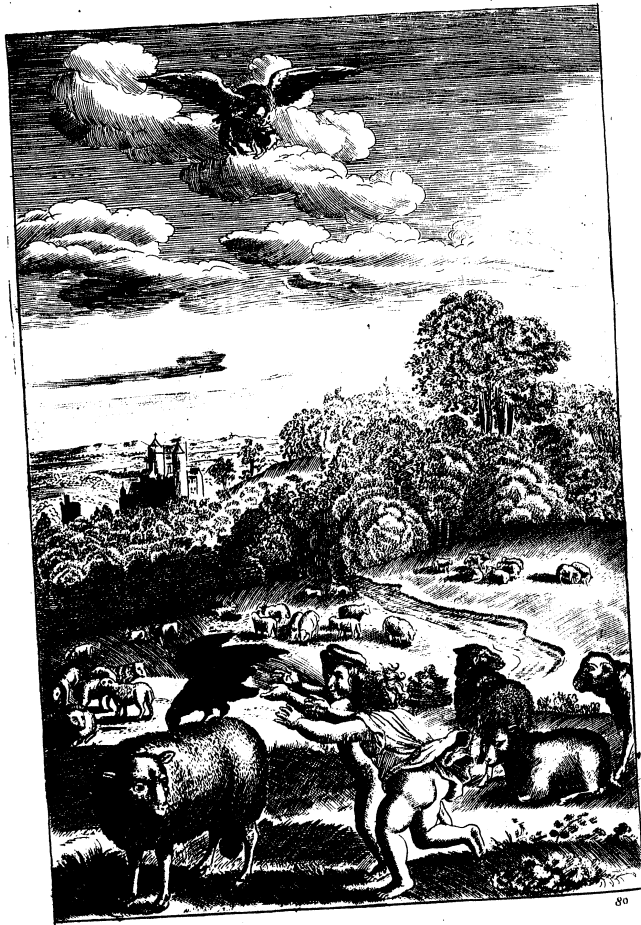
FAB. LXXX.

Of the Eagle and the Crow.

THe Plumed King spreading his feather'd sail,
Down through the clouds like a black Tem-
pest stoops,
Passing through Quarters of Wind, Rain, and Hail,
He seiz'd a Lamb among the bleating Troops ;
While the Dogs bark, and the old Shepherds rail,
That he a King should prey on harmless Beasts,
He flies to cruel Nests,
And bears the Prey to Courts nine Steeple high :
Then wond'rous, Blood and Wool rain from the Sky.

A foolish *Crow*, viewing this gallant Flight
The *Eagle* made down from the Arched Skies,
Swell'd with Opinion, soars a mighty height,
To rob the Flock of such another Prize :
Thence on a Youngling did with Fury light,
And Knee-deep strikes himself in Silver Wool,
That thence he could not pull
His tangled feet, with Art, nor Force, again,
But yields himself thus Prisoner to a Swain.

Who gave him to the Boys, they clip his Wing, (play
And 'mongst the Flocks would with their Captive
Taught him new Notes, another Song to sing,
And when Men ask'd what Bird he was, to say
He thought he was an *Eagle*, and a King :
But to his grief he now too well did know
He is a foolish *Crow*,



Who 'bove his Power great things attempting, fell
A Sport to Boys, as merciless as Hell.

MORAL.

*All imitate, or imitated are :
A shrivell'd Dwarf bath managed in War
A mighty Steed, and boldly charg'd the Foe,
Shooting through Loop-holes in the Saddle-bow.*

F A B. LXXXI.

Of the Dog and the Sheep.

Rough with a trundle Tail, a Prick-ear'd *Cur*,
That had nine warrens of sterv'd fleas in's Fur
On whom was Manginess entail'd, and Itch,
From his Sire *Isgrim*, and a Cat-ey'd Bitch;
With these Endowments Rich,
And some bold Vices now we Vertues call,
He brought to th' Judgment Hall
His Accusation 'gainst a guiltless *Sheep*,
That he the Staff of Life from him did keep,
A Loaf he lent him of the purest Wheat:
At the high Tribunal Seat
At once he charg'd, and at once claims the Debt.

The *Sheep* denies that e'r he had to do
With this strange *Dog*, that no good Shepherd knew,
Since he no Bond could prove, desir'd Release.
Then bawls the *Cur*; Behold my Witnesses,

Let them the Truth confess;
The Vulture, Fox, and Squint-ey'd Kite appear,
Who God nor Conscience fear,
To whom he promis'd equal shares before,
For which (as they instructed were) they swore
They saw when he deliver'd him the Bread,

Refusing bond; and kindly said,
Without such things, Brethren should Brethren aid.

The beasts had salvage Laws; Who could not pay,
Convicted at the Creditor's Mercy lay;

Such



Such was the poor *Sheep's* case, none could exhort
 The *Dog* to save the honour of the Court,
 Since Cruelty was his Sport,
 But at the *Sheep* with open mouth he flew,
 And in th' whole benches view,
 Sucks his warm Blood and eats his panting Heart,
 And to each Witness quarters out their part :
 When one did say ; Thus Innocence, we see,
 Was never yet from Danger free ;
 As th' Evidence, so must the Sentence be.

M O R A L.

*While Oaths and Evidence shall bear the Cause,
 Men of small Conscience little fear the Laws.
 What Trade are you ? A Witness, Sir : Draw near,
 There's Coin, go swear, what I would have you swear.*



D. D. D.

F A B. LXXXII.

Of the Frogs fearing the Sun would Marry.

LOW-Country Provinces, United Bogs,
Once distressed States, now *Hogen Mogen* Frogs;
Royal and Noble Interest gone, Command,
Grown formidable both at Sea and Land:
Who but a Century of years before
Dabbled in Fishing, despicably Poor,
In seamless Vessels, Troughs, cut out of Logs,
Catch'd Whiting-Mops; now *Gogs* and *Gogmagogs*,
In stately Pines new Constellations raise,
Ploughing up Billows two and thirty ways;
Through boiling Brine, and Cakes of crufted Ice,
For Gold and Silver, Ivory, Oyl, and Spice;
What Straights, Gulphs, trending Bays, spare they to
By Water to take in the Universe? (pierce,
Are they with Force not able to invade?
No matter; They'll undo the World by Trade:
Four Frogs, two Tod-poles, and one greasy Toad.
Deep freighted Bottoms bear from Road to Road.

Whom now a consternating Panick Fear
Dejected much: The Sun will wed they hear:
The News from *India*, worse than Plague or War,
Brought and attested by the Blazing Star.
To Pigmy Inches these Gygantic Frogs,
Pale Terror, shrunk: Summon'd from all the Bogs,
Hopping or crawling they in Clusters came
Up to their Prime *Morras*, their greatest *Damm*.

Then

There the new State-house stands, built fair and large
For their own Profit, but the Peoples Charge;
Where they on all Emergencies of State,
Or Private business, in Convention fate:

No *Portico* this Modern Building fac'd,
Within no antient Princes Figures grac'd;
Nor Grandfires with their Nets, such were too Poor
To stand with Besoms there behind the Door,
Who for their own *Good-Old-Cause* Martyrs dy'd
By Hemp, or by more zealous Fagots try'd.
But Gods and Goddeses in Marble Carv'd,
Or finely Painted, which the Heathen serv'd,
In all the *Niches*, each convenient place
In Stone or Tables the fair Structure grace;
But yet for all their Skill, these Belgick Toads
Made *Upsie-Dutch* Heroes and Grecian Gods.
Early this day assembled Old and Young
The *Damm* they cover, and the State-house throng;
Silence commanded, not one whispering Croak,
An old Sag-bellied Toad, rising thus spoke:

Grave *Hogen Mogen*, High and Mighty Frogs!
Whose Care and Prudence fertiliz'd these Bogs,
And so improv'd these your United States,
Princes to Beard, and be with Kings *Cope-Mates*;
Though we from Mushrooms sprung, and Spawn of
Like Palaces are now our fair Aboads; (Toads,
When through brack Waters, and a salt *Morass*,
We in cut Trenches safe at pleasure pass,
From *Damm* to *Damm*, and time with Talk beguil,
Our selves and goods landing 'thout Care or Toyl;

From

From which new Water-works more Rent you raise,
Than from rank Acres, where fat Oxen graze.

But what of these Improvements will become?
The Sun will Wed, and Nuptials keep at Home;
Whom Laws of Gods and Men allow a year
From War or Travel, with his fair Compeer;
His Absence will our Marriages in a trice
To Crystal turn, a never-thawing Ice.
Or should we scape such a continued Frost
As girdles up nine Months the Arctick Coast,
His teeming Spouse may yet produce a Son,
Shall quite out of the beaten *Zodiack* run,
So un-experienc'd drive his Father's Chair,
That soon to fire he'll rarefie the Air,
Water and Earth to Dust and Ashes turn,
And all in one new Conflagration burn.

They tell how *Phaeton* our ample Bogs
To Jelly boyl'd; stew'd Tod-pols, Toads, and Frogs
In one Potage, and *Pluto* gave, who swore
He never tasted Broth so Rich before.
Many such Yonkers may spring from his Loyns,
And share his Houses twelve Celestial Signs;
And they may Wed, have Sons, and Daughters too:
What in this Imminent Danger shall we do!
To what Protector shall we make address?
All know that *Neptune* this concerns no less;
Such drinking Suns may, at one Meeting, quaff,
If he had twenty Plumbless Oceans, off.
Him to implore lay by next Sabbath day,
We're no such Jews nor Christians but we may:
He heard us lately, when a swelling Tide
Embodied, threaten'd o'r our Tow'rs to ride;

F f

And

And soon as mov'd, with his great Trident came,
Beats off green Reg'ments storm'd our yielding *Dam*;
Which had they batter'd but nine Inches higher,
We had not liv'd, ruin to fear by Fire.

This said, Oh wondrous! the Foundations quake,
And the stiff Idols, fixt in Marble, shake;
When *Neptune*, where he did in Triumph ride,
On a rich Shell, his Cheeks fresh Sanguine dy'd,
His Trident waving then with Arms displaid,
Thus to the great Convention, wondring, said;

Batavian Frogs, advanc'd by my sole Power,
Whom *Jove* first planted from a Thunder shower,
Fear not the Sun, nor at his Of-spring shake:
To the last drop I'll drain my ample Lake,
My watery Kingdoms Laver into Suds,
To quench their Torches; to the *Stygian* Floods
I'll *Titan* send, and all his fiery Tits,
To light their Lamps, and to regain their Wits.
Lay idle Fears aside, he'll never Wed,
Nor plant a Female in a flaming Bed.
Suspect no Conflagrations from the East;
But a new Sun now rising in the West;
His Flames beware, make Peace, or Arm with speed;
You more than all the Elements will need:
Call our Supernal, Call th' Infernal List,
Both Gods and Fiends too weak are to resist:
He threatens my large Arms to bind in Chains,
And now at Home a second *Neptune* reigns;
Who three great Nations swaies, and two fair Isles,
His People *Ruler of the Ocean* stiles.

This

This said, their God grows pale, Limbs stiff and cold,
Trembling with Fear, thrunk in their Marble Mold.

MORAL.

*Princes beware to aid a growing State,
Lest they be first that give you the Check-Mate.
Wealth and Success turns Humbleness to Pride:
Beggars on Horse-back to the Devil ride.*

FINIS.

ÆSOPIC'S
OR
A Second COLLECTION
OF
FABLES,
Paraphras'd in Verse:
ADORN'D
WITH
SCULPTURE,
AND
ILLUSTRATED
WITH
ANNOTATIONS.

BY
JOHN OGILBY, Esq;
Master of His MAJESTIES *Revells* in the Kingdom of
IRELAND.

LONDON,
Printed by THOMAS ROYCROFT,
for the Author, M DC LXVIII.



CHARLES R.



CHARLES by the grace of God,
 King of England, Scotland,
 France, and Ireland, Defender of
 the Faith, &c. To all Our loving
 Subjects, of what degree, condition
 or quality soever, within Our King-
 doms and Dominions, Greeting: Whereas it hath been ma-
 nifested unto Us, that Our Trusty and Welbelovèd, John
 Ogilby, Esq; Master of Our Revels in Our Kingdom of
 Ireland, hath at his great Charge, and expence of Time,
 Printed and Published, in fair Volumes, adorn'd with Sculp-
 tures, Virgil translated, Homer's Iliads, Æsop Paraphras'd,
 and Our Entertainment in passing through Our City of
 London, and Coronation, together with Homer's Odyssey,
 and his former Æsop, with Additions and Annotations, in
 Folio. Know ye therefore, That it is Our Royal Pleasure,
 and We do by these Presents, upon the humble Request of
 Him the said Ogilby, freightly Charge, Prohibit, and
 Forbid all Our Subjects, to Reprint the said Books in any
 Volumes, or any of them; or to Copy or Counterfeit any the
 Sculptures or Ingravements therein, within the Term of
 Fifteen years next ensuing the date of these Presents, with-
 out the Consent and Approbation of the said John Ogilby,
 his Heirs, Executors, or Assigns, as they and every of them
 so offending, will answer the contrary at their utmost peril:
 Whereof the Wardens and Company of Stationers of Our
 City of London are to take particular notice, that due Obe-
 dience be given to this Our Royal Command. Given under
 Our Signet and Sign Manual, at Our Court at White-hall,
 the 25th day of May, in the 17th Year of Our Reign, 1665.

By His Majesties Command,
 ARLINGTON.



Fab. 1.



ÆSOP'S FABLES.

The Second PART.

FAB. I.

Of Juno and the Peacock.



HUS on his Patronness her
Bird did call,
Oh thou that Emperess art of
Heavens *White-hall*,
Whom all the Gods in their Star-
Chamber sate

Court and consult like *Jove*, or sullen Fate;
Whom I so oft in dangers hurri'd by
(^a) *Orion* the grand (^b) *Hector* of the Sky,
The mighty Dragon, great and lesser Bears,
And all the Monsters in their several spears,
Hear my request, lest wanting your relief,
I suffocate with overcharging grief.

B

Then

(^a) *Orion* was son to *Jupiter*,
Neptune, and *Mercury*, slain by a
Scorpion, for his insolence towards
Diana, then assum'd into the number
of Constellations, whereof one bears
his name. The rising of *Orion*, which
as well as *Arcturus*, and the *Pliadæ*,
prefig'd Storms, *Plin.* 18. 28.
(^b) *Hector* of the Sky, for when
he riseth the debauchery of the Hea-
vens and tempestuous weather be-
gins. As
Virgil. Æneid. lib. 1.
Cum subito assurgunt flumina nimbosus
Orion
In vada cæca tulit, penitusque precaci-
buz Auspex
Perque undas superante salo, perque
invia saxa
Dispallit, huc pauci vestris adnati-
mus oris.
When blustering *Orion* guilt the Skies,
Tumultuous Storms us suddenly fur-
prise,
And upon dangerous shelves prevail-
ing bore,
Only a few were driven on yon
shore.

Then *Juno* said, You my old Servant are,
And long your business well perform'd with care;
What e'er you ask, assure your self of me,
If feasible, if in my power it be,
If yet not granted by my Husband *Jove*,
Nor any other Deity above :
I owe you for your service in that night,
When all Heavens houses set not out one light,
The Sky in black to the *Horizon* hung,
When in a jealous fit Mad forth I flung,
Had'st not thou heard his waves my Brother rate,
Realms in commotion forming to a State,
We in the Hurly burly had been dipt,
And or'e our Stern rebellious Surges shipt ;
When with a *Cancleere* thou drew'st to land,
Where his fine Mistress felt my heavy hand :
No more durst she me in my bed supplant,
Nor *Jove*, though arm'd with thunder, her Gallant.

Her in good humour finding, the glad Bird,
Thus his Petition to Heavens Queen preferr'd :
Now many years have circling periods fill'd,
Since that the summon'd Gods a Council held,
When *Jove* and you were crown'd in Starrie Robes,
Or'e the celestial and terrestrial Globes,
Old *Saturn* slain, ^(a) cov'nanting ^(b) Gyants slain,
Government chang'd, began your Silver Reign :
Then, Madam, I commanded forth by You,
Through milky pathes your golden ^(c) Chariot drew,
New Conquests visiting from Sphere to Sphere,
In this your Livery, which now I wear,
Lac'd with all colours deck both Earth and Skies,
Imbroider'd with a hundred *Argus* Eyes ;
Yet I would prouder be of courtest Rags,
Than be the scorn of Linnets, Stares, and Mags ;

My

(a) *Georg. lib. 1.*

— Conjurati caelum rescindere fratres
Ter fons conati impuere Pelio Ossum
Solvitur atque Ossæ fronsdem involu-
re Olympum
Ter pater extruulus diisq; fulmine
monitis

The Covenanted Brethren thrice af-
fai'd
To pull down Heaven, *Ossa* on *Pelion*
laid,
On *Ossa* green *Olympus* would have
shown :

Thrice *Jove* with thunder threw
those Mountains down.

(b) *Claudian. l. 3. De rapta Pro-
serpina.*

— Phlegæis silva superbis
Exuvii, totumq; nomen victoria vestit.
Hic patuli rictus, hic prodigiosa Gi-
gantum

Tergora depulsi, & adhuc crudelis
minantur
Afflicta facies truncis, immaniaq; ossa
Serpentum passim tumulis exangui-
bus alunt,
Et rigida multo suffragant fulmine
pelles,
Nullaque non magis jactat se nominis
arbor, &c.

— The Woods in Spoils *Phle-*

gæon pride,

The whole Grove Victory cloath'd,

Here, Gaping wide

Of horrid Jaws ; there, Backs of hi-

dious size

Hung, and stalk'd faces threatening still

the Skyes :

Huge Serpents Skeletons in bloodless

piles,

There, bleaching white lay in volumi-

nous Coils,

Whose Scaly Sloughs smell with Sul-

phureous flame ;

No Tree but boasts some mighty Gi-

ant's Name.

This, loaden, under stern *Egeon*

yields,

Who us'd an hundred Swords, as many

Shields ;

That brags bold *Cornu* bloody Spoils :

this, bears

The Arms of *Asinus* ; that, *Ophion*'s

wears,

But higher than the rest, with spread-

ing shade,

A Fir *Enicladus* Crest and Corset

lade,

The Giants King, which with its

weight had broke,

If not supported by a neighbor'g

Oak.

Hence a Religious Aw preserves the

Woods,

And none dare wrong the Trophies

of the Gods.

(c) *Juno* is said to have her Chariot

drawn by Peacocks. *Ovid. Met. lib. 2.*

— *Habili Saturnus curru*

Ingratitator liquidum pavonibus aethra

pili.

Hence the *Samii* have the portrai-

ture of this Bird stamp upon their

Coins, because *Juno*, to whom this

Bird is dedicated, was by them ado-

red.

My ill set Musick Wrens and Robins mock,
Nay Buzzards make my Notes their laughing stock.
Oh grant me *Philomel*'s enchanting Voice,
That I may You, and Gods, and Men rejoice.
Then angry *Juno*, This no farther move,
Peculiar Gifts long since were past by *Jove*,
Perquisites, Fees, and their Immoluments,
And ratified with all the Gods consents :
To beg what is another's Patent wave ;
They to the Eagle strength, thee ^(a) beauty gave,
The ^(b) Raven fate, the ^(c) Crow ill luck to tell
Chief ^(d) *Chorister* conferr'd on *Philomel* :
Take heed, lest I transform you to a Coot,
And sute your Livery to your Note and Foot.

MORAL.

Some, all Injoyments slight, what they have not,
Though mean the Augmentation, must be got ;
So those, that in felicity may dwell,
Inquest of trifles make their Heaven a Hell.

FAB.

(a) *Æliou* saith, that this Bird was
transported from the Barbarians to
the Grecians, at the beginning to rare,
that amongst the *Athensians* it was not
to be seen without money.

And further he relates, that *Alex-*
ander the Great having seen this
Bird among the *Indians*, was so
much taken up in the admiration of
it, that he laid a heavy punishment
upon all those that should dare to
kill it. Whence *Martius*.

Astivæ quæties geminatis explicat
alas,

Et patet hunc se vorare, dare,
Ceco?

When thou admiring on his wings
dost look

Him would'st thou kill, and send unto
the Cook ?

(b) *Pitru* reports the Ravens
to portend future enmity between
two friends : wherefore he saith that
two of them persecuting an Eagle,
which sat upon the Palace of *Augu-*
stus, were by her cast to the ground,
even at that time when he transfer-
red the bands of the *Triumviri* into
Bononia, they prefiged and foretold
the civil wars and fatal batel at *Phi-*
lippi.

(c) *Virgil Eclog. 1.*

Sæpe sinistra cavâ prædixit ab Ilce
cornix.

Ah ! had we not been blind, the un-

lucky Crow

Of from th' old Elme this mischief

did forebrow.

(d) *Isidorus* saith, that she is called
Luscinia, as if *Lucinia*, because by
her singing, she doth denote day
breaking.

FAB. II.

Of the Oxe and Dog in the Manger.

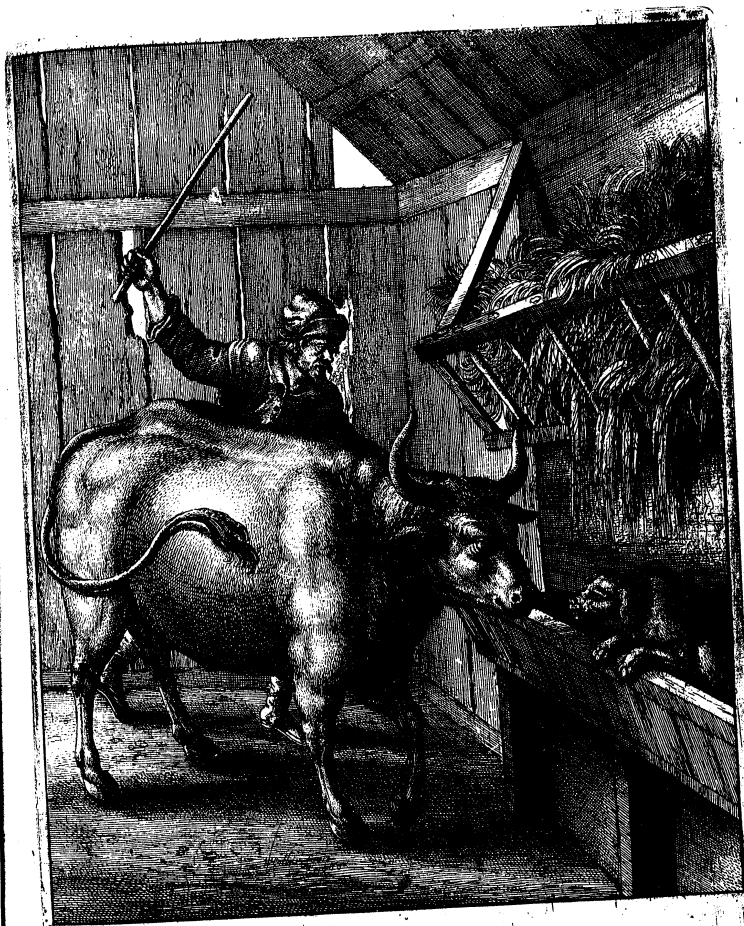
(a) *Picinus* reports, that amongst the Greek Authors the Oxe is called *Taurus*, because he is ordained and appointed to labour about the earth. The Mathematicians observe, that those Children which are born, when the Sun enters into *Taurus*, are condemned to perpetual servitude; for which cause the *Tyrians*, having entered upon the building of *Carthage*, broke off their work upon the finding of an Oxe's head, which strange sight portended nothing but anxious labour; until such time as they found a Horse's head, which being not long after, they renewed their former resolution.

(b) One of which kind of monstrous after-Births there is an Anatomy to be seen at *Amsterdam*.

TO day this Oxe gave more than ample proof
Of patient (a) labour by his gravel'd Hoof,
His back and sides pinck'd o're with nettling Goads,
Turning hard Gleab in ridges wide as Roads,
Who late, and tyr'd, unyok'd went to his Stall,
Not doubting there he should to supper fall,
Seeing full Mangers, and his well known place,
When up a Fury started in his face,
Jaws dropping foam, his fierce eyes darting flame,
A cursed Curr, *Cromwell* his loathed name;
Dutch *Cromwell* a vild (b) *Sooterkin* his Sire,
The Off-spring of a Stove and smothering Fire;
Whom, e're the Nurse or Midwife could atatch
To stifle, pregnant made his Mothers Brach;
She in her pangs had all the *Ufoes* help,
When her whole Litter prov'd this single *Whelp*,
Who snarling kept the Oxe thus at a bay,
Not suffering him to touch one lock of Hay.

Then said the troubled Oxe, Pray Sir forbear,
I know you stand for no Protector here;
Why then thus drive you me from Cates prepar'd?
Who royl, from Viſuals should not be debar'd.
Soon as the Dawn vermil'd her paler Brow,
I and my Yoaks-mate Harnes'd were at plough,
Where Clods and Stones we up in Furrows tore,
Fallow had layn at least nine years before;
My Brother quite wrought out, harraſ'd and tyr'd,
Fainting, dropt down, and suddenly expir'd:

They



They swore he fain'd, I sigh'd to see him fall,
Yet rest expected at his Funeral:

But then our cruel Goader put me to
A double task, the work that both should do.

I know you at your Masters elbow wait,
And seldom shift, I'm sure, an empty Plate;
Know, in the Hall, Kitchen, and Larder, you,
Besides your Vails, take more than what's your due;
How in the Beggars Dole you go a snip,
And I have seen you miching after Sheep.
Why drive you me then from my well known Crib,
And from what you disdain to touch, thus snib?

Who growling thus reply'd, *Errr, errr*, I hate
Wretches maintain themselves by toyl and sweat;
My Mother told me once, to her reproach,
A Whelp she drew a little ^(a) *Todpolls* Coach;
No Idlers suffer'd in United Bogs,

There they turn Spits, draw water, plough with Dogs;
Those who are born to beat their Brains and toil,
Their fortunes despicable are and vile.

Whilst the poor Oxe stood chewing a reply,
Their Master, well observing them, drew nigh,
And with a Cudgel spiteful *Cromwell* bang'd,
And after, for like misdemeanors, hang'd.

(a) Alluding to the Paraphrase of
Fable of the Frogs inform'd that the
Sun would marry, beginning thus;

Low Country Provinces, United
Bogs,
Once distress'd States, now *Spogen*
Spogen Frogs, &c.

MORAL.

*Who others drive from that themselves not use,
Those Dogs in dublets worse than Turks or Jews,
Such cross-grain'd Currs, may they in want implore,
Finding no pity, Bread from Dore to Dore.*

C

F A B.

FAB. III.

Of the Leopard, the Fox, and the Ass.

SOON as the Sun, dayes glorious Lamp, arose,
 Nights glittering Guards retir'd to their repose,
 The new made Master of the Royal Game,
 Lord Leopard, to a Chrystal Fountain came,
 Where he the Fox and Ass at watering met,
 Not of his new Employment hearing yet;
 To whom he said, Congees forbear and Caps,
 I hate all Compliments and formal Fops;
 You are my Tenants, at this living Spring
 Let's *tope* a while, a Health, here's to the King,
 Who last night graciously my Warrant sign'd,
 You know my place, but I'll to you be kind,
 Your former Walks shall all confirmed be,
 Onely my Secretary pay his Fee:
 And since the morning smiles, no sign of change,
 Let's take the Air, and through the Forrest range,
 And if by chance on a fat Buck we fall,
 We'll share alike, and be hail fellows all.
 They take his word, at the first motion joyn'd,
 As if Indentures tripartite were sign'd;
 And singling out a well fed Dear they slew,
 Expecting, as agreed upon, their due.

Then spake the Leopard in a rougher stile;
 You ^(a) Ass come hither and divide the spoil:
^(b) Reynard's a cunning snap, you may be Just,
 But ah! in this bad world whom shall we trust?
 When Beasts call'd Saints, that only have a form
 Of Godliness, rage with a greedy Worm.

The Ass commission'd thus, as soon as said,
 The *Quarrie* out in three divisions laid,

(a) Ovid brings in *Atides*, for his preferring *Pan's* rustic Song before the divine Hymne of *Apollon*, thus by the Gods to be punished, that those Humane ears which erred in Judgment might be transformed into an Ass's.

(b) *Horat. De Arte Poetica.*
Nunquam te fallent animi sub Vulpis
latentes.
 Let none Thee like a cunning Fox deceive.

Lucretius saith, that this Creature is naturally crafty and subtle.

Varro saith, that such is the subtlety of this creature, that from thence the word *Vulpinari* was made, which the Greeks call *λυσμαίνω*.



FAB. 3.

His Honour then beseeching first to chuse ;
 A while he pondring stood, as in a Muse ;
 Voleys of Oaths at last a passage found,
 That made Earth tremble, and the Groves resound :
 Thus closing all ; Now by the Lyons Head,
 Thou wert in some Malignant City bred,
 Thus learn'st thou there to weigh out, slice, and mince,
 Thus measur'd they Rebellion 'gainst their Prince,
 Dividing in the late unnatural stirs
 The Lyons Ermine, and his Nobles Furs ;
 Skippers on Stalls, took in their cruel Toils,
 Hung Panthers Vests, and Leopards ^(c) gaudy Spoils :
 Thus raving, at the Innocent he flies,
 Soon guiltless blood the salvage Monster dyes.

Then turning to the Fox, bids him divide ;
 At his Friends fortune strangely terrifi'd :
 Soon as the Shares he up in one could get,
 Himself and them casts humbly at his feet ;
 Who smiling said, The Court you understand,
 And Great ones Power well as Law Cafes scand :
 How could you hit, at what he shot so wide ?
 I took my aim from him, the Fox repli'd ;
 Here lyes the President shall bear your Cause,
 And fetch you off with honour and applause
 In any Court, prove this a mild rebuke,
 And how the sawcie Beast himself mistook.

Then said the Leopard, You to purpose speak,
 Lay the whole burthen on the Asses back,
 Then shall the Countrey, and the City too,
 Bring thee more work than all the Inns can do,
 For such a Lawyer, active, wise and stout,
 That labours well, can bring what's what about,
 Blanch Crows, turn Cat in Pan a thousand wayes,
 Who will not such to Wealth and Honour raise ?

But

(c) *Oppian.*

*Verficolor pellis nitido micat aurea
 fusca
 Intersusa nigris maculis candore ni-
 tentes.*
 The various Colour'd Leopards Skin
 behold,
 Whole black Gown shines with Silver
 studs and Gold.



But he who e're to this fat Buck pretends,
Had better, *Dam Me*, eat his Trotters ends.

MORAL.

*'Tis dangerous to deal with Heft'ring Lords,
That seldom pay but such as carry Swords,
Bonds, Bills, not signifie when sure's the Debt,
If due at l' Hombre, or a Game at Beat.*



F A B. IV.

Of the Fox and the Porcupine.

SIr Reynard's Pregnant Madam now grown big,
 Long'd to Eat Swine's flesh, Bacon, Pork, or Pig;
 T' inspect the Haslet and the bleeding Heart,
 Elle with her quickning *Embrio* she must part:
 Thus hastned forth, to store with fresh supplies
 His Fainting Wife, a *Porcupine* he spies;
 Then joyful, said; What need I farther prog?
 Yon Urchin, that small parcel of a Hog,
 Will ease her Fit: But how shall I take in
 This Armorers Hall, this thwack'd up Magazene?
 To storm a Fort so fortifi'd, decline;
 When *Reynard* thus began to undermine.

Oft have I seen you, Sir, and wondred long,
 How like an Army forty thousand strong
 You brandisht Pikes, Shafts ready drawn to shoot;
 Would dim the Sun, and rout both Horse and Foot;
 Such moving Towers that so could Javlines spend
 The *Lion's* Army might entrench'd defend.

Had th' *Okeland* Fleet, in every Vessel two
 Such Engines quivers could unload like you,
 Useless were bouncing Broad-sides, without noyse
 Decks would be cleer'd of big bon'd *Belgick* Boys:

But why where Quiet reigns, in such a Heat
 Walk you the sultry Streets in Arms compleat?
 Sweat with a Load would break a Camels back:
 When your grand *Cutters*, and your greatest *Heck*
 On each *Punctilio* fight as they would Play,
 And lightly Arm'd with Whittles, Kill and Slay.
 Devided parties after a thrown Glas,
 About, a Straw, a Feather, or a Lais,

D

Fiercely



Fable IV.

(*) Alluding to Great Britain, in the Map form'd like an *Oaken leaf*, as *Ireland* a *Bears Foot*, and *Italy* resembling a *Man's Leg*. *Siraba.*

Fiercely engage, and warm with *Gallick* bouls,
 Tap with steel Spigots one anothers Souls ;
 Oft, as by Night, Glas Windows go to wrack,
 When they the Watch and Constable attack,
 Though fractures happen, and brains beaten out,
 Th' are not so often Routed as they Rout.

But the *French Ape* the Urchin *Turk* ore-threw,
 Each loaden with a Magazeene like you ;
 Your *Jeffries* mounted with short Swords and Daggs,
 Cleer'd the Champaigne of silver crested Flags :
 Wear, Sir, a Vest, like persons of your Note,
 A Golden Bauldrick over-thwart your Coate,
 Which from Affronts you better shall secure :
 This Load once laid aside you'll ne'r endure.

When thus the surly *Porcupine* Replies ;
 I smell a *Fox* ! stand farther I advise !
 No nearer draw ! You like a Bailiff look,
 And I stand charg'd upon the Taylor's Book :

I that have made of Alleys and By-ways,
 Maps of this City, and no mean Essaies
 Of places Privileg'd, each Nook and Lane
 A War Defensive better to maintain,
 Hardly will now into Arrest be gull'd,
 By Dogs in Doublets to the Counter pull'd ;
 A red Beard Sergeant, Pewter-button'd too !
 More Cruel are than Devil, Turk, or Jew.

MORAL.

*Those subtlest are, best know how to Trepan
 Into belief, the Apprehensive Man :
 Yet oft their Labours but small Andits make,
 Dash'd by some Surly Fool, or gross Mistake.*

F A B. V.

Of the Swan and Stork.

THat Formal Fowl, the grand *Canary-Bird*,
 Who first in our so late Rebellion stir'd ;
 Prime Leader of the Hypocritical Crew,
 Who Swearing hate, as much as telling True ;
 Th' Antimonarchical Republick ^(a) *Stork*,
 Steps forth be-moded, now your only Spark :
 His Steeple-Hat reduc'd, and treacherous Ruff,
 To a Low crown, short Sword, Vest, Coat, and Muff ;
 Struck into fresh Employment, new his place
 Chang'd, with his Habit, Character and Face :
 Who after Scepter-rifling, Wealthie grown,
 His Nest well Feather'd, Pluming of the Crown :
 The long-bill'd Bird his old Note changing sings,
I am the King's Canary-Bird ! the Kings !
 Who stalking through the Strand, thus to a ^(b) *Swan*
 Meeting by chance, facetiously began :

Oh my kind Foe, my old Antagonist,
 We shall no more enter the Wrangling List,
 And there in hot Disputes, and testie jars,
 Fight Tooth and Nail, the *Stork's* and *Eagle's* Wars ;
 In those Counter-suffles plai'd the Wag,
 Dang'rous to whisper then, what now I brag :
 I sent the King good store of Plate and Coyn,
 From Friends Collected, and no small part Myne ;
 And now intrust am with my Gracious Prince :

But what Preferment, Friend, may Yours be since :
 Your Loyal Pen not only merits Praise,
 But some Preferment, well as Wind and Baies.

Who thus reply'd ; I'm glad you look so brisk,
 No danger Running now, the Royal Risk,

D 2

Your

^(a) *Storks* are observ'd to breed
 only in Republicks, as *Venice*, *Switzer-*
land, *Genova*, *Helvetia*, and the *Low-*
Countries.

^(b) *Swans* are Birds Royal, and
 so the King's Game.



Tab. 5

Your Garb and Weeds are alter'd much ! how big
Your *Storkship* looks ! Owl'd in a Periwig !
But wearing Time makes alterations strange,
And to Extreame Fashions and Humors change ;

What Crimes were Love-locks and long hair of late,
When who e'r came before a Magistrate,
Proud of exuperant Curls, his Cause, what e'r
Till those he had reform'd, they would not hear.
That frenzie o'r these Persecutors were
Themselves not only for a Cap of Hair,
But ranker Harvests reapt from Damfels Heads,
Curl'd Tresses flowing to their Girdle-steads :
And some believe e'r long, who look not big,
Before the peruck'd Bench, Wig facing Wig,
Shall run th' old Ruffians Risk, his Knights o'th' Post,
And good Cause larded well with Bribes, be lost.

But as for me, and *Swan's* Affairs, the *Thames*
Few *Signets* breeds, low run his famous streams ;
Banks, once resounding notes more sweet and higher
Than *Rome* ere boasted, or the *Grecian* Quire
Ring with Rime dogrel, Travesties, so loose

They would not serve a Ballad gagling (c) *Goose* ;
No heats of Love, no points of Honour rage,

But soft Alternate whynings cool the Stage,
Debosh'd Nocturnals belch'd by toping Owls,
Decoy in flocks both Court and City Fowls,

Where He'd ring Castrills 'mongst young Merlins sit,
Admiring Non-sense, little, or no wit.

And you, Sir *Stork*, that hated once a Play,
As Fiends, and Birds of Night to see the day,
Grin at chang'd Scenes, and edifying *Jocks*,
'Mongst Knighted *Dams*, and Parlamental flocks.

Then said the *Stork*, Birds of my Coat and feather,
Like Steeple-Cocks, turn round with wind and weather,
And

(c) Alluding to a foolish Poet named *Anser*, an Emulator of *Virgil*, whom *Servius* takes notice of, in *Eclg.* 7. and again in *Eclg.* 9. thus he writes,

— *Argutus Anser strepit inter alios.*

— The *Goose* 'mongst warbling *Swans* appears,

and affirms, that he writ the Acts of *Ankmy*, and therefore the more malign'd by our Author.

And I that late at Directories late
Hearing demurely tedious Pulpit-prate ;
Am pleas'd with wit, and Sanctific as well,
When pretty Ducklings Dance like *Mis* or *Nell*.
I care not so my self not tumble down,
Who gets the best, the Copper or the Crown :
All Winds serve us, we Tack to every Port,
Committee-Birds, *Canary* now at Court.
Kings Chambers open lye, the *Eagle* Knights
Daws, *Rooks*, and *Owls*, 'mongst gentle *Falcons*, *Kites*.

MORAL.

Princes should cast a serene Look on all,
But if Preferments on the wrong side fall,
Those who present them, lesser they should trust ;
Kings ne'r, but Favourites may be unjust.

E

FAB.

FAB. VI.

Of the Cramb'd Capons and the Lean one.

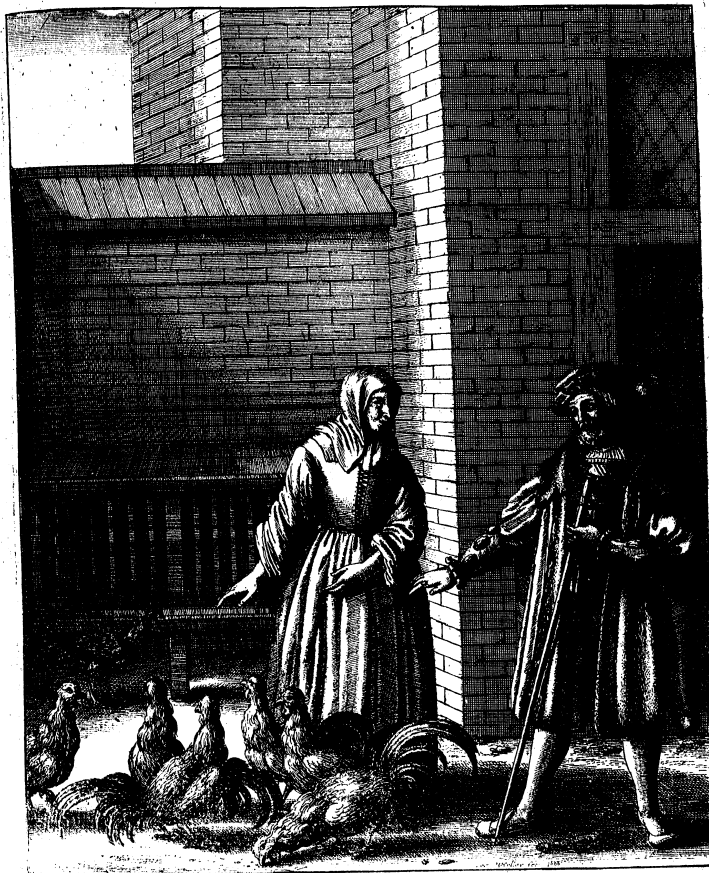
Cock-chickens *Mans* his brood, birds of the game,
 By Decastration freed from *Veus* flame,
 And Duel Heats; no more these little *Hecks*
 Spurs yet but burgeond use, or tender Beaks,
 Disputing senseless jars on slender scores,
 For Crums, a barly Corn, or vain Amours:
 But pen'd up live an Abby Lubbers life,
 Where to be Fatteft was their only strife:
 With Rice and Reafons cramb'd in several Pastes,
 Large Capons strut with *Hogen Mogen* Waftes!
 Whose Leg *Pierce Plowman* would a Meal afford,
 Like (*) *Brussels* breed, or a *Geneva* Bird!

(*) *Brussels*, and *Geneva*, Famous
 for large Poultry.

Yet one of these, *Jean de Capoon*, who made
 Them all the sport, grew pensative and sad;
 Feasts feed not him, he dwindling pines away,
 Fearing that Scores would be, and Sawce to pay;
 Th's took all Relish from his Cates and Jokes,
 When *Jack a Lent* mop't like a *John an Oke*:
 The Corpulent Fraternitie thus charg'd.

What ailst thou? that with us still over gorg'd,
 Liv'st at full Pleasure in a plenteous coupe,
 Yet like the Picture dost of Famine droop;
 Since cur'd of Love, which keeps poor Mortals low,
 Why lookst thou like a *Rook*, or *Carrion Crow*?
 Thy Mirth that fed us more than all our Feasts,
 So in abusive and such favorie jests
 No clintch drie bobs nor borrow'd, good-wits jump,
 Lyes silenc'd in a Melancholy dump.

Who



Fab. 6.

Who now grown serious, gravely thus repli'd;
 The Steward Audits will for us provide:
 He must be backwards read, if understood,
 His Treatments signifie your Flefh and Blood;
 He on our Bodies and Estates will fall,
 And bring us under *Præmunire* all:
 Oft in he peeps, and counts us with his Staff,
 You may, but I small reason see to laugh:
 In his fowre Looks I read some dire Design,
 Which makes poor *John* to languish thus, and pine.

Just as he spake, the *Major Domo* comes,
 At one breath thus pronouncing all their Dooms.

Grannie, these *Capons* must one *Charger* fill,
 That Rascal spare, but all the fat ones kill.

My Lord to morrow a grand *Monsieur* treats,
 That dish'd, like *Larks*, on *Chapoones Boulie* cats:
 But we must have an *Oleo* and a *Bisk*;
 For Fin-fan *Madam*, and fastidious *Brisk*,
 Potages, grounds for Sawce, will cost my Lord
 What a whole Month would keep a Country-board;
 Chick-peepers must be had, all sorts of Squabs,
 For our Dames Gallants, and his Lady Drabs;
 They for sweet change upon each other wink:
 Whilest Rents comes slowly in, thus flies the Chink.

This said, he *exits*, huffing with a Curse,
 Whilest to make ready, hobbles *Granny Nurse*.

Poor *Capon John*, though for his brethren sad,
 This short Survey of both their Fortunes made.

MORAL.

*A Short Life and a Merry, many cry,
 Yet curse rich Wine and Surfeits e'r they dy.
 Others long Poverty spin out till Age,
 Their Lives wobble business scarce worth one Potage.*

F A B. VII.

Of the Fox and Bush.

S Wains forth, and Masters, Lords and Tenants
Fox-hal beleagur'd e'r the purpling dawn; (drawn,
 Resolv'd for Injuries both to Man and Beast,
 Themelves with Sport and sweet Revenge to Feast,
Reynard Alarm'd, feeling shady Roofs
 Shaken with clamors, Dogs, and thundring Hoofs;
 With mazing Terror struck, Life at the stake,
 No use could of his Quirks and Quidits make;
 He that his Country Neighbours, kept in Awe,
 With *Fox-fur* only, and the name of Law:
 In Court too, so much Power and Interest gain'd,
 That some said *Reynard*, not the *Lion* Raign'd;
 Who hanging on the King by either ear,
 Made *Isgrim* wait, *Bruine* his Dancing Bear,
 Attending when his Leisure would vouchsafe
 They, or their Clients might Admittance have,
 Who now from beat up quarters takes his flight,

(a) The *Fox* is observ'd to be the subtlest Beast in preying, and most discompos'd and silly when in danger of his life, then trulling only to his Heels.

And a Course shews them twenty Miles out-right. (a)

To him much tir'd, his Spirits almost spent,
 A sheltering *Bush* her self seems to present;
Tborn-Castle, in for Safety he retires,
 Forcing his passage through a stand of Briers,
 With some small buffle, and a little scratch,
 Mastering a furly and assiduous Watch;
 Who when Pursuers he no more could hear,
 His Wits recovering stupifi'd with Fear;
 Thus threatned he the Captain of the Fort:

Of your Behaviour I'll inform the Court.
 How dare you keep a Privy-Couns'ler out?
 When open lyes to Robbers your Redoubt,

Town



Fab. 7

Town *Bulls* and *Goats* by you unquestion'd, Sin,
 And make this Brothel-house their constant Inn;
 To those shun Justice, or the Kings Impress,
 You grant Protection in this dark Recess:
 But Loyal Subjects, when pursu'd by Foes,
 Thus to their cruel Mercie you expose.

To whom the Captain of the Castle spake;
 You are Sir *Reynard*, if I not mistake,
 Such Counselors the *Lion* may have store:
 To take the Scepter, You advis'd the *Boare*,
 His Brawnie Shields, with Ermine to infold,
 And Swinish Temples Crown with sacred Gold;
 That Writs and Pleas might run as erst they were,
 No matter who contaminates the Chair!
 What *Dog*? what cursed Cur or Hel-hound Raign'd?
 So Lawyers Props and timber-work remain'd:

I scorn your Threats, and though my Spear fell short,
 I wish thee all these Javelins in thy Heart.

MORAL.

The Proud, and Rich, Death knocking at their Gates,
 Oft for a Horse will offer their Estates:
 The Fear once o'r, they to themselves return,
 Resuming soon their former Pride and Scorn.

FAB. VIII.

Of the Fox and the Crow.

THIS *Crow* a dainty piece of Cheefe had nim'd,
 Most Authors say, all of Newmilk unskim'd;
 But of what kind or sort scarce one agrees,
 Whether our Home-made, or else Forein Cheefe;
 Yet both sides hearken to, a Reverend *Bard*,
 Who *Cambrian* styles the Theft, so rank and hard,
 Since it not melted in her warry Mouth,
 'Mongst humid Vapours and the Wind at South,
 And Smell, which through the ambient Air convey'd
 To *Reynard's* nostrils, so quick passage made;
 Whose Nose at random mounted, thence he hies,
 And running, plots how to obtain the Prize:
 Nor long he for the *Crow* nor Morsel search'd,
 But found her on a branching *Alder* peach'd.

To whom he said; O thou most Heavenly Fair,
 Whose Plumes like Peacocks trains, or Rainbows are!
 Th' imbroider'd Lights and Shadows of thy Wings
 Richer than Coronation Suits of Kings:
 I thought you Black, when in a Mourning-Gown
 And Vizard-mask you lately came to Town:
 But now that shade, and envious Curtain drawn,
 So *Venus* glitters ushering in the Dawn.

Ah could you sing! To these add Heavenly Notes,
 I should procure you both the Houses Votes
 To be the King's *White Crow*; He keeps fine Birds,
 That please him with new Songs, and well-set VVords,
 VVhen he from burthening care himself unloads,
Musick and Beauty conquer Men and Gods.

But, *Madam*, if at no such heights you aim
 Not first to soar, yet covetous of Fame,

You



You, I'll my self, and all my Friends engage,
To make the Prop and Glory of the Stage,
Where in the Comick and the Tragick Scene
You Women shall undoe, as well as Men;
Those daies you A&, what Worlds will there resort?
Both from the Country, City, and the Court.

The fond Bird at the Court and Stages Name;
Straight dreamt her self a Beauty of the Game;
The Glory of the Scene, the King's White Bird:
Why may not she be Married to a Lord?

Thus wandring in her own Fools Paradise,
Offering to Sing, down drops the favourie Slice;
Which *Reynard* seiz'd, streight swallowing as his own;
Then said, Foul Witch, in that *French* russet Gown,
Thought'st thou thy self the *Phoenix*? ugly Toad!
More like Old *Nick's* Neece in that mouldy Hood.

This said; he fleering, leaves her full of wot,
Remembring then her self a Carion Crow.

MORAL.

Flatterie wide doors to Climbing Spirits open,
Beneath their Scorn, then seem all former Hopes;
Dreaming to great Preferments they aspire,
Awak'd with Dun, th' are stabled in the Mire.

F A B.

FAB. IX.

Of the Crab and her Mother.

HAd ever *Hielling Crabat* such a *Miene*?
 Stil hobbling side-ward, thy foul claws turn'd in!
 Bafe Maggots in a Magnifying Glafs
 'Mongst Chedar Common-wealths more comly pace,
 Conducting busie *Mites* from Grange to Grange,
 Forts raising or to build their new Exchange.

How wouldst thou of Step-stately Ladies learn,
 To raise a Dust, trailing thy Silken stern;
 Couldst thou but get into the City Vain,
 To trip up *Maiden*, or down *Mincing-Lane*;
 I might be pleas'd with such a decent Sight,
 Though Modesty be out of fashion quite.

Thus Beldam *Crab*, her *Crablin* Daughter chid,
 Because she hirpl'd as her Mother did.

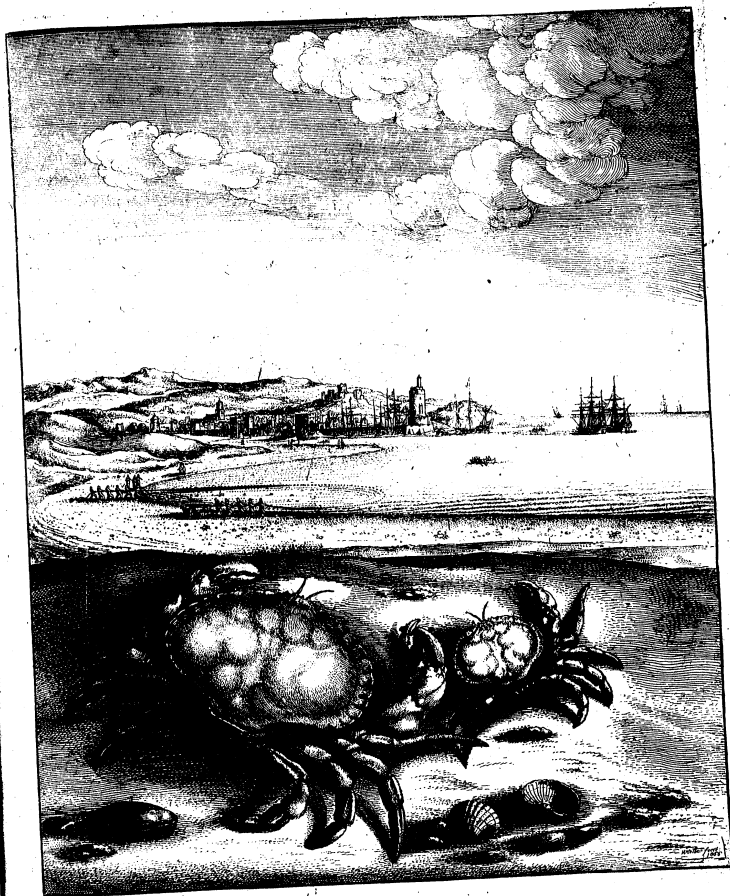
When thus her ill-pac'd Little one reply'd;
 Still you lie Baiting, alwayes Braul and Chide;
 Examples are best Precepts, Talk's but talk,
 Leave finding fault, and shew me how to Walk.

The Mother then; Daughter y' are very short,
 Though Blows more fit than Words are, to retort;
 I'll take advice; Come! bridle close your Chin,
 Thrust out your Breast, and keep your Belly in.

When I was Young, and little as thou art,
 I led a *Bevie* fir'd by *Cupid's Dart*,
 From Mountain Seats to pay accustom'd Scores

In *Thetis* VVatery Court to brisk Amours;
 VVith steady and Majestick pace we walk'd,
 Nor (a) Precipices, Rocks, nor Rivers baulk'd,

(a) The *Crabs* are observ'd at Spawning-time, in the *western-Istet*, to come down from the Mountains to the Sea in a direct Line, not baulking Houses, Rocks, or whatever obstructs their passage.



Ne'r deviating step, till in the Main,
Brisk Males attending us did entertain.

Come, follow me, I once did learn to Dance;
Walk'd stately measures that ne'r came from *France*;
The *Fairy* Court admir'd me, and *Queen Mab*
Grew Jealous, though grown now a wither'd *Crab*;
So! to the Right, nor to the Left hand swerve,
But me your Mother, punctually observe.

Th' old Beldam thus, Hipshorten and Bunch back,
Den'd by Nature, Amble, Trot, or Rack,
Her Daughter taught, to whom at last she said;
You tread awry, and I move Retrograde:
My steps like yours, as Coyn drops from the Mint,
With like Impressions yielding sand imprint:
But if my Observations be true,

Court Madams waddle now like me or you;
Who should Exemplars be, give others Rules,
Waving Formalities of Boarding-Schools,
Taking proud freedoms scorn restraining Law,
Like Ships in Storms at Anchor rowl and Yaw,
No more 'gainst me and my Behaviour preach,
First learn your self, and then your Daughter teach;

*Who best are stor'd with Ignorance and Pride,
Most others Imbecillities Deride.*

MORAL.

*Age, Youth instructs, Vices whate'r to shun,
Whilst Children o'r their Parents Footsteps run:
Mothers their Daughters in the Oven find
Where once They hid; and Cat will after Kind.*

F A B. X.

Of the Bald Man and the Fly.

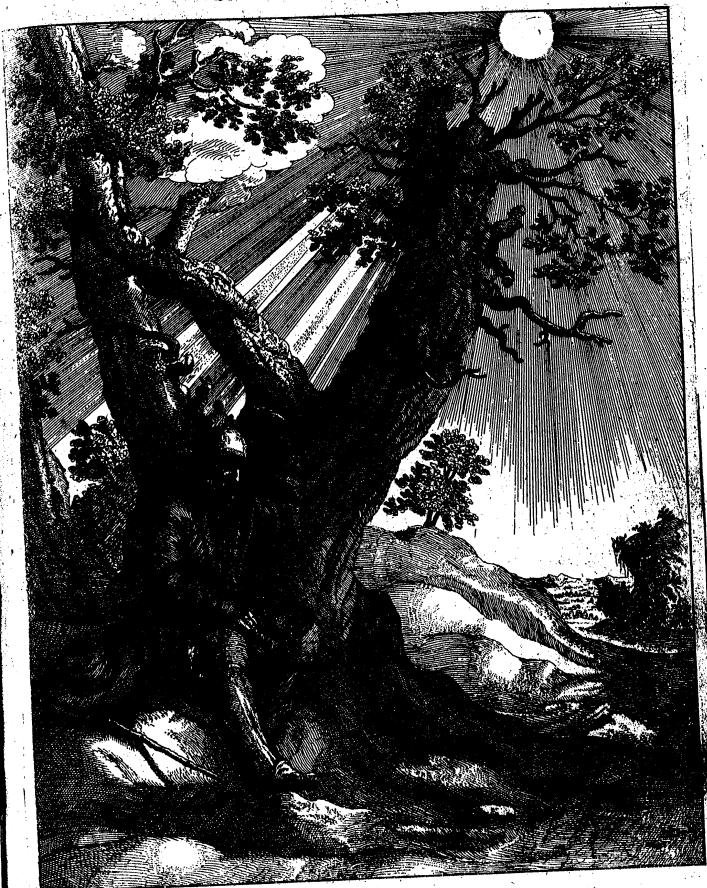
THe *Sun* and *Syrinx* in Combustion joyn'd,
 Broil'd Rivers, and gave Fiery breath to wind;
 Whilst sultry Atoms moving from the South
 The Air inflam'd as from an Ovens Mouth,
 Which Heat on broody moisture Insects forms,
 Buzzing about on Sarfnet Wings in Swarms.

A weary Swain with sweltering beams grown Faint,
 Ready almost in his own brine to taint;
 Down in a Checkering Bower and frett-work shade
 Sate to Repose, and by his Bonnet laid,
 Rubs his high Forehead where had once been Hair,
 Now many lusters; *Oberon's* Bowling Bare,
 Where 'mongst the fringing Purlues oft *Queen Mab*,
 With her Gallant *Pigwiggen* play'd the Drab.

On this strange Spectacle Sir *Cranion* look'd:
 As on a Calves-head in the Shambles Cook'd,
 By Heat, and Drowth, and *Phæbus* busie Raies,
 Made fit for his impregnating Essaies;
 The *Fly* in high case novel beauty warms,
They Death and Danger slight, that Cupid arms.
 The fierce Amour falls on like Mad or Drunk,
 And eager thrusts in his bane-breathing Trunk.

The Swain at once a tickling felt, and smart
 From Poyson of th' injected venom'd Dart;
 Plotting Revenge, the *Fly* how to dispatch,
 At once the Criminal Punish and Attach,
 He lifts his Hand up softly, with a rap,
 To dissipate him like a Butcher's Flap;
 Which coming down swift as the Ax and Lead,
 That falls upon the Malefactor's Head;

Yet



Tab. 50.

Yet he on Wings expanded makes Escape,
 Triumphant at the bravery of the Rape;
 And that the Rustick he had so trepan'd,
 To make him hurt himself with his own Hand.
 Then said the *Swain*, Laugh'st thou that thee I mist?
 Bruising my Forehead with my falling Fist;
 If I had catch'd thee, I had beat as flat
 Thy boneless body as a limber Goat;
 Thou that hast drunk my Blood and pierc'd my Flesh,
 And thus insult'st, hadst now been made a Mesh.
 Who thus reply'd; Such Swains, be who thou wilt;
 I scorn not able their bald Crowns to quilt;
 Old *Dams* and wrinkled *Rooks* here sheath their heads,
 In Life-hair Perucks to their girdle-steads:
 But you with unthatch'd Sconce, give thanks to Fate;
 That I have done my business on your Pate;
 Before your empty Noddle now is sped,
 You ne'r shall want a Maggot in your Head,
 There you will find Ingredients, that shall
 Tickle your addle Brains both Spring and Fall.

MORAL.

When you enrag'd, Revenge for Injuries Plot,
 Take special care your self you Injure not;
 Lest Scoffers fall on you with less remorse,
 Than those that can with Jeering kill a Horse.

FAB. XI.

Of the Rustick and his Ox.

OH most despightful and unworthy Beast !
What? wilt thou never work, yet always fealt?
There must be Audits, if you'll nothing doe;

Or Sweat, or Pay ; Why who are you Sir ? you ;
Go'st thou not daily to the Eyes in Grass ?
What must your Dung for satisfaction pass ?
Are not your Mangers stuff'd ? brim-full your Cribbs ?
I'll fetch my pen'orths from these Larded Ribs.

Thus said the Swain to his Rebellious Ox,
Who butts for Blows returns, and spurns for Knocks.

Then spake the Beast ; Art not asham'd to beat
Me for not Working, and our Master Cheat ?
How can they Service do that want their Pay ?
Fed with Danck Provender and Musty Hay ?
Whilst I am sterv'd, like one of Pharo's Kine,
What should my Belly fill, your Coffers line :

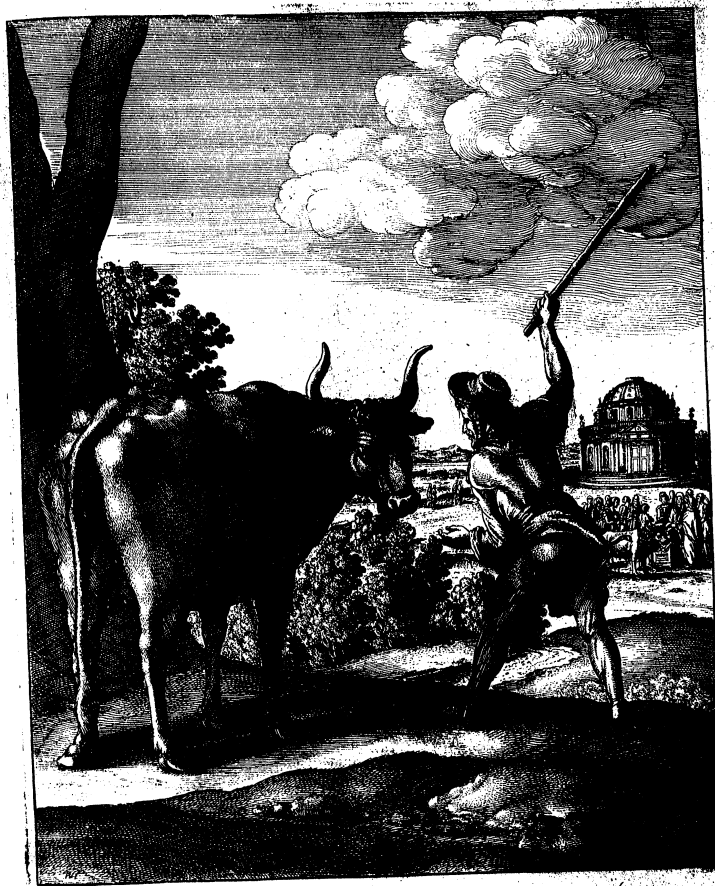
But this not all the Quarrel, though all truth,
Thou rob'st me of my Dowcets in my Youth ;
Which odious Injury soill I brook,
That now stand by, forsooth, and only look ;
I could well with, such my Revenge should be
Day through both sides thy treacherous heart may see.

Brave are those flames that kindle in the Male,
Viewing a beauteous Heifer in the Vale ;
Sure 'tis a Heavenly War, delightful Rage !
When (*) Bulls, spurr'd on by Rivalship, engage :

Quæ pecori imperitis, quem tota armenta sequantur
Ille inter sese multa vi vulnera miscuit. (Virg.)
Coruâq; obnixi ingunt ; & sanguine largo
Gola armisq; lavant ; gemiti nemus omne remugit.

So when from Syria, or Taburnus, we
Two Bulls engaged in bloody Battel see ;

Their frighted Owners fly, silent with fear,
The Cattel stand, the Heifers double dare,
Who shall Command, whom must the flock obey ?
They gore each other in the dreadful way,
Till streams of Blood their necks and throats
And echoing Woods the Bellows cry out loud.



Fak. 11.

(*) See Virg. Georg. lib. 3.
Atque Ido Tauri: proci, atq;
in sola relevant
Pas: na post montem oppositum, & trans
flumina lata
Aut intus clausos saturas ad præcipia
servant.
Carpi cum vires paulatim, arlique
videndo
Famina

Far off the Bulls alone are feeding
Behind a Mountain, or beyond
some Flood,
Shut up at plentiful stalls with pleas-
ant food ;
For feeding of the Female waits their
strength,
Who burning, mind not Grass, nor
Groves, at length,
She with her sweet inticements oft
provokes
Proud Rivals, till their fury turn to
strokes.
In pleasant Groves the beauteous Hei-
fer feeds,
But they joy'n Battel, and in warlike
deeds
Gain many wounds, their bodies
bath'd in gore,
Closing their Horns most dreadfully
they rore ;
The mighty woods, and heavens vast
court resound,
No more these Warriors pasture in
one ground ;
Exil'd to Coasts unknown, the Van-
quish'd goes,
Moaning his shame, and the proud
Conqueror's blows,
That unconquer'd from him his Love
was took,
Viewing his stalls, and native Realms
forsook.
Then carefully recruits his force, be-
ing laid
On a hard Rock, a bed but roughly
made,
Feeds on harsh leaves, and bristly
Carix eats ;
His Horns then exercising, Anger
whets
Against a Tree, venting on th' Air his
spight,
Scattering the sand as Prologue to the
fight,
His force recruited, on the foe he sets,
And boldly up his careless Quarters
beats.
As when at Sea the muffled Waves
grow white,
And rowling from the Ocean gather
height ;
And now the land, 'gainst Rocks they
strangely roar,
Nor less than Mountains break upon
the shore ;
The deep Floods boyl, whirl'd with the
foaming tide,
And working cast up sand on every
side.

See Virgil Æneid. lib. 12.
Cum duo converſi inimica prælia
tauri
Frontibus incurvant, pavidi cedere
maſſæ,
Stat præcæ omnis mixta mutum, muſſant-
que juvenca,

The Herds amazed stand, the Grove refounds,
The bellowing *Hectors* dealing wounds for wounds.

By this I might have been the *Parson's* Bull,
And like him round, Choice beauties pick and cull;
Had sweet-breath'd Wives, and black-ey'd Concubines,
And a Fair Issue sprung from my own Loyns,
Who now thus live a solitary life,
Barr'd from the dear enjoyments of a Wife.

Then said the *Swain*; Fond beast, is that the cause?
How many know I, could they find a Cause
To be Divorc'd, their whole Estates would spend,
Who see now of their Miseries no end:
Hadst thou a curst Cow, though her Horns were short,
Evening and Morn she'll gore thee to the Heart;
Ne'er let thee rest, until Commanding all,
She Rule at Rack and Manger in thy Stall:
Know thou dull Lump, know inconsiderate Ox,
I have a Wife, am Married with a Pox;
Who never resting, either Eare alarms
VVith suddain Tempests, and assiduous storms;
At Promises, and Marriage Vows she spurns,
To Rogue and Rascal, Lord and Master turns;
As Law and Gospel, her own will Translates:
Cold Comforts freeze my Bed, and frost my Cates;
That I believe thee Happier in thy Stall,
Than I with such a Partner in my Hall.

Once I her baitings not so well could brook,
Long-suffering Patience over-power'd, I struck;
My hand rais'd high, and with a knotty Crab,
At once to Humble and Chastise the Drab;
Tippl'd with Ale, Slipp'ry the Floor, I fell,
And straight the Devil my Wife, mounts *Michael*:
Ne'er lay fal'n Husband so be-*Belzebub'd*,
My Checks she Rubrick'd, and my Temples drab'd;
My

(*) A kind of Fly that vexeth Beasts, named by the *Greek* *Oestrus*, which hath its signification and derivation from *εστειν*, to be mad, because it makes them furious. See *Virg. Georg. lib. 3.*

Est locus Silari circa, illicibus, que videntur Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen Asilo Romanum est, Ostrum Graecis veritate vocantibus: Asper, acerba sonans, quo tota explorata silvis Diffugient amentia, &c.

A Fly about the Groves of *Silarus* haunts,
And high *Alburnus*, green with state-ly plants,
Asilus call'd by *Romans*, but the same
The *Greeks* style *Ostrum* by an ancient name,
Extremely fierce and loud, whose sight to shun,
To sheltering Woods affrighted Cattel run,
And with their Bellowings strike Heavens arch'd round,
Which Groves, and shallow *Tasagrus* resound.
With this dire Monster, *Juno*, long ago,
Her sight did on th' *Inachian* Heifer show:
This, for it rages in the scorching heat,
Thou must with care from tainting Cattel beat,
And feeding Herds, both when the Sun shall rise,
Or Night with glorious Stars adorn the Skies.

My Head new moulding, pummel'd into Pap;
Mobb'd nine days in my Considering-cap;
Before my Eyes beheld the blessed Day,
Mourning in Black and Blew, on Flocks I lay:
Thus fighting oft, I better ten to one,
Though Arm'd with Ale, had let the Fiend alone:
Whilest *Skimmington* my neereft Neighbour strode
A manag'd Coll-staff, and in Pennance rode;
But one not serves your turn, a single Spouse,
One Devil is too little for your House,
You for a Legion are. Ah! hadst thou half
Of mine, and shar'dst my Miseries, senseless Calf,
Thou smarting, worse than bitten by a (*) *Gad*,
Wouldst, Bellowing, thy Country fly Horn-mad:
But since such Paradoxes you dispute,
Art such a Rebel, and a Fool to boote,
I'll beat new Principles into thy Pate,
Shall from course Flesh thy duller Soul translate;
Since Decastration will not mend thy Head,
Death shall, much better than my Marriage-bed.

MORAL.

Dull are intestine Wars, and civil Strife,
To lowd Divisions betwixt Man and Wife;
Gentle Usurpers mild the Tyrant's rod,
To a Smock-Rampant, and to be Hen-trud.

F A B. XII.

Of the Ant and Grasshopper.

Fable 12.

THe King of *Antbil* and *Pismirian* Lords,
Each mounted on their own peculiar Hoards;
Sate so distinguish'd Earls, Marquees, and Dukes:

And not by Blazonie in Heralds books,
Where Worthy Sires produce less worthy Sons,
Such as long Patience teach unwearied Duns,
At base Mechanics sawciness admire,
Just Debts beseeching, Ruin'd by the Fire;
Who scorn all Principles accounted Just,
Indulging Sloth, Pride, Ignorance, and Lust:
But these advanc'd by Industry and Care,
Were to themselves both Ancestor and Heir,
Their Purchase for th'insuing Winters store,
Entitled them to Honours less or more.

An Envoy from the *Grasshopperian* States,
Thus had Conven'd these petty Potentates,
When to the Monarch and his small Devan,
Thus humbly their Ambassador began.

Ambillian Sovereign, and *Emetian* Peers,
Enrich'd with wealth from *Ceres* golden ears!
Who in these *Penetralia's* under ground,
Not hear rough Winter, flaws and Storms rebound,
Nor prices minding of rais'd Wood and Coals,
Sit warm and feasting, cocker up your Souls:
Live happy still, and be for ever blest,
So you will pity a poor State distress;
Who had while Summer lasted, plenteous Boards,
Meads, Flowrie Vallies of their own accords,
Serv'd up choice Cates, but when the Sun declin'd,
And Days did up in shorter periods wind,

Ushering

Ushering cold blasts, and bleak Autumnal showers,
Which Trees disrob'd of Leaves, Fields of their flowers
Winters approach threatening to Ruin all,
Discharg'd upon us *Jove's* cold Arsenal;
All forage thus destroy'd, all green below
Left naked, Pennanc'd in cold sheets of Snow;
All sorts of Herbage, Fruits, whatever Corn,
Are in by Peasants or your People born:
Assistance from your Granaries we crave,
Let not a Nation Perish, you may save,
For which next Harvest, they will make return,
Our Lusty Long-thanks shall help in your Corn:
Thus grateful they propose to pay their Score,
And double by their pains your next years Store.

When the *Antibillian* Heroe thus reply'd;
In Summer we 'gainst Winter storms provide;
How could you Golden Harvest idly spend?
Could you believe those Joys would never end?

Who thus return'd; Sir, we were over-reach'd,
By one to us New-fangled Doctrine teach'd,
Holding forth, *Phæbus* our Protector would
Translate us from all Hunger, Thirst, and Cold
To *Ægypt*, and the fruitful banks of *Nile*,
To endless Feastings without Care or Toyl.
So him we treated, and in Sunshine sung,
Living as Merry as the day was long,
Expecting when a Western wind would rise,
Should bear us to our promis'd Paradise;
But when the time, and long'd for hour was come,
That we believ'd should be the ^(a) *Day of Doom*;

(a) Which Story in *Germany*, is at large set down in that Treatise concerning the *Lutherian War*. *Striden*.

No Storm appear'd, no thick condensed Crack,
With Thunder rose, Heavens Turrets to attack,
But prov'd all Fair, so universal Cleer,
That Day stands Crown'd the Glory of the Year;
No

Nor more our false Enthusiast we beheld,
Who us to this sad Embassy compell'd.

When thus the ^(b) King to the starv'd Envoy said;
We know no Manufacture, use no Trade;
In Spring we Sowe not, nor in Winter Reap,
Yet stuff'd our Granges are, our Markets cheap;
Rather than we would Prince implore, or State,
Or hang poor Clients at an Emperor's Gate,
I, and my swarthy Legions should not spare,
^(c) *Alcinous* Fruit, but Camps revisitual there,
Hort-yards o'r-run, our bowells never yearn
At havock made, minding our own Concern,
Choice Plants and Flowers destroy, we ne'r make halt,
Unless we Scalding water feel, or Salt.

Say to your Lords, I not deplore their chance,
You who in Summer Sung, in Winter Dance,
So fill your bellies, so your bodies arm,
'Gainst wants approaching, and th' insuing storm.

Begon, who to *Phanaticks* credit give,
Fifth-Monarchie People I shall ne'r relieve;
Besides, You term your Self a State Distrest,
Antimonarchal Locust, I detest.

(b) See *Virg. Æneid*, lib. 4.
*Ac veluti ingentem formica sarra h.
ceruum
Cain populant, hyemâ memores, tellusq;
repleant,
Est higrum campis agmin, pradamq;
per hirsat
Convellant cæcis angustis, pars agmina
cogunt,
Cæstiquæ moras: opere omnis semina
seruet.*

So theerful Ants plantding a heap of
Wheat,
And minding Winter, to their Granges
get
The black Bands march, a Convoy
guards the spoyl
Through narrow tracks, some with
joyn'd forces toyl
To bear one pondrous Grain, whilst
others beat
The tardy Troops, all paths with la-
bour heat.

(c) See *Virg. Georg.* lib. 2.

MORAL.

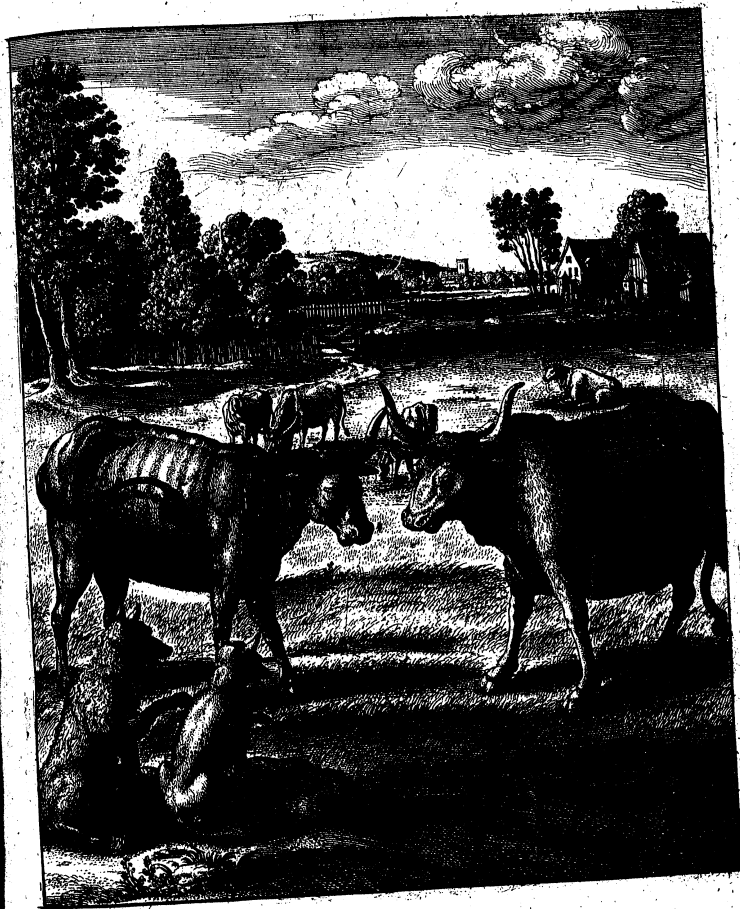
Some always Feast, make Court, sing, play and Dance,
And never fear the turns of sickle Chance:
Provide for Age, whilst Young get Lands and Money,
Lest Old and Poor, the Dogs do piss upon ye.

FAB. XIII.

Of the Ox and Steer.

THUS to a labouring Ox turn'd out to feed,
Himself recruiting in a verdant Mead,
In Ralyarie, a well-fed Bullock said;
Welcome old Uncle, you drive on your trade,
Whilst I in sweetest grass keep Fat and Plump,
Your Ribs like Billows threat your Rocky Rump;
Why waste you thus your self, and health destroy
Sweating for that which others must enjoy?
Fill up your hollow Flanks, and craggy Chine,
Feast all the Evening, all the Morning Dine;
Powder your Hair, sullied with Sweat and Dust,
Nor more with back and belly run a trust,
And though unfit to get your self an Heir,
Keep Company with Heifers fat and Fair;
Them, and their Town-bulls, bellowing Hector's treat,
So your Executors whate'r defeat,
And me 'mongst Madam white-fac'd Calves invite,
Spending your lives remainder in Delight.

When gravely thus the sober Ox reply'd;
Thus the Industrious, Idle Beasts deride,
Each guzzling Bulchin, Buffle-headed Calf,
At all indeavours whatsoever, laugh;
Business they hate, pursuing no Design,
But what concerns the Belly, or the Groyn;
Rather than I my precious time would waste,
And winged Minutes spur, that fly too fast,
Lead to *Spring-Gardens*, *Mulberry* shades, and Parks,
Vizard-Mask'd Heifers, and their pye-bald Sparks,
Proud giggling Females still unveil'd attend,
And be on Duty, my Estate to spend,



would endure both stinging Flies, and Goads,
 and Yoak'd hot Summers draw in dusty Roads.
 Whilst gravely thus Discours'd the Labouring Ox,
 The Lion's Purveyors, the Wolf and Fox,
 The Prey surveying, to each other spake ;
 Leave that Lean sterveling, the Fat Bullock take,
 We will become the Boyler and the Spit,
 Or barrell'd, help to furnish out the Fleet.
 This said ; The Steer they to a Covert drew,
 And in the Lion's Name Arresting, slew. (glad,
 Then Praise-Jove Bare-bones spake ; Thou mayst be
 Poor pay no Poll-money, nor Royal-Aid,
 No Subsidies, their no-lands raise no Tax,
 I shall be still the same, a Labouring Ox ;
 So long as they can thus count up these Ribs,
 I shall in safety be at Empty Cribs.

MORAL.

One mounted on the wings of Youth and Wealth,
 N'er dreams of Poverty, or loss of Health :
 Who whilst he dallying lies in Fortune's Lap,
 The Strumpet gives her young Gallant a Clap.

FAB. XIV.

Of the Lyon and the Kid.

THe *Lion* clomb'd with hunger, choak'd with
Of all diseases Empty boards the worst ;
On a steep Summet jutting o'r the woulds,
Cropping Heath-buds, and Briers, a *Kid* beholds.

To whom the Monarch said ; My pretty *Kid*
Come hither, I'm your King ! Do as I bid ;
Survey Our plenty, see a glorious sight ,
To which my little Subject I Invite ;
Here flow'rie Meads, shades are, and Golden Plains,
Here Vineyards full of Walks, and winding Lanes ;
Harsh Juniper forsake, and bramble boughs,
And here on tender (a) Vines soft branches brouse :

Why standst thou frighted ? why look'st thou so pale

To see my shaggy Main, and bushie Tail ?

'Mongst Calves and Colts, if not a Counsel-day

Tir'd with State-works, I for diversion play ;

The Crown Affairs, and serious business fairs,

Not sweetned by some recreating hours :

He is no King that at his leisure wants

His Drolls, Buffoons, and fawning Sycophants,

Rich Wine, sweet Musick, choyce of beauteous Dames,

To kindle, and to quench Loves pleasing flames.

I once made captive, driven from my Crown,

Was as a Wonder, shew'd from Town to Town ;

A *Lamb* and I, Companions there did play

To fresh Spectators the whole Summers day,

He my sharp Teeth not fear'd, nor griping Paws,

Would run his Head into my open Jaws :

Come, leave that barren Rock, and hungry Air,

And to my Palace in yon Wood repair.

(a) See *Virg. Georg. lib. 2.*

*Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper
cunibus arat
Cadunt, & vitres inuent proserina
Indi.*

Only for this crime we on Altars
pay
Bacchus a Goat, and Act the antient
play.



V. B. 1800

R. B. 1800

Tab. 24.

Grim Sir, be you the King ! The *Kid* replies,
 Though you Speak mildly, dreadful are your Eyes !
 Should I your Favourite be, and very near,
 I still should Tremble when you, Sir, appear !
 Princes as well as Courtiers, now, they say,
 Sign Debts, make Grants, Promise and feldome pay ;
 They talk abroad, Exchequers are lock'd up ;
 At Court no Tables, scarce a Cheering Cup :
 Rather than to Necessities aspire,
 I'll tarry here, and feed on humble Brier ;

*Who well are settled, though in Mean estate,
 Their Chang'd condition may repent too late.*

MORAL.

*Better be Captain in the smallest Fort,
 Than be Commanded in a Princes Court :
 Yet the Ambitious that Preferment prize
 Run through the meanest Offices to rise.*

F A B. XV.

Of the Satyr and the Sword.

A Satyr passant by a Forrest side,
 A *Sword* 'mongst checkring Foliage espy'd,
 First startled at the dreadful Blade and Hilt;
 With Antique figures hatch'd, and rarely gilt,
 Off Discompos'd he drew, then undismaid,
 Lost Spirits recovering, thus th' Admirer said.

Wonder what'e'r ! since I did ne'r behold
 Such dazling Silver, nor such lightning Gold !
 Thy Country, Name, and Character impart,
 That thee I Value may at thy desert.

The *Pommel* then, cast like a *Hero's* Head,
 From Brazen Lips with Gold enamell'd, said ;

You see a *Sword*, an Instrument of Death !
 This shining Coat of steel is *Hector's* Sheath,
 Whose Soul through several Transmigrations past,
 Lyes penn'd up in this Cut-throat Inne at last ;

When first within this Iron cage confin'd
 I in a Monarch's Hand in Battel shin'd,
 Pruning rank Rebels with a tender Edge,
 That choak'd Prerogative with Priviledge ;
 Mildly he us'd me, lopping Weeds with care,
 Though stubborn Traitors they his subjects were,
 When fickle Fortune, who dethrones or Crowns,
 Kings topsie turvies, and advanceth Clowns,
 With a damn'd Oath, and Covenanting *Kirk*,
 Out-weigh'd the Right, and settled a bad Work ;
 Of Royal Ermins did the Meek disrobe,
 Seiz'd *Sword* and Scepter and Terrestrial Globe,
 Whilest deluges of tears his pious Soul
 In briny Billows wait'd to the Pole :

Then



Then Guarded I a one Nights upstart Gourds,
Parliament Govern'd without King or Lords;
Me from that throng a Copper Captain gain'd,
Who Rul'd in Purple of three Realms distain'd;
This bloody Monster greedy of bad Fame,
Only of Kingship, wanting but the Name,
Resolv'd to be a Monarch; when kind Fate
Left he should ancient Thrones contaminate;
To Seats of Furies with a Tempest hurl'd,
This demie Fiend, and Troubler of the World:
Then change of Government each minute spawn'd,
Me shuffling here and there, from Hand to Hand,
When from the rising (*) Sun and glorious Right,
A guilty Flyer dropt me in his flight.

Art thou that Hector, said the Satyr, who
Soft the Greeks in that long War o'rthrew?
By Prowess purchasing immortal Fame:
We hear that many now goe by your Name,
That in the Suburbs exercise their Rage,
The Taverns and the Ord'naries, the Stage;
Be they like you, when you imbodyed were,
Routing whole Squadrons with your single Spear?
If so, why thus prepare we 'gainst the tall
Bavarians, or their Amadis de Gaule?

Had there been two such (b) Hectors, Stories say,
Troy might have stood and flourish'd to this day.
Then said the Sword; Those Hectors that are there,
Ner saw a Field, never in Battel were;
They arm'd by Bacchus, use for Warlike Tools,
Edg'd Pots and Bottles, Trenchers, Chairs, and Stools;
One like me living, one so Strong and Stout,
Would thousands of such shadow-Hectors rout:
But here wants time these Braggarts to unmask,
Their Character would more than Volumes ask,

(*) The King's happy Restauration.

(b) See Virgil. Æneid. lib. 8.

---Dulcoris primi, Messapus & Ufens,
Contemptorque diu Mezentius, unda-
que cognant
Auxilia, & laus usque interibus
agro.
Mittitur & magni Venulus Diomedis
ad urbem,
Qui petat Auxilium, &c.

Messapus and bold Ufens, Generals
were,
With proud Mezentius, who no God
did fear;
Each where they press, and empty
spacious Plains,
To fill their Regiments with sturdy
Swains.
They Venulus send to great Tisides
Seat,
Against the Trojans landed, Aid to in-
treat.
And tell, Æneas vanquish'd Gods
did bring,
Who styles himself, by Fates Decree,
a King;
That many Nations with the Dardene
side,
His Name through Latium Spreading
far and wide,
Of such Beginnings, what may be the
End?
If favouring Fortune should his Sword
attend;
Was far more evident to him alone,
Than to King Turnus, or Latinus,
known

But

But now take Pitty, if thou hast esteem,
 For the true Hector, him inclos'd redeem;
 My Brazen Head hath spoke, Time will be past,
 This day for my Redemption is the last:
 Thou demie Deity me elsewhere dispose,
He that is more than Man, than Man more knows.

Then said the Satyr; True, I have a Spell
 Shall free thee, if thou Prisoner wert in Hell:
 But first I'll sweat this Blade, soften the Edge,
 And at the Point purge a steel powder scege,
 Then Vomiting, eject thee at the Hilt,
 Go after to the Devil, if thou wilt.

This said, he hastens home, and kept his Word,
 Making the Sensitive a Senseless Sword.

MORAL.

*Princes to Laws and Policie may trust,
 Be Merciful, Religious, Wise, and Just:
 But Swords must stubborn Subjects keep in awe,
 All other Tyes not valu'd at a straw.*

F A B. XVI.

Of the Heathen and his Idol.



OH thou ! whom 'mongst our ^(Gods) *Lars* and household
My Ancestors transported through the floods,
From burning *Troy*, and settled here to be

Happy in their Posterity and Thee :
Yet now with contrite heart and blubber'd *Eys*,
Though daily I Invoke and Sacrifice ;
No means neglected, doing what I can,

Want comes upon me like an Armed Man,
And the poor Remnant of my torn Estate,
One in Rebellion with the King of late,
Calls his Inheritance, lays Claim unto ;

Which if he carry, me must quite undoe :

Yet my wife Father made a fair accord,
He Purchas'd what was gotten by the Sword,
But scrupling Lawyers have enough pickt out
To put my Title and his Sale in doubt ;
Yet I my Counsell have, and Witnes Feed,
To Plead and Swear th' irrevocable deed :

But ah ! my Wants will sterve my Cause, all's lost,
None *gratis* Damn themselves, not Knights o'th' post ;
Help now, or never, help else comes too late !
And I must Alms crave at anothers Gate.

Thus Pray'd the Superstitious, when a ^(*) Nod
Blind zeal presents from his consenting God.

Now joyning Issue they to Hearing came,
Great concourse thither drawn by prating Fame,
Juries impannel'd, Witnes sworn, and all
Suppos'd the Plaintiff's Cause would to the wall,
When his grave Counsell drew their latter Card,
And one short proof a well-pack'd busines mar'd ;

H

Fal'n

(*) See *Virg.* *Æn.* lib. 9.

— *idque ratum Stigii per flumina fratris,
Per pice torrentes, atraque voragis
ripas,
Annuit, totum nutu transiit Olym-
pum.*

This by his Brother's *Strygian* streams
he swore,
And by the brimstone lake, and dismal
shore,
By the black Gulph, and the Infernal
Pit ;
Whose Nod *Olympus* shook, confirm-
ing it.

Jupiter did all things, *nutu & re-nuit*,
with Nodding, whence the word *Nu-
men*, *Turneb.* l. 26. c. 30. See *Scaliger*
l. 5. c. 3. *Nannius Mijcel.* l. 7. c. 14.
observes, that what in Men is a Nod,
in *Jupiter* and *Juno* is Thunder,

Fall'n from his Hopes, thus thrown down in a trice,
Undone for ever, ne'r again to rise;
He from the Court went Sweating in a Rage;
On his damn'd God his Fury to aswage;
When thus upon him the incens'd fell.

If I had serv'd the Fiends, the Devil in Hell,
With half that Zeal and fervour Thee I serv'd,
He would not thus have left me to be sterv'd,
Turn'd out of all, naked a begging go,
Furies may melt, Stocks, no Compassion know.

What made my Ignorant Parents thee implore?
And with such Reverential awe Adore?
Whose deaf Ears Marble are, whose Bowels rock,
A Humane shape, but Headed like a ^(b) Shock.

But *Dog's face*, now thy weakness I'll detect,
And this foul form of Godliness dissect;
Beaten to powder thee I'll level lay,
For my undoing, and this dismal day.

This said; he takes him Pedistal and all,
And with strange Fury hurls against the Wall,
In pieces dash'd like brittle glass, then trod
To Morter, scattered fragments of his god:

When a new Light the dustie mists unfold;
Out of the Head and Ruptur'd-belly, Gold,
Reverberating rung the *Idol's* Knell,
And Lightnings midst a Rubish Tempest fell;
Whilest through a Cloud of Witnesses he spies,
Gemms, Jewels, Ingots, a no little Prize!
Which he at first an idle Vision thought,
But feeling what he found and never fought;
So huge a Treasure, such prodigious store,
That those that thirst for Gold could ask no more;
Smiling, he said; Ah miserable Hound!
Why didst thou thus conceal what I have found?

Wouldst

Wouldst not to thy Devoted torn with Want
And greedy Lawy'ers, one small Penny grant?
The tythe of this had my undoing Cause
Brought off, and me with Honour and applause;
But thus recruited I'll recover Cost,
And all my Land in *Forma Pauperis* lost.

(b) Those Household Gods or *Pemates*, had Humane shapes, but Headed like Dogs.

MORAL.

*Madness oft helps the Desperate, sometimes Chance
Others Debaucherie and full Cups advance;
Some dive the Seas, search Mines, Coffers to load,
These Sell their King, and that Betrayes his God.*

H 2

F A B.

FAB. XVII.

Of Phæbus, the Covetous and Envious Man.

(*) See Virg. *Æneid*, lib. 10.

*Pav'ditur interea domus omnipotentis
Olympi;
Conciliumque vocat divum pater, atq;
hominum Rex.
Siderum in sedem, terras unde ardu-
us omnis,
Cæstraque Dardanidum spectat, popu-
losque Latinos.
Conspiciunt tellus bipatremibus, incipit
ipse.*

Mean while Heavens spacious Court
spreads open, when
The Father of the Gods, and King of
Men,
A Council call'd, where from his
Starry Throne,
Th' *Aonian* quarters, and beleagu-
er'd Town,
With the whole Worlds vast Regions
he survey'd,
Then to his House of Deities thus
said,

Summon'd by (*) *Jove* to his great Counsel, all
The Gods Assembling in Heavens Starry Hall,
In Chrystal Nieces order'd places take;
When thus the *Sire* in nipping Language spake,

Cœlestials, Convocated here you sit,
Enacting things nor handsome, just, nor fit,

You private Picks and self-concerns debate,
Whilst Fallow lies the grand Affairs of State;
And if by chance some wholsome Laws we make,
Such care you of the Execution take;

That *Man* Our Chief Authority contemns,
Looking on Gods as Poets idle Dreams,
That now their Crimes reach such a brazen height,
Unmask'd Day sees the darkest deeds of Night;
Nay, more on Us each Malefactor pins,
His venial, greater and more hainous Sins:
Mars Protects Murther, and Rebellious Swarms
Influenc'd by him, 'gainst Princes take up Arms:
On *Bacchus* lay they the Abuse of Grapes;
And *Venus* Pillows all their loose Escapes;
The City-Cheat, and Highway-Robber too,
Hermes, they boast their Signatures from you;
With *Lampoones*, *Phæbus*, and burlesk Reproach,
And *Juno* for *Dame Haughties* Golden Coach:
Neither scape I, that Heaven and Earth Command,
When Surley People are to be trepan'd;
Clandestine Plots for open Action ripe,
Striking at Kings that are of Gods, the Type,
When down must come Religion, and all Laws,
In my Name Arm they, and Attest their Cause:

Therefore



Feb. 17

Therefore let *Phæbus* take a strict review

And make Report, if what we hear be true;

Mercy We rather would than Wrath imploy,

Not drown bad Cities, nor with Fire destroy.

The God thus ordered, leaves his shining Robe,
Vest'd in Clouds, and makes the Terrene Globe

Swifter than Thought, swift as the quickest Eyes,

Through Empires, Kingdoms, and Republicks flies;

Saw the seven deadly Champions Flags unfurl'd,

And open Vice Encompt about the World;

Finding Crimes much alike, as on a Stage,

Here, As they Comick Shifts; there, Tragick Rage;

Though he no Gyants found, gainst Heaven to fight,

Nor Rigg out fifty (*) Chambermaids a night;

Nor blazing Comets, Drinkers that could swill

Whole Oceans off, and yet be Thirsty still;

Yet All well-wishers were, did what they could,

And each where swarm'd Offenders, Young and Old.

An accurate Survey thus having made,

Of Men and Manners, to himself he said;

Why should I more incens'd *Jove* provoke?

I'll turn this serious business to a Joke,

No end of Crimes, Offenders every where,

And several Laws, sufficiently severe;

From two comes yonder, Humane Creatures scarce,

Matter of Moment shall become a Farce,

That spiteful Dog, and Avaritious Chuff,

Shall make for Laughter Argument enough:

To whom he said; Accept from Heaven a Grant,

That you, nor yours hereafter never Want,

But he that first implores, be sure to crave

Whole Mines of Gold, since 'tis but Ask, and Have;

He who e'r second begs, *Jove* will not grutch

Summes doubled: his enjoyments twice as much.

This

(*) Alluding to *Heracles* greatest Labour, Devirgining fifty Maids in one Night.

This Riddle put the Wretches to a stand,
 That he should Happiest be, did Last Demand !
 The *Avaritious* judg'd himself accurst
 To lose a Moyetic by begging First ;
 When double Mischief th' *Envious* thus designs,
Jove take this Eye, and keep thy promis'd Mines ;
 Then of his Purchase let the Greedy boast,
 When I but One, and he both Eyes hath lost.

Then *Phœbus* said ; This seems a subtle Plot,
 To be two losers , when both might have got ;
 By this you each had Miriads enjoy'd,
 This Spightful Wretch hath all your hopes destroy'd ;
 Since here *Jove's* Grant, and my Commission ends,
 Kindness not Harme, to Mortals he intends ;

This said, he scales Cœlestial Aboards ,
 And told this pleasant Story to the Gods.

MORAL.

*Foul Avarice with Gold and Silver nurs'd,
 Cries still more yet, and never quenbeth thirst :
 The Envious wretch whose eye makes others smart,
 Feel hungry Adders baiting on his Heart.*

FAB. XVIII.

Of Jupiter and the Bee.



THe Gods thus put upon a merry pin,
 Wav'd pruning Vices, and vain Cure of Sin,
 Remembering they themselves had often
 And for like Crimes just Punishment deserv'd; (swerv'd,
 When *Jove* thus spake; Lay by the Earth's Affairs
 Man little for Our Acts and Statutes cares;
 Princes Edicts not Executed, they
 Like Cobwebs force, and make their King's high-way;
 Bring Nectral Goblets swoln above the edge,
 Hang, business, let us Gods each other pledge.
 This said, Cœlestial Tables straight were spread,
 Nectar their Tope, *Ambrosia* their Bread.

When the *Hyblean* Monarch, King of *Bees*,
 A Hony-comb, thus *Jove* upon his knees,
 Humbly presents: Take, Emperour of the Skies,
 A Nations Work, the load of many Thighs;
 Extracted Quintessence from various Flowers,
 Which deck *May's* bosome, big with *April* showers,
 Their King *Grand-bee* the Offering soon as said,
 In humble posture at *Jove's* Footstool laid.

Who thus reply'd; I well resent your gift,
 Who for himself an Infant, could not shift,
 Left in a *Cretan* Cave hem'd in with Woods,
 Obscur'd from Mortals and Immortal Gods,
 When I for Milk, the Teat long wanting, cry'd,
 With sweeter Food your Grandfires me supply'd;
 Betwixt my thirsty Lips they Hony stiv'd,
 Which my faint sp'rits nigh yielding up retriv'd;
 Starving I scap'd, condemned to be slain,
 And then a Cast-away, in Heaven now reign.

This

This said ; he bids straight *Ganymed* infuse
Amongst Cœlestial, this Terrestrial Juice :
Who sweet tears crushing from the yielding Wax,
Of rougher Nectar pleasing Liquor makes ;
Whilst silver foam margents the sparkling Cup,
Jove he presents, *Jove* turns the bottome up :

Thus saying, Since I Ru'd all underneath the Cope,
I never tasted more delicious Tope :
Then bids him round to all the Table skinck,
Both Gods and Goddeses much praise the Drink ;

But when that *Bacchus* saw the liquor foam ,
Firmest, he cries, *Molossus* or else *Stome*,
Poor and rich Widows smile, or mourn in black,
Praising or Cursing medicated Sack,
Or balder'd *Gallick* Wines, that took away
Their poyson'd Husbands in a drinking day :
But if that you should Countenance such trash,
Gods be Exemplars, tipling Balderdash ;
Who me will Worship, and pure Wine adore ?
Or eat salt Pilchers on my Altars more ?

Then *Jove* reply'd ; Business when we Carowse,
What ! *Bacchus*, break the Orders of the House ?

Your Grievances whate'r you must report,
When we Sit fasting in a frequent Court :

Then to the *Hony-bird* he turning spake,
But I this gift of yours so kindly take,
That you must ask, what may your State Improve,
And testifie Our gratitude and Love.

When *King Hive* said ; O *Jove* if thou hast grace
For Insects (though (*) *Bees* boast Cœlestial Race)
Let not base Villagers our Stocks destroy,
And what you so are pleas'd to like, enjoy ;
Who Drown whole Nations, or with stifling Smoke,
Establish'd Kingdoms in a minute Choke ;

Sweet

(*) See *Virg. Georg. lib. 4.*

*Hic quidam signis, atque hæc exem-
pla sequuntur,
Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, &
hæc sunt
Æthereos dicere, &c.*

From these examples some there are
maintain,
That *Bees* derive from a Cœlestial
strain,
And Heavenly race ; they say the
Deity
Is mix'd through Earth, the Sea, and
lofty Skie ;
Hence Men, and Beasts, both wild and
tame, derive
And whatsoe'er by breathing Air sur-
vive ;
To this they aser are dissolv'd, and
then
They re-assume first principles agen :
Nor is there place for death ; their
Spirits fly,
To the great Stars, and plant the lofty
Sky.

Sweet Treasure seize, laid up in VVaxen Forts,
Let deadly Poyson arm our little Darts,
That if the skin we pierce, no Scorpions bite
shall sooner kill, nor sharpest *Aconite*.
Then *Jove* reply'd ; You know not what you ask,
Your Malice to our Minion you unmask ;
Fool ! should I grant what Man would so annoy,
You and your Progeny soon they would destroy :
Therefore whoe'r shall waspish thrust his Sting,
In Humane Flesh, a Peasant, or a King
Disarm'd, shall turn a Drone, nor more shall toyl,
But in Rebellion live upon the Spoil.

MORAL.

A handsome treat, a Bottle of good Wine,
May more prevail than Jewels, Plate, or Coin :
To slowing Bowls your business well appl'd,
Your Suit is bad, if then you be deny'd.

1

FAB.

FAB. XIX.

Of the Covetous Man and his Goose.

THAT greedy worm who stood in his own light,
 And first let th'envious ask to wreak his spite,
 Had now a business falln into his Lap,
 That he to Fortune ought t' have veil'd his Cap;
 Had he been thankful, but bad Natures will
 Ne'r return good for good, though ill for ill;
 This answer'd all, he of the Gods could beg,
 Each day his *Goose* laid him a Golden Egg;
 Most strange! yet true, though scarce believ'd when told,
 The Yelk not only, but the White was Gold:
 Fearing his precious Bird, now in her Prime,
 Might Old grow barren, and he loose his time,
 Nor of the Blessing present Profit make,
 His Opportunity he now will take;
 To swell his Bags, improvments to enlarge,
 When thus he gives his Golden Bird a Charge:

You daily me a handsome Egg produce,
 For beauty valued, else of little use;
 Though *Cressus* such bright Images ador'd,
 Yet he to Iron bended, and the Sword;
 Ah! of this gaudy toy, to quench their thirst,
 Make Man unhappy, and the World accurst.

But to the point, though at my own Barn-door,
 You Diet have, yet run you on the score,
 Contrary to our Covenant, oft you get,
 Into my Corn, and spoyl whole Fields of Wheat,
 There

— Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
 Auri sacra famas? —



There you not only Feast, but undertake;
For others, which no little havock make ;
But howsoe'r to ballance all Accounts,
Since not your Wages to so much amounts,
Double your task, lay me two Eggs a day,
So will the surplus justed Audits pay.

Then said the Dame; Your Judgement Sir, consult,
Lay not on me a duplicated Mulct ;
Forc'd *Embrios* may your Golden Mine consume,
And Births imperfect, perish in the Womb.

At these words Avarice and Choler mix'd,
The hinges of Right reason quite unfix'd ;
When thus her Death resolving on, he said ;
I shall be happy, and for ever made !

'Tis beyond scruple, past uncertain Hope,
She hath the Stone, th' *Elixer* in her Crop ,
Or else it lodgeth in her Heart or Soale ;
Fly Lymbecks ! fly, lent fires and Beechen Coal !
Whole years of Toyl, Tryals of Skill and Wit,
To make the Medicine for projection fit,
Or is that Voyage, past those dangerous Seas,
And we Arriv'd in the *Hesperides* ;
Nor need we mix with Copper, Steel, or Brass,
Cooperate with a stiff unyielding Mass ;
But on green Corn like this despightful Bird,
Who Wheat-blade-milk converts to glittering Curd ;
So at one touch Fitches, and Fields of Tares,
Shall Mettal shine, and wave with Golden Ears.

This said, he kills the *Goose* , and then dissects,
From a bad Cause, but follow sad Effects,
Inspection through her panting Entrails made,
He found no *Indian Mines*, nor *Gaiety* trade :

He his enjoynments lost, and hop'd for Pelf,
Though dear, a Halter bought, and Hang'dhimself.

MORAL.

*O'r-weening Hopes are portalls to Despair,
Who climb a Precipice, let them beware :
Higher they mount, the lower is their Fall :
Some catch at Heaven and Hell, the Devil and All.*

FAB.

F A B L E XX.

Of the Sheep and the Butcher.

Fable 20.

VV Ethers a dozen, all of special Note,
 Each in a Golden-fleece, or silver coat;
 Fed in one stall, rich in their numerotus
 Free from incursions of the *Wolf* and *Fox*; (flocks,
 Where they long prospering securely dwelt,
 And never frown of fickle Fortune felt;
 Whom from their golden Dream a *Butcher* wakes,
 And a fat Brother from *Sheep College* takes.
 Much at this unexpected Chance dismay'd,
 In frequent Council, thus *Bell-wether* said:
 How are we fall'n whom Pride and Riches swell'd?
 Who such a Consternation e'er beheld?
 We in Gold Tunicks and strip'd silver Vests,
 For Nuptials fitted, look like Funeral Guests;
 With our Surprisal struck, each face did show
 A Map of Misery and ensuing woe;
 Wher's former Strength and courage, where our vaunt?
 No fortune could the *Sheepish* Nation daunt;
 But now our business mind, no time neglect,
 VVe must be suddain Stout, and circumspect;
 Apparent danger's neer, by one consent,
 Our Ruin by defensive Arms prevent:
 VVhat fool on us imbody'd, once dares fall?
 VVhose Heads may batter down a brazen VVall?
 But if you suffer thus, the subtle Foe,
 To seize us single, and unquestion'd goe,
 Thus unarraid let him the Fattest cull,
 And at once strip us both of Skin and Wool,

We

We inch by inch shall like a Taper melt,
 Lost in destruction, e'er one Blow be dealt;
 Wars are begun, and yet no War Proclaim'd;
 No Trumpet sounding, why should we be blam'd
 To take up Arms, and so Revenge our Wrong?
Surprizal makes us Forty thousand strong;
 In *Belin's* Name, next entering him Arrest,
 And beat the Breath out of his wicked breast,
 This bloody *Butcher* kill, and then sit down
 In Peace, and once more Masters of your own.

This said, a byas'd Brother rising spoke,
 And thus in pieces his grave Council took:

We may your Courage, not your Prudence praise,
 Would us persuade a dangerous War to raise
 Upon such slender grounds, before we know
 If this Invasion be, or he a Foe:
 Under Attrainder and to Prison lead,
 Must him we rescue, private quarrels wed?
 Engage Republick on so slight a score,
 Be all undone rather than one grow poor?
 A Province seiz'd, the Fact will never reach
 To make upon the Empires Peace a Breach;
 Whilst you enjoy what e'er makes Mortals blest,
 To help a Neighbour nere your selves molest;
 Some with their Blood may water *Fleur-de Liece*,
 Others re-gild pale-growing Golden Fleece;
 But who e'er takes up Arms, the Die once thrown,
 May call their proper goods no more their own;
 Let their Allies and Friends the better get,
 United States may in a Province set:

But to the Point, the Foe you would Surprise,
 He watches with his own, not others Eyes;
 His preparations he will never slack,
 But still be ready at the first attack,

Not

Not Sloth nor Avarice shall e'er abuse,
 Being a Master of his own Reviews;
 So fall on when you please, you soon shall feel
 'Gainst your unpractis'd Arms, his ready Steel;
 Though twelve to one, he in prepared bowls,
 Will cool this Fever in your purple Souls;
 So in one action we shall perish all.
 The worst that may betide, fall what may fall!
 We shall have time, whilst us he singly takes,
 Each posting minute alterations makes;
 Whilst present Junctures may our Cause advance,
Wonders the Bosome fill, of Time and Chance,
 And this encroaching Tyrant may, perhaps,
 On false pretensions Levying War, relaps:
 Therefore be patient, Live whilst live we may,
 Nor to a desperate hazzard all betray.

This Counsel taking, they dispise the first,
 And none there Contradicting, chose the worst;
 When in the Slaughterer comes, just as before,
 And their full Dozen shrunk to half a score:
 So daily picks and culls, making no Noyse,
 Till of twice six, remains not any Choice;
 Only his Orator, whom forth he draws,
 Last to Reward, who so Preach'd up his Cause;
 Who not suspected Cutting of his Throat,
 But to be Duke and Peer made of the Coat;
False and Ambitious Councillors, then said he;
May they be paid their Punishment like Me.

MORAL.

Few publick Spirits, Common Counsels find;
 These Fathom Wants, those Private Interest blind:
 Most for the Present, and their own Affairs:
Sudden Calamities seizeth unawares.

F A B.

F A B. XXI.

Of the Wolf and the Fox.

A River by a Thunder-Tempest swell'd,
Would not in bounds of Modesty be held;
But with an Inroad o'r-runs bordering strands
Retreat then founding, Plashes leaves, and Ponds:
'Mongst which a tardie *Salmon*, *Reynard* spies,
And without Net or Angle, makes his Prize.

The *Wolf* hard by, observ'd the lucky Hit,
And thus puts in to share the dainty bit.

Halves; half I cry! what you seiz'd, first I saw,
And claym the Moyetie by Partners Law;
In happy time this Creature-comfort came,
My queasie Stomach checks, at Kid or Lamb,
Tastless seems Humane blood; I from a Drab
Last night made seizure of a tender Squab,
Thought on the Infant, warm, my self to treat,
And scarce the Liver and the Heart could eat.

Come, let's to Breakfast, and at Night with me
You shall Co-partner of my Fortune be;
I at *Hog's-Norton* twinc kling of a Jigg
On prophane Organs took a Popish Pig,
I'll only Feast you with that single dish,
By that time well we shall digest our Fish.

Then *Reynard* thus; What e'r this Lenten fare,
For a small purchase I release my share;
My peevish Madam ready to cry out,
Nothing will serve her, but a *Salmon-trout*,
Vvhich brought not, when expected, she will rise,
Bedung my Face, and Urine in my Eyes.

But learn to Fish, I'll soon your VVolfship teach,
Both for your self and Friends, enough to catch;

Bring



Bring yonder Basket tackled to that Rope,
Which you shall satisfie beyond your Hope :
That Wicker laden will be such a Heap ;
Shall Markets make so much now risen, Cheap.

This said ; *Isgrim* though surley, draws the Tools,
Which tying to his sterne, thus *Reynard* fools :
Now to the River bring the fastned Paile,
Which I'll so settle that you shall not fail ;
But you by no means till I give the Word,
Must not look back, nor your drag-Net be stirr'd.

The greedy *Wolf*, this said ; obeys Command,
And as the *Fox* directed, takes his stand ;
Whilst he the Wicker with huge pibbles thwacks,
Until the circling fallow-belly cracks :
This done, he calls ; Now please your *Wolfship* pull !
Well you are hanse'd, your new Engin's full,
The River's drain'd, what Fish, how fat, and fair !
Now I demand with you a Partners share ;
Put all your strength, your Cordage strong, and Dock
So well United, may remove a Rock.

This said ; glad *Isgrim* gives a lusty hale,
Until he tenter'd out both Rope and Tail ;
But fast, the work stood fix'd, nor more would jogg
Than stubborn Rock, or a perverser Log :

When *Reynard* calls, I see we need some help,
I'll fetch my Eldest Son, an able W help,
Who joyn'd with you, the task shall undertake ;
But till we come by no means, Sir, look back :
The *Wolf* perswaded, *Fox* bears home his Trout,
Then mustering thus the Villages about.

Swains, Come away ! and Arm with speed, the *Wolf*
Your Flocks devourer, that all-swallowing Gulph,
Now drains your River, and what havock there
May Sheep-skin Doublets make that never Swear,

Pure Zeal pretenders; to your grief you know,
 Now, now aveng'd be on the Common Foe! (throng,
 Straight from the neighbouring Dorps, bold Rusticks
 And like a gather'd Tempest, Old and Young
 Upon his quarters falling, him assail,
 With Batts, and Staves, and Stones as thick as hail;
 No way to save himself, of Life no hope,
 He quits his Rudder fastned to the Rope,
 To neereſt Coverts bare-breech'd *Iſgrim* flies,
 Whilst mingled Shouts and Clamours Scale the Skies.

MORAL.

*Thoſe that at Private, or at Publick Feaſts,
 Uſe to invite themſelves mongſt bidden Gueſts:
 Oſten upon them ſuch Affronts are put,
 They had been better at the Three-peny-Cut.*

F A B.

F A B. XXII.

2. *Of the ſame Wolf and Fox.*

G Lad of the Mercy and Escape ſo fair,
 Though with nò little ſmart and Gaſcoins bare,
 Whilst he lay licking whole, his ſcarce no ſtump,
 Ruſticks in Tryumph bearing round the Rump:
 Thus *Iſgrim* did his boſome diſembogue;
 How ſhall I be Reveng'd upon this Rogue?
 Who me in Danger put, and utter ſhame,
 To be thus deſpicable as I am;
 Where ſhall I wander now? where ſhew my face?
 Bearing about the brand of my Diſgrace?
 How ſhall I be diſguiſ'd, or which way dreſt,
 Unleſs I wear a Tunick and a Veſt?
 I that abhorr'd all Faſhions, what e'r New,
 Muſt bid to thoſe my dogging modes adieu;
 I'll lay my Vizzard by, a *Heſtor* turn,
 And my too Formal Sanctity adjourn;
 Fall on this ſubtle *Fox* where e'r we meet:
 No, 'twill not do, Wit muſt encounter Wit;
 Thus Clad I'll to the Court, the *Lion's* Sick,
 Mint on my Brains, and ſhew him Trick for Trick.

This ſaid; he lays aſide his formal ſhape,
 His Sheep ſkin Cloak, and Mutton-Velvet Cape,
 Puts on a Veſt, that cover'd his Diſgrace,
 And with a Peruke owl'd his *Wolviſh* Face;
 Low-crown'd his Hat, not the ſame Beaſt he ſhow'd,
 So forth he walks, a New Old *A-la-mòde*:

Entring the Court, he in the Royal Hall,
 The King and Queen ſaw, ſitting at a Ball;
 Dancing *Baboons*, and Singing *Parachitts*,
 The *Lion* eas'd in Melancholly ſits;

K 2

Up

Up in a Bower his Cats and Fiddles stood,
The band twice Twelve, made Galiards in the blood.

The Pastime over, *Ifgrim* did appear,
And going forth, desir'd his Royal Ear,
He his old Counsellor, though disguis'd, not balks,
But a turn with him in the Gallerie walks:
Then he himself applying, from his Forge,
New Anvil'd Spleen and Malice did discharge.

I from a populous City came of late,
Where all Diseases fell at any Rate,
Who Golden showers poure in a *Danae's* Lap,
Only to purchase a sufficient Clap:
Small-pox is little valued, lesser Swine,
All seek the best, they barter may for Coyn;

About your Health inquisitive, I found
Those that kept Patients Sick, could make them sound,
At Spring and Fall their bloods did so firmment,
To pay them twice a Year their constant Rent;
I'mongst those Doctors met a Reverend Sage,
And told him your Distemper, Sir, and Age,
Not only trusting Practice, down he took
From Shelves with Learning loaden, an Old Book,
The Text and stuff'd up Margents long survey'd,
And thus from *Gallen's* Observations, said;

The Person disaffected, vext with Fumes,
Vertiginous, Vapours, and distilling Rhumes,
Must Purge, must Dyer, and must Issues make:
But Old, take care lest any Cold he take:
Get him warm Furs, his Garments line and face,
Nothing more Sovereign than a *Foxes* Case;
That only will, if Rich, soather all flaws
Of Wintry Age, and quite remove the Cause.

Then said the *Lion*; A *Fox* skin so good
Youth to renew, and circulate the blood!

King

King Craft, and gravest Counsellors alledge
That *Foxes* Tails best Royal Ermin edge.

Then *Ifgrim* said; Sir *Reynard* now gone down,
That in late Turmoils fought against your Crown,
And Knighted since by You, get him to Court,
And your dear Life to lengthen, cut his short.

The *Lion* likes th' Advice, and Orders straight
That on Emergencies, Affairs of State,
He should attend the King, whom more to blind,
His Gracious Letter he both Seal'd and Sign'd;
No Common Messenger, nor usual Post,
Were sent, by which the business might be lost,
But a swift *Tyger*, that like Lightning flew,

The Work thus perfected, the King withdrew;
And *Ifgrim* joyful of his well plaid part,
Goes to his Lodgings with a Merry Heart.

MORAL.

He that receives a Wrong should bear it too;
Are they too Subtle, or too Strong for you?
Better sit down, Loss and Affronts digest,
Then Rising, tread upon a Serpents Nest.

FAB

F A B. XXIII.

3. *Of the same Wolf and Fox.*

THis Closet-secret, the whole Juncto two,
Early next morning, fly Sir *Reynard* knew,
His Pensioners, Intelligencers there,
Pick'd out each Whisper from the King's own Ear;
Such as their Prince and Countrey, such as would
Their Wives! their Wives and Children sell for Gold:
Who Publick Spirits count both weak and base;
Let Private Interest, self-concern take place:
What care they if whole Kingdoms sinck or swim,
So they buoy up and float above the brim.

Startl'd at first, a consternating Cold
Agu'd his Joynts, attack'd lifes warmer Hold,
Soon as his better Spirits cleer'd the Damp,
And sparks of Courage, lightned Reasons Lamp;

Then *Reynard* spake; Be circumspect, and quick,
Mischief prevent, and shew him Trick for Trick;
To Cure the *Lion*, must I be uncas'd?
You may be met with, *Wolf*, for all your haft.

This said, he all bemires his Back and Head,
In Carrion rowls, where *Rooks* and *Ravens* fed,
So to Court goes, so Arm'd with this Disguise
And noysome stench, to play his Master-Prize;
And soon he came where the Old *Lion* sate,
Bemelanchollied and Disconsolate.

But when he saw Sir *Reynard* there, he said;
Cousin! draw neer, to see you I am glad;
You must for me, a business undertake,
Concerns my Life, and Crown! why draw'st thou back?
Come

Come neer, and me your King advice afford,
The work's too knotty for our Council-Board:
They only follow Sport, Eat, Drink, and Droll,
Scarce one a Learned or a Knowing Soul.

Then *Reynard* said; Ah my most gracious Liege!
I thus bespatter'd with foul dung and siege,
Sir, ought not in your Royal Presence stand,
But that I bring you from a Forreign Land,
Fair Overtures of Health, nay, certain Cure,
For lingring Sickness worse than Calenture;
What Comfort boasts the Emperour of the World?
Whose Cheeks bear pale Distempers, Flags unfurl'd;
When *Hypocondrick* fumes, more strong than spells,
Or Pulpits, Conjure up ten thousand Hells,
Legions of Devils, and as many Saints,
Breaching Rebellion, Oaths, and Covenants;
Tortur'd with Fancy worse than his Disease,
He Lives or Dyes, as Court Physicians please.

Observing Sir, that all in Physick dealt,
Oftner our Purfes than our Puffles felt;
And whensoever: Double Fees not drop,
They leave their Patient then in little Hope;
Gallenick this, *Chymistrie* that pretends,
Their chiefest Learning *Greek* and *Latine* ends:

So I at last, a great Magician found,
That only dealt with Spirits under-ground;
By me importun'd much, he call'd from Rest,
Old *Æsop*, that Renown'd Methologift;
Who first to business found the nearest way,
What in long Sermons, Orators could say
Of State Affairs, of Moral, or Divine,
His *Cock* and *Bull* contracts all in a Line.
Whole pale Shade told me, vain were Med'cines all,
You might perhaps, linger a Spring, and Fall;

But

But you your course must finish e'r the Sun
Could through the Ecliptick, Annual periods run.

I grieving much, straight made this sad reply;
Ah! must my dear and Royal Master dye?
When thus he spake in few and pithy words,
One only Med'cine the whole World affords,
Whose Sovereign Power can o'r his Fits prevail;
And that's a *Wolf*, a *Wolf* without a Tail;
Whose bristly Skin must gird him Back and Side,
This in seven dayes shall Cure, if well apply'd.

This said, the Vision fled the dazzling light,
Since when I neither rested Day, nor Night,
To bring from Shadows, and the Gates of Hell,
What us must Happy make, and You, Sir, Well.
My haste and your Necessity, hath made
Me venture in your Presence, thus bewray'd.

Whose there? the King said; On your lives not fail,
But fetch me straight a *Wolf* without a Tail.

When one reply'd; *Isgrim* late come to Court,
A Rudder wants, or else 'tis wondrous short:
To hide his wants, thus he himself hath drest,
His *Sheep-skin* Cloak turn'd to a Coat and Vest:

Ha, said the Monarch; Bid him hither straight;
No sooner entered, but he met his Fate.
The *Lion* throws him back upon the floor,
And off his Skin, and out his Bowels tore.

No sooner *Reynard* saw thus *Isgrim* strip'd,
But to *Fox-ball* the sly Insulter slip'd.

MORAL.

Not be who First, but Last, the King's Ear gets,
At subtle Plots, and counterminings beats:
Yet they who Foremost Charge, cry Traytor first,
Play a fore-game, and seldome get the worst.

F A B. XXIV.
Of the Camel and the Fly.

THat Emblem of Impertinence, the Fly.
Mounted upon a Camel Steeple-high;
Because the laden Monster slowly went,
Her petulant humour stir'd up, did firment,
Who pitch'd upon a Turbant o'r a Pack,
In a high Chafe thus Arrogantly spake.
Why? Bunch-back, creep'it thou in so smooth a
Am I so great a Lady? such a Load? (Road?)
This Tiffany Whisk, and Sarfnet Cloak of mine,
Ne'r Navel gall'd, nor broke a Horses Chine;
Haste thou dull Lump of flesh, why dost not goe?
This Morning is Sir Cranion Wedded know,
To Madam Lady-Bird, more Fair and gay
Than May her self, and all the Flowers in May;
There will be painted Flies of all Degrees,
Prime Courtiers, and the King himself, of Bees;
Gnats, Humbles, Hornets, twenty four his Band,
(*) Hybleans Confort ready at Command;
Who late Presented Jove a Hony-comb,
Sent with Gifts loaden, and great Honours home;
His (b) Waxen Realms to Strengthen and advance,
Above the Power of Change, or fickle Chance;
The Married Pair present their Royal Guest
A stately Masque, after a sumptuous Feast;
And I my Self, whose Name you needs must know,
Dame Gadfly, am Invited to the show:
Had I a Switch or Spur, I'd pay your coat,
That thus with Calling make so Hoarse my Throat:
The Camel hearing from his Fardle come
Vexatious buzzes, and so loud a Hum,

L

Thought



(a) Which Epithète is derived from *Hybla*, a City in *Sicily*, where is great store of *Thyme*, which is the cause why that *Honey* is the most pleasant.

(b) See *Virg. Georg. lib. 4.*

*Ilum adeo placuisse apibus mirabere morem,
Quod nec contentum indulgent, nec corpore segnis
In ventrem solvunt, aut satius mixibus edunt:
Verum ipsa foliis natos, & suavis herbis
Ore legunt: ipsa regem parvosque quirit
Sufficiunt, anasque & cetera regnare figunt.*

'Tis strange that Bees such customs should maintain;
Yours to scorn, in wanton Lust didst lead
To waste their strength: and without throws they breed,
But cull from leaves, and various flowers, their feed.
Their Kings and petty Princes they proclaim,
Then Palaces, and Waxen Kingdoms frame.

Thought that some Spirit Ranted in the Sky ;
 But when he saw there but a Summer Fly,
 Why Madam *Gad* ? why all this stir ? he said ;
 My Master for your place you never paid :
 If I could reach thee with my Train or Teeth,
 I'd make thee far unfit to Roast, or Seeth ;
 You that so poor and Proud are ; one small lash,
 Would turn thee boneless Nothing to a Hash.

MORAL.

*The noise of Wrangling Gamesters at their Games,
 Makes Heavenly Musick to your All-tongu'd Dames :
 Ecco a Voice without a Body strange !
 Let Silent Women' mongst such Wonders range !*

F A B.

F A B. XXV.

2. Of the same Camel and Fly.

DAME *Gad-fly* now that such a puther kept ;
 Returning home, on the same *Camel* slept ;
 Weary with Dancing at the Bridal, where
 So many *Flesh-Flys* and hot Courtiers were ;
 The laden Beast through beaten Tracts jog'd on,
 Till both his Journy and the Day were done ;
 The *Fly* warm sitting in bright *Phæbus* beams,
 Pav'd all her passage with delightful Dreams ;
 Whilst through deep waies on went the burthen'd Slug
 His Reins and Harness rattling, the fate snug :
 But when the *Sun* behind th' opacous Globe
 Suffer'd Eclipse, Cold, pierc'd her slender Robe ;
 At which she waking, bristles up her Tail,
 Then lighting pearch'd upon the neighbouring Pale ;
 With Curtsies after Curtsies, Lady *Gad*,
 Thus to the *Camel*, oft repeating, said :
 Sir, I'll no farther trouble you to Night,
 In Compassion of your Burthen light,
 My many thanks I ne'r so easie rode,
 You must be Weary sure, with such a Load !
 I slept all day, those sleep sit Heavyer far,
 Than those that wake, and talk, and jocund are ;
 Your humble Servant ; thousand kiss'd hands, pray
 Make use of my House when you come that way.
 The *Camel* then ; Pox on thee, art thou there ?
 Did ever any such a Gossip hear ?
 Exclusive Complements vex ten times more
 Than all your petulant ranting talk before ;
 Begon, else something on thee I'll bestow
 You'll thank me for, since you I nothing owe ;

L 2

1

I feel no Ladys weight, th' are all so light,
 But words may load me, that a Ship would freight;
 The Hills and Dales I past, Plashes and Banks,
 Not so much tir'd me, as your vexing thanks;
 Strange trouble are your Complemental Gnats!
 That neither Mony, Manners have, nor Sprats.

MORAL.

*Poor and low breeding makes Phanatick Elves,
 Competitors with Kings conceive themselves:
 Porters may think they bear a Kingdoms waight,
 And are the only Atlasses of State.*

F A B.

F A B. XXVI.

3. *Of the same Camel and Jupiter.*

O Ur Camel, he that bore Dame Fly of late;
 Had got a Maggot now in his own Pate;
 Long-fed in Pasture, and at plenteous Stalls

Fat, in a fit of Melancholly falls;
 Prick'd up with Provender and swelling Pride,
 To Jove thus sadly he himself apply'd.

O thou that Rul'st the lower and upper World!
 Where nightly thy bright Ensigns fly unfurl'd;
 On me a wretched Beast, take some Remorse,
 That under-valued am beneath a Horse!
 I am become to all the Field a Scorn,
 What Taste hath tenderd Grass, or purest Corn?
 What all my Ease? what my continued Feasts?
 Imbitter'd still with Jeers and biting Jest?
 They say, I bear a Fardle on my Back;
 And only need behind, a Pedlars Pack;
 Tell me betwixt my Belly and my Brains,
 A gutter falls as deep as two long Lanes;
 To set out my Deformity and Want,
 Honour and Arms upon my Temples plant;
 Adorn my Frontispiece with stately Horns,
 Not with Ram *Belin's*, but the *Unicorn's*;
 Then I shall keep *Monkeys* and *Apes* in awe,
 And from his perch bring down the jeering *Daw*;
 Then I shall be a stately Beast indeed,
 And all those Scoffers at my pleasure Feed.

Then Jove said, smiling at his fond Request;
 Thou mak'st thyself the same deformed beast,
 By your Petition, and as foolish too,
 As when in Lampoones they decypher you.

Horns

Horns on that Head already rais'd so high !
 Sure thou hast some Design upon the Sky !
 To strike down Constellations in their March,
 Unhinge our Throne on Heavens supremest Arch ?

(a) See Virg. *Æneid*, lib. 2.
Invadunt Urbem somno, vinoque se-
pultam ;
Caduntur vigiles, portisque patentibus
omnis
Accipimus sociis, atque agmina confusa
junamus.

Storm our Twelve Houses (*) Watches rout, and
 Eternal Centreys and Nocturnal Guards : (Wards,
 Since thou for Arms and such additions prayst,
 I'll take from thee those Ornaments thou hast ;

They take the Town, buried in Sleep
 and Wine ;
 They kill the Watch, and straight at
 open Gates,
 Receive their Friends, and joyn to
 their known Mates.

Hermes straight fetch, said *Jove*, yon Monster's Ears,
 And in Our Hall 'mongst Crests and Hoods of Bears,
 'Mongst other Forfeitures to Us that fall
 On like occasions, nail them to the Wall.

This said, the God Descends through Chrystal
 And with a blast of Lightning crops his Ears ; (Spears
 Heavens Court the *Camel* oft in vain implor'd,
 But they the Gates of Hearing ne'r restor'd.

MORAL.

Should Princes grant what e'r their Subjects ask,
 They soon would put them to a second task :
 That Gracious They all Parents would Repeal,
 The Giddy, Vulgar know not when th' are well.

F A B.

F A B. XXVII.

Of the Lamb and the Crow.

A Petulant *Crow* with Carrion banquets gorg'd,
And noysome Offalls, to *Bears College* barg'd;
Look'd round a soft and steadier seat to find,

Than a rough branch, that danc'd with every Wind ;

Spying a *Lamb*, said she ; No further search,
On yon soft Couch, that silken fleece I'll perch,
Her short respite put straight in Act, she came,
And Quarters settles on the harmless *Lamb* ;

Who when he felt a burthen on his back ,
And hovering saw one lighted , all in Black,
Supposing some great Lady there had been,
That only Rested, not took up her Inn,
He patiently endur'd ; but when she staid
As in her Lodgings ; thus the Sufferer said.

Madam, who e'r you are, I not enquire,
But wish to Privacy you would retire ;
Though soft the Palat, yet you Curtains want,
Unfit to duel with a brisk Gallant ;
Need you a moving Brothel ? Call a Coach ,
There's all Conveniency and less Reproach ;
Bewhat you will, Court-Dame, Goddess, or Nymph,
I would not bear your Bed, and be your Pimp.

Then said the *Crow* ; Why how now sawey Jack ?
Thinkst thou a Strumpet sits upon thy back ?
Were I a Pleasure-Lady here I'd sleep,
And this place as my own apartment keep.

The *Lamb* reply'd ; Lady I am content,
If you will pay my Master Chamber-rent ;
He hath a thousand tricks, a thousand wayes,
To lose you in Laws intricating Maze ;



A Lawyer who his Neighbours keeps in awe,
Will Sue them for the turning of a Straw ;
A heinous Trespass o'r his Hedge to peep ;
Lady, agree with him before you sleep.

Then she reply'd ; Your Master I will match,
E'r he proceed he first must me attach ;
But e'r Dog-Sergeants come, I'll take my flight,
Where never Under-Shrieve shall on me light ;
Disturb no more, nor keep me from Repose,
Left I instead of Parlying fall to blows.

MORAL.

Poor and Proud Tenants hard are off to claw,
Possession being Eleven Points of the Law :
Are we not able Tyrants to Supplant ?
Better with Patience suffer, than to rant.

FAB. XXVIII.

Of the Crow and the Pitcher.

THe Crow this said, Indulging wholesome rest
Her station kept, foul Banquets to digest ;
When her from sleep a hot alarm wak'd,
Cates which in Dog-dayes *Phœbus* stew'd and bak'd ;
Strange Insurrections in her bowells nurs'd,
Turning high Surfeit into Raging Thirst ;
Then looking round, she on the neighbouring Bank
A Pitcher spies, well shouldered in the Flank ;
Who straight o'r-joy'd, forsakes her Landlord Lamb,
And to this Cistern for Refreshment came.
The Pot then smiling, said, Your hopes are vain,
A Bucket wants my Treasury to drain ;
You from my well-naild Margents may survey,
How on my water, beams reflecting play ;
But down your throat one drop shall ne'r distil,
A Swans Neck wanting, or the Cranes long Bill.
The Thirsty Crow, this said, thrust down her Nib,
A Dry bob finding for expected bib ;
Jer'd and defeated, now she must aswage,
Not only burning Thirst, but burning Rage ;
Her Brains she romag'd, her Invention stirr'd,
Fancy presents what e'r she saw or heard ;
To mind then calling an *Athenian Owl*,
That kept hard by, a Philosophick School,
Who much insisted on three ^(*) Elements,
And how the Liquid yield unto the Dense,
Water shuts Air out, but a Turfe or Stone,
Makes that to swell and break its ^(*) spherick Cone.
True, said the Bird, were you as deep as Hell,
Conjure up your Liquor with this Spell ;

M

Then

(*) The fourth Element is quite exploded by all Modern Writers.

(*) The Water swelling above its margents Spherically.

Then labour'd she to vindicate her Cause,
 With Pebbles stuff'd her bill and griping Claws,
 Too and again, with stones then trudging hopps,
 And till she saw moyst Margents, never stops;
 Then pearching on the baffled *Pitchers* brim,
 Exhausted Liquour stretch'd her bellys rimme.

Sure Dame you are no Witch, the *Crow* then said,
 Although so Eloquent a Speech you made;
 You bad at businels are, though good at words,
 You thought like *Pitchers* were Ætherial Birds;
 Dull Earthen Clod, that stand't like *John a Dreams*,
 O'r Rocks and Mountains Art will carry Streams;

(c) See Benvolio and *Famianus Strada*, in their History of the Low-Country Wars with Spain.

Against the (c) *Austrian Eagles, Storks, and Cranes*,
 Dry Land to Sea turn'd, Seas to ample Plains;
 Us'd Water as they list'd, now enrag'd,
 Both Armies are midst standing Corn engag'd;
 Flagships soon after, on the self-same spot,
 Draw up bold Squadrons plying Canon-shot;
 You that so Wise were in your own Conceit,
 To me now as a Mistress, stand in Debt;
 But since no Credit get we by a Foal,
 I'll thus at once begin, and break up School.

MORAL.

What unto some Impossible appears,
 Time, Industry, a Purse, and Conduct, cleers:
 Wares River, building Paul's, and such like Works,
 Lay under Feers, and Scribbling Poets jerks.



FAB. XXIX.

Of the Wind and an Earthen Vessel.

TO a grand *Bottle* neiling in the Sun,
 Thus *Boreas* in huffing terms begun;
 What art thou bullie Monster? thou that haft
 Such a prodigious *Hogen Mogen* Waste!
 As if design'd to empty brimming Quarts,
 And when Cork'd up, a bundle be of—
 Great King of Belly-Gods, I shake to think
 What thou wilt be, fill'd up with Barmie Drink!
 What face is that which on thy stomach seems,
 To dare the *Sun* 'midst all his glaring Beams?
 Art thou *Long-Parliament* without a Head?
 And that th' old *Speaker* on thy Girdle-stead?
 Must in that womb a *House of Commons* sit?
 Frothing and fuming, there their venome spit,
 Which open'd, bouncing Votes asperse the Sky,
 King, Lords bespattering, and who e'r stand by: (steer,
 When *Copper* Raign'd, Malt-worms the Helm did
 And Nations Rul'd with Cut-throat stinging Geere;
 What from so base a Vessel can we hope,
 Must firment giddy and mad-headed Tope?

Then spake the *Jugg*; Know Fool, I am not built
 For *Dagger-ale*, and *Commoners*, a Tilt;
 Which mild at first, turn Vinegar grown old,
 Too sharp for Peers, and with their King too bold.

A Merry Boy, the Merriest of the Three,
 Bespoke my Predecessor failing, me
 Though *China Ware*, so stands our brittle Fate,
 That we come broken home, early or late;
 I must supply his Major Generals place,
 Who after Treatments and a pittanc'd Grace,



FAB. 29.

All took away, Women, weak vessels gone,
 Cryes Battel bid, those that remain fall on ;
 Bottles forlorn, all *French*, first fury stands
 Bravely a while, short work make many Hands ;
 Soon-routed comes the Main, a stronger doffe,
 Surrounding me, my Guard *Long-beard le Grosse* ;

Here Cavaleers true Valour shew indeed,
 I and my Adamantine Squadrons bleed ;
 Me to a Supernaculum they drain,
 Then Triumph o'r the numbers of the Slain :

But who art thou that mak'st with me so bold ?
 I hear a Voyce, and feel backbiting Cold ;
 Though in the Sun my Face and Belly bake,
 Thou mak'st my Neck and tender shoulders ake ;
 Yet thou no Sinewes, Muscles hast thou none,
 But Vapour'st only, in a *Hefforing* tone ;
 I th' early product of this single day,
 Have substance, and a Body, though of Clay ;
 If thou dar'st cope, here I shall stand thy shock,
 As Waves dis pierce thee beating 'gainst a Rock ;
 Thy muster'd Atoms I'll so disunite,
 In rowted Eddies they themselves shall fight.

When *Boreas* Angry, thus began to huff ;
 Know Dust, know empty Pride, and brittle stuff,
 I am a King, with me my fourteen Sons ,
 All Princes, Govern *Artick* Regions ;
 Seven *Eurus* Race, seven *Zephyres* Daughters Wed,
 I only cold, lye in a single Bed ;
 Reciding much in *Caledonia*, Coasts
 Espous'd to Winter and eternal Frosts ;

Great Power I o'r those barren Confiners vaunt,
 Invincible Necessity and Want
 Joyn'd with my starving blasts, first sign'd th' Intreague,
 Of their so late dire Covenanting League ;

Thence

Thence march'd we on, with Sword, and Book, and Gun,
 I Charg'd the *South* with Snow, with Clouds the *Sun* ;
 Till Southern Yeomen help by Northern Lowins,
 Trampled on Scutcheons, Crossiers, and Crowns ;
 And Topsie turvie turn'd, in quest of Spoils,
 Three Famous Kingdoms, and two fertile Isles ;
 But thee, I for thy sawcinesse will tear,
 That such Affronters may of Kings beware.

This said, the angry Prince, lest breath should fail,
 Charg'd with small shot, a shower of battering Hail ;
 And the o'rweening Vessel at the first,
 In thousand shards, and useles splinters burst ;
Pots, Pans, and Pipkins, no small sufferers were,
 Company their Crime, and only being there ;
 The *Potter* wondring at the suddain Clap,
 Lost in the Hurley burley storme, his Cap ;
 Recovering Breath, thus Conquering *Boreas* said,
Conceited Fools such Objects should be made.

MORAL.

Princes should not, till they are Settled in
 Kingdoms regain'd, a Foreign War begin :
 Great is the Work old Ruins to repair,
 And fix 'gainst suddain Gusts, their Tottering Chair.

F A B.

F A B. XXX.

Of the Painter and the Devil.

AS in deep Extasie upon a peece
Must Modern *Latium* stain, and antient *Greece*,
The Story various, many figures in't,
A *Painter* sate, 'mongst which, the Fiend in Print,
As most concern'd, must take a special place ;
In his own Colours and true *Devils* Face ;

Yet to be Horrid, as the common Guife ,
Horns, spirie flames, Fire in his glaring Eyes,
His gaping Jaws wyre-drawn from Eare to Eare,
Serpents contorted, mix'd with elfoc'kd Hair ,
Would not stand well ; a *Devil* of the times,
A Demure Fiend that holds forth godly Crimes ;
That Smiling Stab'd, Cheating with Yea and Nay,
A handsome Goblin for a Holyday ,
He now must Draw ; at last he falls to Paint,
What well might stand for *Satan* or a *Saint* ,

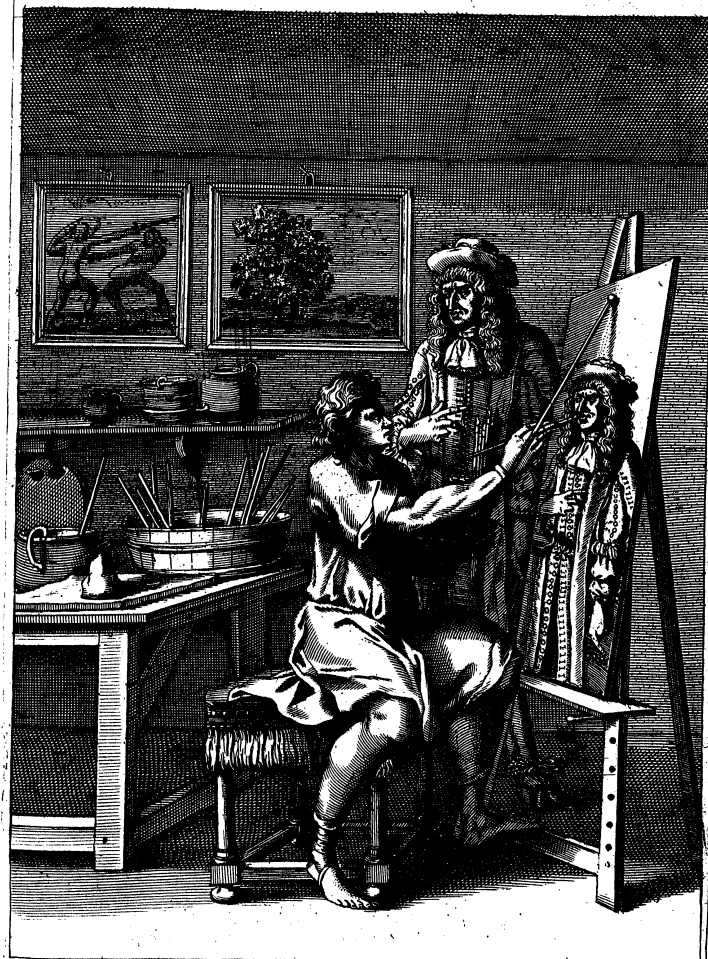
(a) The *Indians* usually paint the
Devil White.

ACbina (a) *Cacademon*, the fore ground,
Fills with bold Shadows like a statue round : (touch,

Which whilest he Finish'd, heightning touch by
Till as he fancy'd, he had Pourtrai'd such ;
Whilst his new Idol he licks o'r and o'r ,
A Person enters he ne'r saw before ;
After some Formal Congees, Cap and knee,

Let me, he said, Sir, no Disturbance be,
Pray keep your place, a *Virtuoso* I am ,
And your Admirer, hither sent by Fame ;
Though in this Town I long have frequent been,
And me perhaps in Publick you have seen,

Leading



Fab. 30.

Leading a Troop, or in the Pulpit, where,
 You seldome visits make, or if you e'r
 To the *Long-Parliament* had your self adrest;
 Where nothing past without my *Worships* Teste;
 We might have been acquainted, there I cou'd
 Have done a Person of your worth some good;
 So I till now, no means could find to own
 You, Honour'd Sir, nor make my self thus known.
 Whilst th' Artift Eye scarce from his Work did stir,
 Answering to all, Ah Sir, your Servant Sir;
 He thus went on; This Figure newly drawn
 Which now you seem so much intent upon,
 Shews rarely well, you with no sparing hands,
 Here dropt your Skill, how boldly off it stands!
 Pray let me ask you, Sir, without offence,
 Are you acquainted with His Excellence?
 Or late from the *Low-Countrys* got his sketch?
 How e'r, the World the Work shall never Match;
 Or should this be, a Fancy all your own,
 Proving so like that Prince, to me well known,
 His Sitting spard, some means Sir, might be made,
 That you may double be, and trebly paid.
 Who scarce by th' Artift minded, thus went on;
 Attention rowling in a lowder tone.

Sir, Sir, look up, here stands he whom you paint,
Monfieur Deveil, th' old *Low-Country* Saint;
 In my own likeness thus my self I show,
 That you may such a Friend in Person know.

At this the *Painter* starts up from his place,
 On's Picture stares, then in the *Devils* Face;
 To him affrighted, *Hogen Mogen* said;
 Be not so discompos'd, be not afraid;
 What see you here? no Tempest on my Brow,
 But all serene, just as you paint me now!

There

There stands my Self, each Lineament as well,
 As if the Picture had been drawn in Hell;
 And we have several famous *Painters* there,
 'Mongst whom e'er long, You, Sir, expected are;
 Where we mad *Devils*, merry Boys, and Waggs,
 Change Fire-brands mounted on Infernal Hags;
 And when grown weary of those rougher sports,
 We Anticks Dance beyond all Masques in Courts;
 And have our Poets in their several Desks,
 Writing *Lampoons*, Plays Riming, and *Bourlesks*,
 We act *Ragooe* there, *Sandie*, *Tegue*, and *Tbump*,
 And merry are, as when you burnt the *Rump*;
 You by this Face my Character may find,
 These your own Lines are Tables of my mind;
 Slight Fireside-stories, and such idle Dreams,
 When we are pleas'd, we are in the Extreams,
 For me so well thus Pencil'd Fiend and fair,
 I would not Gold present, increasing Care,
 Ask something may about your Heart sit warm,
 Against all Fears and Jealousies to arm,
 Bethink your self of some Rich Jewel, will
 Keep sweet Contentment in your Bosome still.

The Artist though much troubled and dismay'd,
 Thought if the Fiend for him a Favour had,
 He should uncivil be to slight his grant,
 Though (thanks to God) he knew no personal want.

Then Romaging his brains, he cries, my Wife
 O gracious *Devil*, dearer than my life,
 Make her my only Comfort, Joy of joys,
 Else all this Worlds Felicities are toys;
 Ah! out of your abundant goodness grant
 That none in her imbraces me supplant.

The Fiend reply'd; You know not what you ask,
 To translate Kingdoms is an easier Task!

I

I that have plaid the Fiend since two years old,
 Studied this point as much as *Devil* could;
 Ranack'd the Elements, Earth, Sea and Hell,
 Could ne'er find such a Charm, nor binding Spell;
 Nor Locks nor Keys, nor Adamantine wall,
 But when they sweeten once they break through all.

Yet take this Ring and put it on, so long
 As this you wear, none you shall ever wrong,
 This you of Fears and Jealousies will cure,
 And your fair Wife for your own Use secure,
 Safe from all loose Escapes, and wanton pranks;

He on his knees giving old *Satan* thanks:
 The flattering Dream, and Golden *Devil* fled,
 And he lay waking with his Wife in Bed;
 The meaning of the Vision soon he found,
 His Finger with incircling *Hymen* crown'd.

MORAL.

*Fond Jealousie, a Passion all Extreams
 Makes us believe vain thoughts and idle Dreams:
 Wives may be True or False to Husbands Beds,
 But Fancy'd Horns, put Devils in their Heads.*

N

F A B.

FAB. XXXI.

Of the Rustick and the Flea.

Blood-sucker ! thou that thus hast broken in,
 Committing Burglary upon my Skin,
 When pleasant sleep descending from the pole,
 Refresh'd with soft *Lethæan* Dew, my Soul ;
 What saist thou Wretch ? what Rhetorick can prevail ?
 That forfeit Life thou payst not on the Nail ?
 Confess and Hang, such favour I'll not grudge,
 That am your Executioner and Judge ;
 To an arrested *Flea* our Yeoman said ;
 When thus the Prisoner at the Barr did Plead.

Great King of Creatures, Pity my mishap,
 Pity one faln in thy tormenting Trap ;
 Let my sad Story melt thy yielding Soul,
 To grant a Pardon, or else take *Paroll* ;
 Thy Prisoner from a Prison scap'd so late,
 Yet feels the pressures of that heavy Fate ;
 Where I lay shackled in a pondrous Chain
 That did a hundred golden Links contain ;
 Throngs from the Town and Country, nay, the Court,
 To see my cruel Sufferings made their sport !
 Me when my Master had with no small pains
 Truss'd like a Murderer, up to hang in Chains ;
 He tutored to such activeness and strength,
 That Laden I leap'd ninety times my length !
 Wondring Spectators hem the Table round,
 Whilst to the Roof in gemm'd Gold I bound.

Yet I some Pleasures midst these tortures got,
 On Vermil' Cheeks I oft became a Spot ;



Fab. 31.

Oft in admiring Ladies bosoms Top'd
 But never more to purchase Freedom, hop'd ;
 Me and my Treasure up my Master locks,
 In utter Darkneſs in a ſilver Box ;
 When o'r and o'r my lofty tricks were ſhown,
 In ſuch a doleful Dungeon lay I thrown,
 I, my Goale open, with no little pains,
 Unyok'd my curbing Links and bridling Chains ;
 At laſt far off from my deſerted Box,
 In this Covert hid, your ſheltering Flocks :
 Three Days and Nights I kept that Woollen Hold,
 Till overcome by Hunger, Thirſt, and Cold ,
 In dark ſilence neer your Perſon crept,
 Feeling your warmth, hearing you ſoundly ſlept ;
 There craving *Cerberus* had a little Sop,
 Not much above a quarter of a drop,
 Which from your purple Iſle, your crimson Sea,
 Could not be miſt, yet ſav'd a wandering *Flea* ;
 This all my Crime, a poor night-walking Thief,
 Rather than dye, made bold with your Relief ;
 Take pity Sir, ſince you my ſtory know,
 And Life thus Forfeited on me beſtow.

Then ſaid the *Swain*, Thou Fables doſt deviſe,
 Haſt hope to ſave thy Life by telling Lyes ?
 Thou wak'ſt me from a Dream, beſhrew thee for't,
 Loſs of the Golden Viſion breaks my heart,
 To my own Smoky Roofs flung in a trice,
 From Seats of Blifs, and joyes of a Paradife !
 Such an *America*, a new-found World !
 Our gentleſt Calms ſeem ruffled, harſh, and curl'd
 To their ſerenneſs, all our Delights, annoys,
 Felicities of Princes irkſome toys ;

There I beheld Dames never to be match'd !
 Beautys like Stars ! not Painted nor be-patch'd !

(a) The Goddesses are observed
to move like Clouds, not step by step
as Mortals.

Virg. Æneid lib. 1.

Et veraincessu patuit Dea—

Her Garb a Goddess shews—

Nor proudly Waddled, but like (a) Clouds did march
With pace Majestick, through Heavens Christal Arch;

'Mongst these a Lady, one most Heavenly Fair!

Said, Cheer up Friend, no more now toyl nor care;

Spirits no more pour out in briny sweat,

Early and late the Bread of Sorrow eat;

But here for ever sport in shady Bowers,

Shortning with various Joyes the tardy hours;

A thousand Years in Pleasure at the height,

Shall like your Lovers minutes take their flight;

Such *Venus* after-games we here shall play,

And ne'r be weary, never feel decay;

I ventur'd fair then for a gentle Touch

To Doe--; what any could, they would, as much:

When me of all my hopes thou didst bereave,

And with one Pinch awaking, undeceive;

Thou robst me, Villain, of a heavenly Wife,

And hast confest, so forfeited thy Life.

This said, he squeez'd from him the blood he got,

Leaving on either Nail a purple spot.



MORAL.

*Night-walking Jades whilst they imbrace, they rob;
The sweet Dream flying leaves an empty sob:
Most steal for Want, for Pleasure few, or spight,
Yet some in Frolicks do the Gallows right.*

F A B. XXXII.

Of the *Eagle, Oyster, Hare, and Daw.*



A Huge drag *Oyster*, Prince of all the bed,
 'Mongst others born to Market, almost dead,
 The Trotter from his many hundreds drops
 In a High-way, hedg'd by a sheltering Cops;
Kemlin the *Hare*, this Monster heard fall down,
 And saw full Dorfers jogging to the Town,
 Whom drawing neer, admiring she beholds
 One like no Bird nor Beast, in Woods or Woalds!
 Curious, her foot just as the *Oyster* gasp'd,
 She ventring in, the two-leav'd Volume clasp'd;
 Thrice try'd she how to make the Monster gape,
 As oft if with her clog she might escape,
 But all in vain, the *Remora* stuck fast,
 And her to Parley thus inforc'd at last.

What e'r thou art, Sea-wonder Bird, or Beast!
 The first that e'r I ventur'd on, to Feast,
 Free my grip'd Foot; You are a stranger sure!
 And under *Fortune's* Frown, not here secure;
 And I'll to th' Ocean, if you Water lack,
 With a strong Convoy bear you on my back,
 See you in safety settled there my self,
 In the deep Streams, or bedded on a Shelf;
 Deluded with false Hopes, the *Oyster* gapes,
 And thence, this said, ingrateful *Kemlin* escapes;
 No more her Promise nor Engagement minds,
 But to the Hills out-strips the Western Winds.
 The *Eagle* look'd upon them all the while,
 In one Dish plotting both to reconcile;

Left

Lest this should also scape, the Monarch stoop'd,
Made seizure of the Prey so strongly coup'd,
Invested with a rough and double shell,
Hard as the Adamantine Gates of Hell !

He whets his Beak, his hooked Talons grinds,
Charg'd often, and as oft Repulses finds ;
Three times the opening out-works, put him to't,
Once by his Beak, twice hanging by his Foot :
But whilst the panting King cessation made,
His wide Mouth opening, thus the *Oyster* said.

This Fortrefs only Steel or Fire must winn,
Your Bill and Claws I value not a pin ,
Who first to storm my rough-cast out-works, dar'd
A King, the valiantst Man alive declar'd,
His Knife then slipping, I but rac'd his skin,
And this great Champion dy'd of a Gangreen.

The *Dam* observing from Heavens Chrystal vaults,
How much in vain were all his strong Assaults,
Thus to his Master said ; The wish'd for Prize,
Bear to the middle Region of the Skies,
Then drop th' obdurate on yon harder Rock,
So you your Siege shall finish at one shock.

The Counsel pleas'd, the *Eagle* in a trice
Scal'd Galleries stor'd with Rain, Snow, Hail, and Ice ;
There perpendicular takes steady aim,
And on hard Marble down the *Oyster* came,
The breaches clattering like a Thunder-Crack !
The Fort lay open for the least attack ;
In leaps the *Dam*, and straight to Plunder falls,
There leaving fractur'd shells and broken Walls.

Then said the King, though vex'd, I needs must laugh,
Thus to be Cheated by a cozening *Chough* :
But if I ever catch the *Rook* at Court,
I'll keep him in my Kitchin fasting for't ;

There

There he shall starve, and e'r he get one bit
Petition to be beaten with the Spit.

MORAL.

Who deal with Princes drive a subtle trade ;
When large Bills swell for worthless Trifles made :
Who make such Audits mount a thousand ways,
The King's too hard for them, he never pays.

F A B.

F A B. XXXIII.

Of the Cedar and the Shrub.

A Cedar whose tall Branches did extend
 To kiss the Sky, and Roots to Hell descend;
 Puff'd up with Pride, swoln with vain Folly
 Owl'd with a bush and staring Periwig;
 Which Madam *May* curl'd for his Summer Cap,
 To drop off with the first Autumnal clap,
 Thus proudly spake unto a Neighbouring *Shrub*.

Thou inconsiderate, ill-manner'd Grub,
 When I vouchsafe to look thus down on thee,
 Scorn'st thou to stoop, and bow that Wooden Knee?
 When by my kindness thou art happy made,
 From Wind and Sun protected by my shade! (Towns,

Knowst thou not me, whose Arms build Tow'rs and
 Whose Knees make floating Citys on the Downs;
 The strongest Marble Arch without my Wood,
 Ne'r stood the Violence of a second Flood;
 If my huge Branches strengthen not the Frame,
 Down comes the Structure like a Millers Damm!

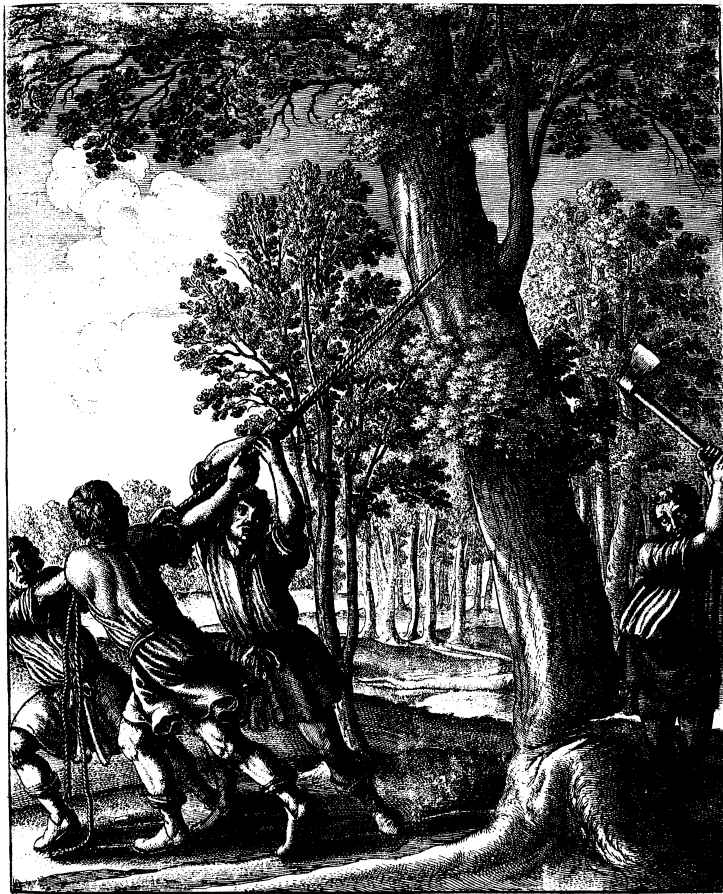
Nay more, on me the Royal *Eagle* builds!
 The *Lion* and his train that range the Fields,
 When *Boreas* huffs, or scorching *Phæbus* burns,
 My Leavy shadow to his Palace turns;

The *Mexicans*, as flying Fame reports,
 Not only off, but in me build their Courts.

The vain Tree boasting thus, no end had made,
 But that the *Axe* unto the Root was laid;
 Then boystrous blows resound, and thundring strokes;
 Such bring proud *Cedars* low, and sturdy *Oaks*;

The *Bush* then seeing how her palsied Crown
 Sunk by degrees, just ready to drop down,

Spake



Fib. 33.

Spake to the Dying, at her latest gasp,
 In Deaths Convulsions trembling like an Asp.
 Hadst thou been Mean as I, th' hadst scap'd all Tax,
 Nor hadst thou been Condemned to the Ax;
 Thou that so late Contemn'd a *Herricane*,
 Charg'd with Hail-shot, and Deluges of Rain;
 Those Covenanting-brethren thirty two,
 Winds that not only Threaten but can Doe,
 That Spring and Fall, each Change of Weather fly,
 Not to the ruine only of the Sky,
 But in their rage what e'r Menarchick, bear
 O'r Sea and Land and sweep them through the Air;
 Your Parts and Riches; that you so did crack;
 Though Tempests could not, lay you on your back;
 I Arm'd with Poverty, thus Mean and Low,
 Defie the Hatchet and all Winds that blow.

MORAL.

*Who have what e'r their wishes could devise,
 Should ne'r the Poor and abject'st Worm despise:
 When altering Times, and fickle Fortunes frown,
 Brings oft the Prondest in a moment down.*

O

F A B.

FAB. XXXIII.

Of the Rustick and the Wolf.

A Testy *Swain* when beatings not avail'd,
 His *Ox* with execrations thus assail'd ;
Legion, ten thousand Devils on thee fall ;
 And eat thy quarters up, Ateh-bones and all ;
 Like Summer Flies upon thee feasting fit,
 Not leaving poor and Serving Fiends a bit :
 But if for Beasts such Spirits little care,
Turks, *Heathens*, *Jews* and *Sectaries* their Fare,
 Who living Rebels, swallow'd at a Gulph,
 Once Three and twenty thousand ! take him *Wolf* ;
 Thou that now haunts these Downs, let *Isgrim's* Cub
 Powder thee up, a dish for *Belzebub* ;
 Or let thy Wife with Salt and Pepper strode,
 In Collors rowl thee up, Beef *a-la-mode*.

The patrezaring *Wolf* who lay in wait ;
 Hearing the *Rustick* rail at such a Rate,
 Himself discovering, thus puts in his Claim :
 I take you at your Word, Sir, here I am ;
Swains, such as you, are punctual and just,
 Keep Promise, and prove Faithful to their Trust ;
 When the Nobles, and Peerage of the Land,
 Never pay Debts, and rarely clear a Bond !
 Nay, Citizens, and those of primer Rank,
 Whose Credits stand unquestion'd as the Bank ;
 Crack unexpected, and not then prove sound,
 When Nine pence for a Noble they Compound ;
 Deliver up your grant, the Bullock pay,
 And I'll discharge you to this present day.

Then said the *Swain* ; What Bullock ? who are you
 That talkst of Grants, and mak'st so much ado ?

Art



Art thou his Son that sav'd Sir *Reynard's* skin?

Puppie begon, I owe thee not a pin.

The *Wolf* reply'd, Think not to put me off,
My due Demanding with a slighting Scoff,
Though you your racking Landlords so do pay,
Put nine Months off beyond their Quarter-day;
I look you shall be punctual, this my Steer
Deliver straight, or it will cost thee dear.

Who thus return'd, Fond *Isgrim* prate no more,
I gave this Bullock to the Devil before,
The first Grant stands, but two besides you yet,
Put earlier Titles in, my Pot, and Spit.

This said, he calls his Dog behind the hedge,
Who little thought on, rais'd his formall Siege,
Thence in disorder the raw Souldier scudds,
To sheltering quarters in the adjacent Woods:

Young *Isgrim* worsted by a bumkin Blade,
At first thus broken setting up his Trade,
His Reputation crack'd, so much o'rmatch'd,
Labours his Brains, and all occasions watch'd
His Credit to redeem, obtain his Right,
Or try his Fortune in a single fight.

At last the *Rustick* and his Ox he found,
Fallow converting into Furrow-ground,
To whom he said; Unconscionable Clown,
To hold from me my Right, and what's my Own,
Whilst I, my Wife and Children, almost starve:
Ah Heavens! what Punishment do they deserve?
Who care not whom they Rob, nor how they Cheat,
Widows and Orphans Goods, like morsels eat,
Resolve whate'r they gather so to keep,
Yet as supinely as poor Poets sleep;
But now thou shalt no longer me evade,
Spight of thy Dog and Devil, I'll be paid.

In quiet then deliver up this *Steer*,
Take my Acquittance, and your Audits clear.

The *Swain* observ'd how sharp-set *Igrim* look'd,
Ready to eat him and his Ox uncook'd !
Absent his Dog, in danger of his Life !
Straight Arms he disconceals and draws his Knife,
Putting himself in posture of Defence :

Then said ; Come on, your martial Sute commence !
With this I'll trounce your Tripes, your Gullet rip,
Inspect thy Bowells, and thy Body strip ;
Thy Head cut off, I'll carry to the *Kirk*,
The Parish pays me for so good a Work.

The *Wolf* ; startled at *Kirk*, and much dismay'd
At his bright Arms, and bold defiance, said :

Short as you are, as Confident I am,
Thee to subdue, as if a Kid or Lamb ;
Trusting my Strength, my Courage, and my Cause:
But my Humanity puts in a Clause !
My Mother was a *Caledonian* Dame,
Lay Elder-like, *War-Wolf* my Grandfire, came,
And 'midst Devotion mingled *Venus* Work,
As she at Prayers lay groveling in the *Kirk*,
'Midst groines and feign'd Contrition, her imbrac'd,
And pregnant swell'd her then no little Waste ;
Some few Months after she had play'd the Rigg,
With *Wolvish* seed, and *Calvinisme* big,
With that fermenting *Covenant* enrag'd,
Against th' *Episcopacy* she engag'd ;

(*) A Woman struck the first
stroke in the late grand Rebellion.

(†) *Gossip*.

Threw the first (*) Stone, and after, that her Chair,
Lawn-sleeves upbraiding, and new Common Prayer ;
The Signal given, with a hideous yell,
The (†) *Commers* that fold Cabages and Kell,
Thunder at once, Stools, Cushions, Stones and Myre,
Distain'd the Mag-pyes Pontifick Attire ;

My

My Grannie so begun those fatal broiles,
Inflam'd three Kingdoms, and two spacious Isles ;

Therefore since You and I may be ally'd,
By Arbitration let the case be try'd,
Wars doubtful are, and long expensive Laws,
Let him whom first we meet decide the Cause,
And to his Judgement promise both to stand ;
On this they agreed, and Seal'd a Counter-bond.

MORAL.

Who ventures on a Foe, and then falls back,
Makes like a Pistol without Ball, a Crack :
When to take up the business, Friends be moves,
Braggart himself, both Fool and Combeard proves.

F A B.

F A B. XXXV.

2. *Of the Rustick and the Wolf.*

NOr long with Talk did they the time beguile;
 When busie *Reynard* whips me o'r the stile,
 Whose Sire th' old *Fox*, bred with much care
 Up to the Law, nor his endeavours lost; (and cost,
 Lucrative studies, early he and late
 To Master strove, whence Wealth grows spight of Fate
 If they to Pleading come, will sweat and trudge:
 When both thus said, Behold, an able Judge.

So after Congees to their Work they fell,
 And each their Tale to best advantage tell;
 Then said the *Fox*; To this you'll both abide,
 I, I, at once the *Smain* and *Wolf* reply'd.

Then first apart he with the *Rustick* goes,
 And thus affrights, your Case, Sir, foully shows;
 You have confest (*) *primo Leonis*, th' A&t
 Casts you, 'gainst those with evil Spirits contract;
 You to the Devil made a Deed of Gift,
 If such work once we Lawyers come to sift,
 You are undone, your Life in danger too,
 Witches have burnt for doing less than You!
Victims, to Promise execrations Charms,
 The Bullock falls to him that first informs:
 Not Friends at Court would fetch you off, nor Gold,
 Should any lay on this Advantage hold.

The nettled *Smain* with many ill-made Legs,
 Of his furr'd *Foxship* kind assistance begs;
 Whatever Goods and Lands, though ne'r so Rich,
 Let him dispose, e'r suffer for a Witch.

Who thus reply'd; To make your business mine,
 Your Purse must stretch, whatever I design;

A Counsellor or two, we first must make;
 Each may a dozen of your Capons take,
 These in the Breach must stand, make good the Gap,
 And may perhaps, your Cause e'r Hearing stop,
 The Bullock send unto the *Lion's* Guard,
 So get your Pardon and be never Heard:
 Me a Fat Goose, some Chickens for my Wife,
 And we, I warrant, soon shall hush all strife.

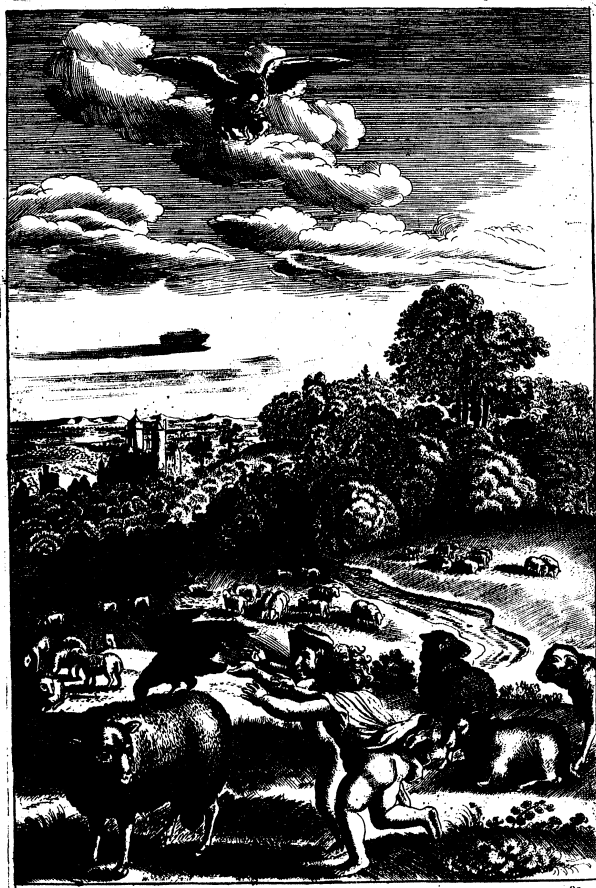
This to perform, himself the *Rustick* ty'd,
 When cunning *Reynard* thus young *Isgrim* ply'd;
 So, please your *Wolfship*, you were much too blame,
 To lay your Title in the Devil's Name,
 For the foul Fiend; Ah Heavens! Appearance make!
 Your wary Sire did never so mistake;
 Though he did often *Satan* well advise,
 And could out-lye the Father of all Lyes;
 When e'r to canvassing your business comes,
 One load of Fagots will prove both your Dooms;
 Your own Confessions, (Ah! not me imploy,)
 The Plaintiff and Defendant will destroy;
 But more than this, your loud Contest I find,
 And wrangling in such Passion, taking Wind,
 A Bird hath carried, and no false Report,
 To the Kings Eare, and to his Hungry Court,
 There, Tables down, they empty lye, and Warch,
 Like greedy Fish, whatever Prey to catch;
 I saw them bustle, Cringe, and making Legs,
 This urges Service, that his Promise begs;
 Be suddain, Sir, else soon you'll say, I fear,
 You had a fair Estate, and once you Were:
 With Sheep and fatted Lambs Peace offerings make,
 What's all your Worth when Life lies at the stake?
 A Drolling Favourite, and less serious Peer
 Shall, brib'd, although accus'd of Treason, clear:

My

My Uncle now in old Lord *Isgrim's* Place,
 Shall, with a Present, gain the *Lion's* Grace;
 Send all to me, and I'll your Gifts dispose,
 Confirme your Friends, and mollific your Foes;
 The *Wolf* thus nettled, said, All this I'll doe,
 Whate'r 'twill cost me, I'll my Pardon sue.
 Thus subtle *Reynard* ended their Debates,
 Sharing no little part of their Estates.

MORAL.

*Business to Lawyers Arbitration Put,
 Whoever shuffles, they the first will Cut:
 Go on each side a snip, nor care two pins,
 So they fill up their mouths, which party Wins.*



80

F A B. XXXVI.

Of the Eagle and the Chough.

THE Royal *Eagle* down like Lightning came,
And trust in griping fears a tender Lamb,
Then to a Cedars Crown that kist the Skies,
To his expecting *Aerie* bears the Prize ;
This Flight a *Chough* with admiration saw,
Who long had been a Student in the Law.
Then said ; Why toyl we thus at Inns of Courts ?
Sweating at Breviates, Cafes, and Reports ;
Drain *Ployden*, *Dyar*, *Littleton*, and *Cokes*,
About a *Jack a Styles*, and *John an Okes* ;
Attend seven years e'r call'd unto the Bar :
When Sutes no Fortunes raise, like Chance of War,
We a long life may spend, and sweating trudge
To be a Tell-Clock, or a gouty Judge ;
Make Term by Term the Hall with Pleadings ring :
When one Field, one short Battel Crowns a King :
We spin out Causes, Clyents to beguile,
One Lucky Hit concludes the Souldiers toyl ;
We only Fleecers be, this *Eagle* came
And made one busines both of Fleece and Lamb ;
Litigious Fools Estates we oft impair,
Get for our selves perhaps, the better share :
But if in Military Power they fall,
Their Lands are swallowed, Moveables and all.
Law and the Gown farewell, I'll now turn Blade,
Design he puts in Action soon as said ;

P

And

And with a lofty flight cuts ambient Skies,
 Thence stooping, a fat Weather makes his Prize,
 Then with his load thinking to cleave the Clouds!
 He found himself entrap'd in Woollen shrowds;
 His Claws and Shanks intangled stuck so deep,
 That he lay Prisoner to his Captive Sheep;
 As easie he might raise this pondrous work,
 As bear to Heaven a *Covenanting Kirk*!

The fond Bird snapt thus in a fleecie ginn,
 The more he labours, sticks the faster in;
 The Wooll like Quick-sands, working deeper drew
 About his Claws the intricated Clew.

A *Swain* observing his ambitious flight,
 A Gowned Lawyer, now turn'd errant Knight,
 Thus smiling said; Welcome from Inns of Court!
 Since you take pleasure in Wars cruel sport,
 I'll bring you to a Regiment of Waggs,
 Who from the Fair mounted on Hobby Nags,
 VVith Treble Fidle, Tabers, Pipes, and Drums,
 All merry Boys, and each his Rattle, comes;
 He gives him to the Childish Troop, this said,
 They lay by nifels, and their trifling trade,
 And straight the Fondlings seizing, pull and hale,
 His VVings they clip, and mutilate his Tail;
 And thronging round they question, ask his Name,
 His Nation, Parents, Age, and whence he came?

VVho sighing, thus reply'd; I, now your sport,
 VVas bred a Lawyer at the Inns of Court;
 Thence like the soaring *Eagle*, thought to fly
 From Chamber-work to Practise in the Sky;
 But I now finding how I was mistook,
 Confess my self a *Temple-garden Rook*;

VVhich

VVhich were I there, no more I'd dream of VVarr,
 But boldly Chattering, thunder at the Barr.

MORAL.

*Those who Experience, Strength or Courage lack,
 Taking a Tartar may themselves attack:
 But to be sport for Boys and loytering Jacks,
 Little of an Infernal Torture lacks.*

FAB. XXXVII.

Of the Tyger and the Fox.

WHEN Hunting Nimrods first began to
 And at strange distance aiming execute
 Before in Squadrons able Bow-men
 Diming noon-Sun beams with a feathered wood, (stood
 Against Wild Beasts they practise new-found skill,
 And Quadrupeds felt only biting Steel;
 When in the Forrest this dire work began,
 What God they knew not, or more Cruel Man
 Them thus afflicted, out they could not start,
 But here a Heifer drops, and there a Hart.

No Foe in fight, but loe! th' Infernal Hagg,

(a) One of the Furies of Hell,
 supposed to torment Homicides.

(*) *Tisiphone*, or else some direr Plague
 Brought a Destruction not to be control'd,
 None sparing, neither Sex, nor young nor old;
 So durst they not from sheltering Coverts draw,
 But there lay pining with an empty Maw.

WHEN a bold Tyger thus enquir'd the cause;
 You Forrest Rangers now who know no Laws,
 But your own wills, who pleasure only serve;
 WHAT makes you thus pent up to lye and slerve?
 Or what *Scorbutick* humor stops your blood?
 That thus you languish here and seek no Food.

WHEN one reply'd; We dare not take the Field,
 Unless protected with a Tortoise Shield;
 Clouds that with *Jove's* Artillerie assail,
 Lightning and Thunder, Wind, Snow, Rain, and Hail,
 Ne'r us surpriz'd sheltered in Dens and Holes:
 Now not a black patch seen 'twixt either Poles;
 Some God from cleer expansions Bolts lets fly
 Unwing'd with warning Tempest, so, we dy;



Or if we scape hurt by unseen Serenes,
The Wound not Mortal perish of Gangreens ;
And if we fall where shot, the Lords of Lands,
Make us their Prize, and seize for *Deodands* :
So we resolve to spend here latest breath,
Since of all Deaths the worst is suddain Death.

Then said the *Tyger* ; *Man* o'r Beasts hath odds,
As much as over Men Immortal Gods ;
But be it Humane , Heavenly Power or Hells,
That kills at once and works such Miracles !
I'll venture a Discovery to make ;
And good or bad whate'r my fortune take.

This said, the Bold and Nimble waves disputes
And reason baffl'd, from the Covert shoots :
No sooner forth, an Archer him discern'd,
Stalking and gazing as not much concern'd,
His tackle ready, close in Ambuscade,
Drawing his Shaft, thus he to *Phæbus* pray'd.

Grant that yon Monster with the haughty Garb,
May receive Sentence from this deadly Barb :
Give Pride a Fall, this Arrow in his Breast,
Make me the Master of his curious Vest,
Which prizing next to Royal Ermin, shall
Hang a gay Trophie, up in *Skimmers*-Hall.

Whilst he at fears and vulgar errors laught,
Apollo grants, and he dismiss the shaft ;
Making no obstacle a Rib it broke,
And through his Bowels fixt upon an Oke:

He felt strange Agonies through every part ,
And Deaths Convulsions shake his trembling heart ;
Strikes, Tears, and Flings, till almost out of breath,
Th' arrested Patient falls, expecting Death ;
At his last gasp whilst yielding up his Soul,
Spake thus sly *Reynard* peeping from his Hole ;

You

You that but now to venture were so hot,
 What ? Sink you at a *Privateers* first shot ?
 A close backbiter that can well defame
 You ne'r shall see, and he ne'r miss his Aim ;
 You are a Courtier in the *Lions Woods* ,
 There you may find many such *Robin Hoods* ;
 That from the Kings own Ear their aim shall take,
 And though in Favour, an Example make.

MORAL.

*Backbiters oft impose such lasting stains,
 That blemish Heirs in after Princes Reigns :
 A slanderous Tongue, although upon no ground,
 For ever may fair Reputation wound.*

FAB. XXXVIII.

Of the Eagle and other Birds.

A Tyrant *Eagle* that had dispossess'd
His Royal Master, and enjoy'd his Nest,
Which more to Feather he a thousand ways,
And griping Counsel studies how to raise.
His pack'd up Parliaments gave what he would,
Enough to build him Forts and Ships of Gold;
Yet though all sorts of Birds were plum'd and pill'd
His Clem'd Exchequers belly never fill'd;
Lone, Taxes, Pole, his Custome and Excise
Lost in their Rivers yield scarce no supplies,
Collectors and Receivers, *Rooks* and *Kites*,
Ship Pounds to Pence, and Shillings into Mites;
The Tyrant by Necessity put too't,
Monopolies and Projects sets a foot.

At last Religion Cloaks his impious aims,
So he an Annual Holyday Proclaims
To *Aquila* his Grandfire, who now bears
Joves punishing Thunder in his hooked fears;
At last the day of Solemnization came,
From all parts gathering Birds doth Wild and Tame;
Peacocks and Geese, Turkeys, Wild-ducks, and Cranes,
The Decoy Temple throng, with several Trains:
They look'd that Griffons there they should behold,
And flying Horses wing'd with Angel-Gold!
There, Birds of Paradise, there, would appear
Phoenix, scarce seen once in five hundred year:
But ah! Instead of gaudy, Armed Birds,
Bed-Chamber Harpies, Kites, and Craven Lords
A Guard with griping Talions ready stood,
Those fatal *Vespers* to conclude in Blood:
Whilst all with suddain Conternations shake,
Thus the Usurper in rough language spake.

We



Fab. 18.

We with Our urgent Wants and rising Charge,
 Oft mildly have acquainted you at large;
 Supposing well Our Aims you understood,
 Not Private seeking, but the Publick good:
 But be it what it will, no more now shall
 Our Will and Pleasure question'd be at all;
 Since Fate hath put me in the Royal Chair,
 Of blasted Reputation I'll beware;
 No more I'll wheedle now, cajole or beg,
 Make my own Subjects for my Right, a Leg:
 But those who boldly oft did me oppose,
 Proscrib'd shall all now suffer here as Foes;
 I'll make this day prime Offerings of their Blood,
 To *Aquilla*, Our Grandfire and Our God.

This said, his Guard at once upon them falls,
 Turning expected Feasts to Funeralls!
 In heaps lay Massacred the Fat and Tame,
 The Rich were Criminals, and most too blame;
 The *Eagle* glad his cruel Project took,
 Unto his bloody Murtherers thus spoke.

Who would be absolute, a reall King,
 By Fear must down Seditious Subjects bring;
 Who goes about a Crimfon deed by ha'ves,
 If one 'mongst thousands his fond Mercy saves,
 That proves his Ruin by imperfect Work:
 Off the prime Heads at once of (*) Poppies jerk,
 Then Rule alone: Howe'r a Tyrant's brave,
 Descending all in Scarlet to the Grave.

(*) Which story you may see at large
 in *Lucius Flavius* lib. 1. cap. 7.

MORAL.

*Kings as inclin'd, on several binges move,
 This scorns the Peoples Hate, that courts their Love:
 But who with general liking quiet Reigns
 A skilful Riders Reputation gains.*



Fable 39

FAB. XXXIX.

Of the Pedlar and his Ass.

MUst I be always at this heavy pafs?
 Still the sides tawing of a stubborn *Ass*?
 Will you not mend your pace, so light your
 Such pleasant weather, and so fair a Road? (Load,

Thus to his restie Beast the Master said,
 Whilst tabring on his coat the Cudgel plaid;
 But he the storm with surley patience stood,
 As if a Sea-wash'd Rock, or made of wood:
 Nor more would from his resolution budge,
 Than the severest sentence-passing Judge,
 Since blows could not his tender Conscience force,
 He thus essays him with a milder course.

Jog *Assnego*, step by step, make proof
 Of this smooth tract, with your imprinting Hoof;
 Here are no Plashes, Clods, nor lumpie Clay,
 Here, had we time, us two at Dice might play;
 No more I'll wreak my Anger on thy Ribs,
 But my self feed thee at replenish'd Cribs,
 And like a Lord, although an *Ass*, attend,
 And Filly-foal shall be thy bosom friend.

Not so the *Polish* Chapman and his (*) Magg,
 Rais'd vast Estates, a Gallowway their Nag
 Still cheerful bore his Wealth encreasing Pack,
 Till he march'd forth a General from a Jack.

When thus grown desperate, spake the moody Beast,
 Thee, and thy Fairs and Markets I detest;
 After so many stripes that me wouldst sooth
 To settle early in thy Cheating Booth;
 Last night your Guzeling got into your Pate,
 And I must suffer, 'cause you rose so late:

Q

My

(*) The Pedlar's Wife.

My Father told me Dying, whom you made
 Like me, your Slave, like me your Pack-horse jade;
 You more by favouring of that Rebel *Scot*
 Than by your Pedling, this your Fortune got:
 You with seditious Pamphlets stuff'd your load,
 Long e'r *Mercuriuses* appear'd abroad,
 Before Fame plum'd on paper wings could fly,
 Plain Truth trod under by proud Madam *Lye*;
 Fill'd the illiterate Dorps and Countrey Towns,
 With *Cleaver's* works, with *Subtcliff's*, *Dod's*, and
 On every Shelf, and Cupboards-head they lay, (*Brown's*;
 Opening to grand Rebellion the way;
 My hapless Father at his latest breath
 Laid to your Loads and cruelty, his Death:
 I suffering thus like him, resolve so too,
 And dying here, my Murther lay on you.

This said, no longer he sustains his load,
 But stretch'd himself athwart the beaten Road.

When to the desperate, thus th' intrag'd replies;
 Wilt thou lye here, not do thy work, not rise?
 If to the Devil thou intend'st to go,
 I'll find you tortures worse than those below;
 Thy endless beatings, shall fill all parts with din,
 I'll in twelve Tabers cante out thy skin,
 At Childrens feasts, at Puppit-plays, and Fairs,
 Those restless Furies, Puddings, Apes, and Hares,
 Shall Taw thy hide, and with perpetual noyse,
 Call to lewd Shews, light Girls, and loytring Boys;
 Perpetuall bastings, alwayes to be flamm'd
 If thou so well approv'st, Dye and be damn'd.

The *Ass* then in a melancholly vein,
 Splenatick fumes, suggesting Hell and Pain,
 Dire Tortures after Death! began to think,
 No lucid intervals, no meat nor Drink!

But

But alwayes Furies labouring on his pelt,
 Better that Hell wherein he living dwelt,
 Where he 'mongst toyl and blows, might rest and feed:
 Then rising, he outwent an *Asses* speed.

MORAL.

Such Criminalls whom soft nor threatening words
 Will make confess, cock'd Pistolls, nor drawn Swords;
 Tell them of Tortures and Infernall flames,
 That brings all out, and greatest Monsters tamer.

F A B. XL.

Of Jupiter and the Ape.

TRansform'd to *Wolves* by *Jove*, *Lycaon's* race,
 Once more themselves transform to *Babes* of
 The bristly beast a sheepskin tunick clouds grace,
 And they, though living, walk in Woollen shrouds;
 Thus carrying on a damnable Design,
 Not Heaven to take by storm, but undermine;
 Monarchick Power up Root and Branch they'll grub,
 Thundring from Hell the Pulpit and the Tub,
 Heaven's Gates not battering, thus they will unhinge:
 So satiate both their Avarice and Revenge;
 And Lords of the Ascendant swallow down
 Bright Constellations, Jewells of the Crown,
 Levell Revenues, share his Starrie Robes,
 Joyning Coelestial and Terrestrial Globes.

Which *Jove* perceiving, soon remembred well
 How on his Pallace earth-born Bomkins, fell,
 Those ranting *Tytonoys* in hurly burly,
 (Like ruder Sea-men after Pay grown surley)
 Strove Heavens twelve Houses down at once to tear,
 Crying, They all light *Venus* Mansions wear.

Then said great *Jove*, *Wolves* threaten my Abodes,
 Their faction powerful grown 'mongst favouring Gods
 What shall I do? and Man's deceitful stock,
 Though me with loaden Altars they invoke;
 Yet in the Gyants War not one did lift
 Nor Us, in that great exigence assist;
 Well; I with Beasts will fight the bestial Foe,
 Commissioning Our *Quadruples* below.

This said, he musters up both Wild and Tame;
 All free from this so dire infection came.

'Mongst



Fab. 46

'Mongst these, the King of *Ape-land* did engage,
 Attended with a *Gallick* Equipage,
 Tronck-ho's'd Baboons, and liver'd Drill *Lacqueis*,
 Which *Jove* himself took pleasure on to gaze!
 When drawing neer, with *John-an-Apes* his Son,
 Thrice Congeeing to the Thunderer he begun.

Though in our Kingdom Pulpit *Wolves* we have,
(v) *Hyenas*, such as make the vulgar rave;
Yet by our Care not far their Poyson taints,
Within our Walls Preach no dissembling Saints;
Free from the witchcraft of their powerful Charms,
I'll forty thousand thee present in Arms,
Gainst all the World my Army I'll maintain
To march up Hill, and so come down again.

But for this Service one small Boon I beg,
Behold my Son, thus mounted on one Leg,
Which if that Miracles not yet are ceas'd,
Stands th' onely Wonder betwixt Man and Beast !
Should I his Qualities but reckon, they
Would take up the whole business of the day ;
Therefore great King of Kings on him bestow
Some grant that may your signal favours shew.

Then *Jove* reply'd ; To give shall be my task ,
And you to find, what's worth your while to ask ,
Present me your desires, What you would have ?
As ready I'm to grant, as you to crave.

Not long Consulting th' *Apeland* Monarch staies,
But thus upon his knee, *Jove* humbly prays :

Since you are pleas'd my Ofspring to advance,
Make him a King, a good King *John of France* :
E'r rows of Fate (some say) are quite unfeild,
An Apish Prince may Rule the Western World ;
I beg this, Sir, upon our Injuries score,
Forces to land upon the *Britifh* shore,

My

(a) *Hyenas* is said to be a sort of *VVolves*, that counterfeit Humane Voyces, and by their Complaints draw Children, and the weaker sort of people, out of Villages, and feigning, make their Prey.

My Brother, and his Uncle to redeem
 From *Paris-Garden*, one I much esteem,
 Whom now at Pension amongst nasty Bears,
 A guarded Jerkin without Breeches wears,
 There making pastime on a gall'd Horse back,
 And though a Prince at home, they call him *Jack*.

To be the King of *France*, said angry *Jove*;
 On such a high concern no further move,
 The *French* King might have past, he not unfit
 To Rule that Nation by his parts and Wit:
 But since he after such Preferment gapes,
 To be a Monarch though a *Jack-an-Apes*,
 Your Brother and his Uncle, never shall
 From *Paris-Garden* be releas'd at all:
 But when his Master please shew tricks, and Dance,
 To meanest Subjects of the King of *France*.

MORAL.

*Clandestine Plots more dangerous are by far,
 Than all Hostilities of open War:
 Let your Petitions Modest be, and fit,
 And ten to one, if any thing you get.*

F A B. XLI.

Of the Carpenter and Mercury.

THis Artift who no fmall Task undertook,
 No petty Tenements, nor paltry Nook;
 Nor for fome Trees contracted, but whole
 To build a ftately Temple for the Gods; (Woods,
 A huge *Pamtheon* where they all muft ftand
 That e'r were Worfhip'd yet in any Land;
 And empty Neeches left for many more,
 New Lights might move hereafter to implore. (ftrokes,
 Each where the Groves refound with boyfterous
 And falls of groaning Pines, and dying Okes,
 His work he plyes, fo that in ranks and files
 Thick ftands a Forest in congefted Piles:
 This alteration fetled Eagles felt,
 Who had in Cedar Courts three Ages dwelt,
 Suppofting the Eftate for ever theirs,
 At leaft long Leaves for themfelves and Heirs:
 Mongft thefe he on a fpecial Tree did look,
Perinfuled with an incircling Brook,
 Mongft fpreading boughs that dangled o'r the ftream,
 He fancied one would make a fitting Beam,
 Which ftanding, while he fpriggs and foliage tops,
 Buft to clear the work, his Hatchet drops
 Mongft troubled waters, hard to be regain'd,
 Deep with a ftower, dark with ferment'd fand;
 Then the Cœleftials all he did implore,
 His Ax imploied for them they would reftore.
 When *Hermes*, whom this Artift late had carv'd,
 And much for fuch a Mafter-piece deferv'd,
 Which in his Shop fhew'd like an unlick'd Bear,
 But an eighth Wonder mounted in the Air, With



Fab. 41. 42

With his *Caduceus* standing on one Leg,
 Appearing, said, In a good hour you beg,
 You building are the Gods a stately *Fane*,
 Who work for them, they hear, when they complain.

Who thus reply'd; My Ax whilst here I lopt
 Boughs for their service, in the River dropt;
 Lately new edg'd, and fitted to my hands,
 Which whilst I want, a Turret tottering stands.

This said, the God descends, and in a thought,
 Him from deep streams, a golden hatchet brought,
 Asking if that were his, which when he spi'd,
 That's none of mine! I dropt none such, he cry'd;
 I ne'r had any Ax shin'd half so bright,
 For service mine! more than for shew and sight.

Thence *Hermes* diving, brings another bait,
 Both Helve and Hatchet all of massie Plate.
 That neither, cries the Artift, that's not mine!

Finding no Fraud to answer his Design,
Hermes well pleas'd, presents him with his own,
 Dipt thrice in *Styx*, Stick-free 'gainst Steel and Stone,
 More worth than thrice the weight in solid Gold,
 Whose Edge should never blunt, never grow old;
 Whilst he gives thanks, commixt with vows and prayers
 The disappearing God to Heav'n repairs.

MORAL.

*Artists whose Square a leather Apron girds,
 Articles bind not Promises nor Words:
 Their worthy company small musters makes,
 That for their own would leave a Golden Ax.*

FAB. XLII.

2. Of the same Carpenter and Mercury.

(told,
 Whilst prating Fame this to his Servants
 Their Master had refus'd an ax of gold;

Amongst these one who 'midst their emptying pots,
 Drew on wet Tables Ichnographick Plots
 Modells and Forms; this heard, his fancy racks;
 How to be master of a Golden Ax;

Not on his new laid Project, thence he slips,
 And on the same Tree mounted, hews, and chips;
 Then (as design'd) straining a branch to lop,

Down lets his Hatchet in the Water drop,
 And to the Gods conceives these feigned Prayers.
 You Powers that pitying look on Mens affairs,
 And the most abject help when they implore,
 My Hatchet; ah my Hatchet me restore!

Which, wanting, I shall ne'r perform my Work,
 Though but to build a *Calidonian* Kirk.

Hermes the Hypocrites petition heard,
 And above Waves with a bright Ax appear'd;
 And thus, who durst trepan the Gods, trepan'd;
 If this be yours, this Hatchet, ease my hand,
 Which I'm not able longer up to hold,

Although a Deity, all of massie Gold;
 Sloop, sloop, friend quickly, and receive your own:
 Which said, the wretch straight bending tumbled down,

And at shades grasping, fell into the stream,
 Where soon he wakened from his golden Dream,
 Thence scrabbling out safe on the River side,
 He at his girdle his own Hatchet spy'd,
 And at the transformation wondring stood,

The Heft turn'd Marble, and the Steel grown Wood:
 When

When thus he said ; a very fine exploit
To get a Golden Ax not worth a doyt.

MORAL.

*Artists that Toyl, hard livings wring from Sweat,
Strangely affect what's purchas'd by a Cheat :
Who Courts or Churches build, or else repair,
Of such John Joyners, let them take some care.*



FAB. XLIII.

Of the Dog and Wolf.

THis Dog with care attends his Masters flocks,
 Protecting from the *Wolf* and subtle *Fox*,
 Long winter nights would walk his rounds, and
 For Trust and assiduity unmatched; (watch'd,
 Yet for perpetual Vigils, constant guards,
 Blows and long Lents, were only his rewards;
 Who for such pains encouragement deserv'd,
 Neglected went, clem'd up, and almost sterv'd.
 To whom, thus *Isgrim* at a parly spake;
 You that such pains for blows and hunger take;
 Adventuring life so oft, and nothing spare,
 But *Bare-bones* to be call'd for all your care;
 I wonder at, and pity, though a Foe,
 Others that serve your Master are not so;
 His Auditors, and those that bear the Bag,
 Their sides are larded, their stuff'd bellys sag,
 Who set his Lands, and Tenements demise,
 Their Checks and Noses bow'd dy'd scarlet dyes.
 Who thus reply'd; I'm but his Shepherd's Dog,
 Spaniels and Foyfing-hounds, that lye and cog,
 Filling his ears with Tales and idle prate,
 Pick up their Crums, when out soon me they rate;
 He values more a Fool, or sawcie Knave,
 Than one whose Wisdom might a City save;
 Our Lord great Places holds, hath store of Lands,
 Of which, no more than I, he understands;
 He knows not what his Rents are, what his Books,
 Nor bufinesse, onely after Pleasure looks;
 Let them with forty pieces stuff his Fobb,
 To lose at Gaming, or rig forth some Drab,



His work there ends, that done concludes all Cares,
Both of the Publick and his own Affairs ;
Let Ships and Cities be consum'd in flame,
All's one to him, his principles the same.

Then *Isgrim* said ; Once take a Foe's advice,
Would you new sheath'd, and fat be in a trice ?
Fancy me yonder Lamb ; I ask no more,
Ne'r to your belly after run a-score ;
And this the means, I'll seize your *Curbs* gift,
Follow you me, I know you fierce and swift ;
When you are neer, just catching at my Throat,
Feigning fall down, and let me take my lot,
This will your Master, and the rest observe,
And for their own ends, you no more shall sterve ;

The Common Foe and a false Servant joyn'd,
Put straight in act what well they had design'd ;
Whilst all beheld how *Isgrim* seiz'd the Lamb,
And (*) *Hylax* after, like a Tempest, came ;

The tender Prey was ready to regain,
He seeming faints, nor could his speed maintain,
The *Wolf* his Prize to sheltring Coverts bore,
The *Dog* is worth his weight in Gold, they swore,
And without question had the losse regain'd,
Had he for service better been maintain'd :
Both Town and Countrey then of him took care,
And each-where treated, he grew Fat and Fair.

(*) A Sepherds Cur.
— *Et Hylax in limine latrat.*
Virg. Eclog. 8.

MORAL.

'Tis hard to Cark all day, to Care and Mowl,
And find at night our labour for our toyl :
When by some trick in Trade, or new Trepan,
Up from a Broker starts an Alderman.



FAB. XLIV.

2. Of the same Dog and Wolf.



H Is Curship *Hylax*, now grown sleek and plump,
 Dog in a doublet with a Velvet Jump,
 Rais'd by his Master's Lord's especial grace,
 From Turn-spit, to the *Major-Domo's* place,
 Had both the Kitchen, Pantrey, Larder, all
 That were below-stairs ready at his call;
 Spaniells, nay Mastives, veil'd to him their Caps,
 And Foysting-hounds, though in their Ladies laps;
 Who late some scruples taking 'bove his dose,
 A large Potation and a short repose,
 Walk'd forth this morning, better to repair
 His queisie stomach with refreshing Air;
 Where under harder Planets *Isgrim* fate,
 Repining at inexorable Fate,
 Soon as the *Wolf* his old Acquaintance spy'd,
 Craving an Alms, thus he himself apply'd;
 Take pitty Sir, behold my fordid Coat,
 My clem'd up Belly, and my rivell'd Throat;
 Since you that tender bit on me bestow'd
 Inever tasted Flesh, nor drank warm Blood;
 Ah! with sweet Creature-comforts me supply,
 That once more I may eat before I dye;
 I wave all former Merits, neither hint
 Counsel, that since hath prov'd to you a Mint,
 That well your back hath cloath'd, your Purse well lin'd,
 Ah! let my Wants your soft Compassion find.
 Dog Steward then reply'd; *Isgrim* 'tis true,
 To rob my Master I Conspir'd with you,
 And I so well did your first Lesson learn,
 I onely studied since my own Concern;

By

By which I rais'd my self in little space,
Up from a Scullion, to the Caterer's place;
(4) *Ere/mus* Story of his Dog. A (4) Basket in my mouth, a Bill that bid
The Butcher furnish me with Veal or Kid;
Beef, Lamb, or Mutton, which I day by day
Brought to the Cook, ne'r asking what's to pay;
But once as I went luggering home my load,
I saw two Mastives fighting in the Road;
Straight to be Stickler, down my Charge I set,
When the great battel prov'd an arrant Cheat;
And they to plundering of my Basket fell,
I thought I might put in my Claym as well;
So we together did divide the Spoyl;
My Lord saw this, and laughing all the while,
Tickled with mischief, and my ready Wit,
Since me to make his Steward hath thought fit,
And I'm no more a down-right Shepherd's Cur,
But as you see; Your humble servant, Sir,
Confesseth that you rais'd me; nor shall scorn
As Courtiers use, to make a kind return;
I'll put you on a handfom Project shall

Once more your belly fill, fall what may fall:
Soon as grown dark, you to our Larder may
Find by a new made breach, an easie way,
There you may wants supply, these highly Feast,
Which I could wish you may as well digest.

This said, the joyful *Wolf* did thence depart,
And home went *Hylax*, treachery in his heart.

MORAL.

*Who get Advancement by sinister ends,
Prove seldom to their Raisers cordiall friends:
The Debt too great to pay, some State-trick must,
By ruine or disgrace, accounts adjust.*

F A B.

F A B. XLV.

3. Of the same Dog and Wolf.

Soon as Sun-setting rais'd nights sable flags,
And Stars drest up, laid by their muffling bags;
Forth *Isgrim* did from dark Recesses steal,
Venturing sweet Life against one plenteous Meal;
Through shades and silence the old Robber drew,
Where breaches lay expos'd to open view;
Low and neglected out-works soon he mounts;
The wealthie Plunder all his own, accounts;
Fierce, on cold Lamb and Mutton first he falls,
Next, breaches makes in Venison Pastie walls;
Then up and down pickering, tears and eats,
Making a massacre of broken meats!
Rich Wine in open bottles last he marks,
Whose windy firmment had blown up their Corks;
Th' uneven floor turning to Pools and Isles,
He *French* and *Spanish* difference reconciles;
Fear of surprizal vanquished with Wine,
He calls the Vault his Castle, cries all's mine;
Plots the false Steward (though his friend) to kill,
There fix his Throne, and Govern in that Cell:
Tuning his pipes, then he began to sing
The Ballad of *Lycaon*, once a King;

How he with Humane dishes *Jove* did Feast,
On Man's flesh treated his Coelestial Guest,
Herbage for Beasts, Beasts Men, Man Angells food,
What best with them agreed might please a God:
But he at him, and such choice Banquets storms,
And for his kindnesse to a *Wolf* transforms,
Clofing each Stanza with Phanatick Rage,
Should *Jove* more than Gygantick firs engage,

Lycaon

Lycaon to his Seat restore again,
And injur'd Saints, *Wolves* turn'd to Men, should Raige.

Such dire Notes *Isgrim* sung, whilst down he trowls,
After his favourite Morfels, cheering Bowls.

Dog Steward that well his voyce, though finging, knew,
From Ambuscade out with a party drew,
At lock'd dores entring, they beset the breach,
Crying the *Wolf* another Song they'll teach;
Who seeing he must perish on the Spot,
Seiz'd his false Friend, the Steward by the throat,
Though all to loose him did what e'r they could
With deadly wounds, the *Wolf* still kept his hold:

So graped they in Death's convulsion lay,
And dead, were thrown out on the Kings high-way.

MORAL:

*Feign'd Friends who best may Villanies complot;
Of their Designs miscarrie on the Spot:
A dram this of the deadly Bottle gets,
Which for his dangerous Compeer he sets.*

F A B. XLVI.

Of the Fox and the Eagle.

SO faire the Morning, that you could not spy
 The smallest mote in Heav'n's great chrystal eye,
 And such the *Halcyon*, that in *Phæbus* Raies
 Light Attoms danc'd no Laborynthian haies,
 Whilst the plum'd Quire to audit Winter scores,
 And long neglected love, call brisk Amours;
 Earth clad in green, bids *February* fly,
 The warm Sun's galant now in *Gemini*.
 When thus Sir *Reynard's* heir, that hopeful Spark,
 His Mother cogs to wanton in the Park.
 Give me, dear Mammie, leave a while to play
 On yonder Mantlings, this inviting day;
 How finely shines the Sun? how clear and warm?
 And I'll a Chicken from that neighbouring Farm
 Perhaps convey, bearing a-pick, a-pack,
 Like Daddie, with a Gander on his back.
 Then she reply'd; Go *Reynie*, but beware
 Left th' Eagle thee a further voyage bear;
 I saw her trusse a Lamb, so long did mark
 Her flying, till she lessined to a Lark;
 There if she light on, and thy little prize,
 She'll carry to her Castle in the Skies;
 Where Chicken and you, she will together dresse;
 And her expecting Airy so *Carefs*.
 This said, the Wanton leaves their shady Court,
 Caution forgot, and only follows sport:

S

Whom,



Whom, soon *Mount-Eagle* more than Steeple high
Saw, and descending from the liquid Skie,
Seiz'd on the heedlesse Cub, and thence conveys
To Feast her Young, through Airs untraced wayes;
The bussle hearing, out Dame *Ermelin* flies,
Thus th' *Eagle* courting, to forsake her Prize.

A Mother hear, since you a Mother are !
Vex not a frantick Female to dispair ;
My Son deliver, wave what e'r your Claim,
And I'll present you with a tender Lamb ;
Or else a Tortoise in the shell I'll dress,
Shall better thee and thy fair young Carels.

She neither her Complaints, nor proffers minds,
But to her Cedar Court out-strips the Winds;
Where for their shares her sharp-set Acirys gapes,
Young *Reynie* wondring at their (*) *Indian* shapes.

(*) *Indians* are always personated in the Scene in Coats of Feathers.

But she, *Mount-Eagle* finding no remorse,
Suddain resolves upon a desperate course ;
And from th' high Altar at Devotion, stole
A smoking Fire-brand tip'd with blazing Cole,
Thence, wing'd with Rage, like *Draco Volans*, flies,
And th' *Eagle's* Palace grapes in the Skies.

Thus proffering terms, give me my Son, or Fire
Shall make thy lofty Seat a funeral Pyre,
Thy Offspring and their Nest to ashes burn,
And if thou stay'st, thy bones with them in-Urn.

Startled to see a blazing weapon shine,
Aloud she cries ; Thy offspring I resign !
Ask what thou wilt, and Articles prepare,
And I will Sign them whatsoever they are ;
And who so long despis'd both Men and Gods,
Shall pay thee Homage at thy own Aboads.

Dispatch then, *Ermelin* cries ; she soon as said,
Young *Reynie* in his Mothers Bosome laid :

Who joyful, told her he had been so far,
That he had catch'd, almost, a Blazing-star.

MORAL.

The Greedy only their own interest minds;
Complaints lull them asleep like murmuring Winds :
Of biggest Spirits when you put them too't,
Fall prostitute as humbly at your foot.

F A B. XLVII.

2. *Of the Fox and the Eagle.*

M Adam Mount-Eagle forc'd to stoop thus low,
 As if some dung-hil bird, or carrion Crow,
 To Reynards wife on base conditions yield,
 No Battel, yet she Mistris of the Field;
 Thus storming said; What will of me become?
 Abroad a laughingstock, and jeer'd at home?
 Drest in *Lampoons* 'mongst common Garden Birds,
 Fools bolts will fly, and *Affes* biting girds,
 Me they'll Burlesk with such Rhyme-doggerel Pens,
 Make *Griffons* Robins, Royal *Eagles* Wrens;
 Blood must more easie move this grating Hinge,
 No *salve* for Reputation like *Revenge*.

To *Merlin* then her trustie Page, she spake;
 From me to *Reynard's Wife*, a visit make;
 Say, I my self, on her would willing wait,
 But I my Charge attend early and late;
 Hither, if leisure grant her leave to walk,
 We better may of kind Concernments talk.

The long-wing'd on his Message flies with speed,
 And told Dame *Ermelin* what his Lady bid;
 Though full of thoughts, invited thus she came,
 And fate as other Madams, by Madame.

Then spake the *Eagle*, a branch higher perch'd;
 A Female difference not at first well search'd,
 May seem to heal under a formal skin,
 When the clos'd Orifice ulcerates within.

Therefore my Lord, and yours, now both from home,
 I have aparted a convenient Room;
 Which, please you to accept, and Rent-free too,
 The friendship to confirm 'twixt Me and You;

Since

Since we live fingle, keep a slender Train,
 You Chamber'd in the Cedar may remain,
 Where we may visit one another oft,
 Ouplant *Grudges* Frequency makes soft.
 Whom profit blinds, perceive no reaching drift,
 She straight accepts the cunning *Eagle's* gift;
 Her self, and all her little ones removes,
 From sure foundations to deceitful Groves.
 When going early forth (her usual guise,
 Markets to make, in manner of Reprize:)
 Mount-Eagle skilful at Dame *Ermelin's* Trade,
 A Tragick Scene in her short absence play'd,
 Enters new Lodgings, on her Children falls,
 Makes bloody Banquets with their Funeralls!
 Serves the whole Brood to her expecting Young,
 And Feasted, down their Bones and Offalls flung,
 Then boasting said: I'm now Reveng'd to th' height,
 Let Parots prate, and idle Goose-quills write.

MORAL.

In War to Conquer, be at Court preferr'd,
 Your Love-suite kindly by your Mistris beard:
 Shipwrack to scape, these much contentment bring,
 But sweet Revenge of Joy's the only King.

F A B.

F A B. XLVIII.

3. Of the Fox and the Eagle.

MEan while Dame *Ermelin* following her trade,
A *Stubble-Goose* her own by purchase made;
Claim putting in by seizure, thwart her back
She threw her booty like a Pedlar's Pack;
Thence speeding home her little ones to treat,
Where soon as entered, down her Fardle set,
Them by their names she calls, *Squire, Sly,* and *Shirk*,
To breakfast, here's good cheer, no picking work;
Missing her Cubs within, her Round she went,
But them nor heard, nor saw, nor found by scent:

Then thus she cries, Some cursed Cavaleer
Hath with his Blood-hounds ransacking, been here;
Who of my Children hath made meat for Dogs,
Or Captive led, condemn'd to Chains and Clogs;
How like his Father, *Squire*, my eldest Cub,
Would Preach in Pulpit, or hold forth in Tub,
From tender Conscienc'd *Geese* removing Doubt,
Would Orthodox and Refractory rout!
How would my second with drawn Pizzel lye?
Rook an old Rook, a carrion Crow, or Pye?
The third for Policy and Valour might,
Ah had he liv'd! been like his Sire, a Knight.

This heard, *Mount-Eagle* and her doubts to clear,
Said, Moan no longer, your three Sons are here;

And

And as she spake, down a pick'd Carcass flung,
Thus her upbraiding with a bitter tongue.
Another Firebrand, noysome sented Brache,
If thou canst find one, from the Altar snatch;
Christian Religion cuts off Heathen Rites,
Now each-where shines the Gospel with new Lights;
Instead of *Hecatomb's* that *Jove* Carest,
Stifling with Smoke the Mansions of the Blest
Only a Contrite Heart they offer up,
And their Libation a Communion Cup.
Then full of Grief and Rage, replies the *Fox*;
Thou mayst be met with, *Kite*, for all thy mocks:
This said, to former dwellings she retreats,
And there long mourning, neither drinks nor eats.

Soon after in an unconverted Town,
(Change of Religion by degrees march'd down
From populous Cities, introduc'd by Arms,
To Pagan Bumpkins, Villages, and Farms,)
At (*) *Bacchus* Festivals, a Goat they paid,
The Vine-destroyer on his Altar laid;
And whilst with Rural Ditties they advanc'd,
Mongst oyl'd *Borrachios* leap'd and fell, and danc'd;
Mount-Eagle stoops like lightning from the Pole,
And snatch'd a Morsel on a hissing Coale,
Which bearing to her Nest, the Cinder catch'd,
Her Pallace smokes, with Reeds and Stubble thatch'd;
No hope left how to quench the rising Flame!
Screich'ing aloud; at last th' affrighted Dame,
Er' sprinkling sparks had sing'd her callow Young,
She on the ground, like ripe fruit falling, flung;
Which *Ermelin* spying straight upon them falls,
And slaughtering, thus unto their Mother calls.

Robber and Murtherefs, thou that hast thy Tower
Above the reach of Beasts or Humane power;

Yet

(a) Virg. Georg. lib. 2.

Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper
omnibus aris
Caditur, & veteres inuentu proscenia
ludi:
Framing, ingentis pagos, & compita
circum
Thesaida posuere, atque inter pecula
lati
Adolibus in pratis vultus salere per
nervos.
Nec non Ausonii, Troja gens missa,
coloni
Versibus incantis ludunt, risuque
soluto,
Oraque corticibus sumunt horrenda
cavatis:
Et se Baccho vocant per carmina læta,
sibique
Oscilla ex alta suspendunt mollia
pinn.

Only for this Crime we on Altars
Pye
Bacchus a Goat, and act the antique
play.
Then from great Villages *Athenians*
halt,
And where the Highways meet the
Prize is plac'd.
They to soft Meads, heightened with
Wine advance,
And joyfully 'mongst oyl'd Bottles
dance:
Th' *Ausonian* Race, and those from
Troy did spring,
Disolv'd with laughter, Rastick ver-
ses sing:
In vipers of rough bark, conceal
their sneer,
And with glad numbers thee great
Bacchus grace:
Hanging soft Pictures on thy lofty
Pier.

Yet Divine Justice conquers all these odds,
Judgment, though late, comes certain from the Gods.

MORAL.

*The fiercest Tyrants though they guarded are,
With all the Strength and Policy of War,
That Fortune scorn, that Heaven and Hell dare fight,
Of loose themselves by one small oversight.*

FAB.



FAB. XLIX.

Of the Panther and Rusticks.

Tab. 49. 40.

A Forraign Panther fall'n into a Pit,
 Vain finding Strength, Activity, and Wit;
 Lay patient at the mercy of those Swains,
 Who d in throngs from the adjacent Plains,
 Admiring his rich Coat and dappled Vest,
 To whom, thus humbly, made he his request.
 (1) You harmless Shepherds, you who here reside,
 Free from Contention, Avarice, and Pride;
 You, who enjoy long lives and lasting healths,
 From Changes free, of Crowns and Common-wealths,
 Who old feel no decay, but Strength still keep,
 Dying in extreame age, as fall'n asleep;
 You who so blest are, pity my sad case,
 And free me from these Gives and doleful place.
 The giddie rout this said, divided are,
 The breach of Hospitality beware,
 Be kind to Strangers, these cry, since the Gods
 Like Pilgrims, visit oft poor Swains abroads.
 Whilst others bawl, no hospitable breach,
 Straight as our Prisoner him let us impeach;
 Take forfeit Life, divide, his gaudy Spoils
 We not for Friends pitch here intrapping toils.
 Discording Clamours clafh, loud shouts and cries,
 Of siding parties battell in the Skies,
 To animositie Contention grows,
 And soon the storm had melted into blows,
 But that a Father who in former stirs,
 Had felt the Miseries of Civil Wars;

T

(1) Virg. Georg. lib. 2.

O Fortunatos nimium, sua se bona
 norant,
 Agricolas: quibus ipsa, procul dis-
 cordibus armis,
 Fundis humo facilius villum iussisti
 matellus. &c.

O happy Swains if their own good
 they knew!
 To whom just Earth remote from
 cruel Wars,
 From her full Breasts soft nourish-
 ment prepares.
 Although from high roofs through
 proud Arches come,
 No floods of Clients early from each
 Room;
 Nor Marble Pillars seek, which bright
 shells grace,
 Gold woven Vestments, nor Corin-
 thian Bricks;
 Nor white wooll stain'd in the Assy-
 rian juice,
 Nor simple Oyl corrupt with Cassia's
 use:
 But rest secure, a fraudless life in
 peace,
 Various rich in their large Farms
 at ease,
 Tempted cool shades, dark caves, and
 purling streams,
 Lowings of Cattel, under trees soft
 dream,
 Nor lack they woods and dens where
 wild beast haunt,
 Youth in Toil, Patient, and inur'd to
 want;
 Their Gods and Parents sacred; Ju-
 stice took
 Through those her last steps when
 she Earth forsook.
 Let the sweet Mules most of me ap-
 prove,
 Whole Priest I am, struck with Al-
 mighty love. &c.

To

To silence did the frantick Rout beseech,
Then gravely makes this reconciling Speech.

You that are Friends and Brethren, ah forbear!
Raise not on slender grounds intestine War;
But let a middle course all difference wave,
Let us this Stranger neither kill nor save;
Be what he will, thus fall'n into our Ginn,
Let him get out himself as he got in;
If he scape, so, if perish in our Toyls,
We guiltless are, and yet obtain his spoils.

All pleas'd with this persuasion thence depart,
Leaving the *Panther* with a heavy heart.

MORAL:

*Fly golden means, when the Extreams are good,
Grant generall Pardons, or else lavish Blood:
Oft lukewarm Counsels neither soft nor mild,
The Subtlest to their Ruins have begun'd.*

F 11

F A B. L.

2. *Of the Panther and Rusticks.*

VV Ho from the bottom thus of deep
Despair,
And hard imbraces of a cruel Snare,
No less than Death expecting, down he lyes
In woful posture, closing his own eyes;
When through dark shades a tender Virgin stole,
And him enfranchis'd from that dismal Hole.
As one who had been rais'd up by a Spell
From Death and adamantine Gates of Hell,
So joy'd he viewing the Ætherial Sky,
His kind and fair Deliverer standing by.
And thus he said; To thee who me hast sav'd,
And for my Freedom thus thy self behav'd
Adventuring forth in such a Night so dark,
When all-heavens Canopy not shews one spark;
What shall I say? or how return, since short
Are all acknowledgments to thy desert!
Soft operations of a tender Breast,
Are 'bove Rewards, and not to be express;
Untainted Plains breed Innocence, like you,
Spotless their Cheeks, spotless their Bosoms too;
But go with me to Court, who me redeem'd,
There shalt take place, be like my self esteem'd;
On you the King shall smile, and my dear Spouse
Shall wait upon, though of the *Lyon's* Houle;
Be safe and happy there, for I'er long,
These Plains shall visit forty thousand strong;
On those would neither evil do nor good,
For luke-warm Counsel shall pay reeking Blood.

T 2

Then

Then she reply'd; If so resolv'd you are,
My Parents, Me, and my Relations spare;
But if you love your Life, no longer stay,
The East grows purple with the rising Day;
If early *Rusticks* find us lingering here,
We both shall pay for our neglect too dear.

(A) A famous Forest in *France*,
where the *Lyon* kept his Court.

This said, they part, to (A) *Arden* he repairs,
To move the *Lyon* in these grand affairs;
Nor fell he in his Expectation short,
No sooner being arrived at the Court,
His Cause being heard, the King assistance grants,
And what e'er else supplies an Armies wants;
Which soon arraid, he march'd to fertile Plains,
With Fire and Sword Chastising surley Swains;
Alarum'd thus, they in distracted swarms,
Not knowing how to fly, or take up Arms,
Meet and conclude down at his Feet to fall,
And not by vain Resistance venture all;
The Maid that help't their General from the Pit;
As th' onely Mediator they thought fit.

The Embassie she willing undertook,
Of Conquerors are Conquer'd by a Look;
With her a Train of Rural Beauties march'd,
Not by rough winds impeach'd, nor *Phæbus* parch'd;
Faces who never Vizard-mask had on,
Yet scorn'd all Weathers, and def'd the Sun;
Attended thus, up draws she to the Van,
And thus to plead her Countreys Cause began:

Here Sir, you are, and Forty thousand strong,
Us to destroy that never did you wrong;
You fell into a Pit, catch'd in a Hay,
For hungry Courtiers made, and Beasts of Prey;
By whom we suffer'd much, and do so still,
Your Life we spar'd, though we such Vermin kill;

But

But when Invasion calls, th' ambitious Prince
On slight Foundations builds a fair Pretence;
Take pity Sir, your Arms not here employ,
Let not the greedy Soldier all destroy;
Though strangely barbarous many were to you,
Yet Sir, your Party more were than a few;
What? Must your Friends and Foes together fall?
In one Calamity thus suffer all!

Call you to mind those left you in the Pit,
And such who had Compassion forget?

His Eye then fixing on th' imploring Maid,
He knew her straight, and raising up, thus said:
Art thou here me releas'd in dead of Night?
Broughtst me to live, and view *Etherial* light?
That Life call thine, dear Virgin, thou didst save,
Ask what thou wilt, thou needst but ask and have.
Then she; Since such your favours you not scant,
A General Pardon and Oblivion grant,
Let not Tumultuous passions take their swinge,
But feast on Mercy higher than Revenge.

Then he reply'd; Here falls my Wrath and Spleen,
Them I Indulge, and You proclaim their Queen;
They shall for thee a Royal Seat erect,
And pay due Homage too, with all respect;
And when thou dost Espouse some Noble Swain,
Thou in thy Pallace, and not he shall Reign.
Thence march'd the *Panther* off in fair array,
When he had Crown'd her Lady of the May.

MORAL.

*Foul Hags may raise a War, the horrid Work
Begun with Stools and Cushions in the Kirk:
But never Conjure down, when Beauties charms
Makes angry Mars lay down late took up Arms.*



Androcleus Sect. 1



ANDROCLEUS:

OR,
The ROMAN SLAVE.

Section I.

ANDROCLEUS.



Rom Shipwrack, mounted on a
broken Mast,
Androcleus wet, and weary, Tem-
pest-tost,
From Quick-sands, and inhospita-
ble Syrts,

Recover'd now rough *Lybia's* barren Skirts;
Where on the Prospect of a Towrie Rock,
A sad Survey he of the Countrey took;
For Vales that flow with Hony, Milk, and Balm,
He shrubs beheld, and pairs of Wedded (*) Palm;
For Corn and Pasture, Villages, and Swains,
Wilds, Sandy-Mountains, and deserted Plains.

When weeping thus he said, I most accurst,
Better had dy'd at *Rome*, there suffered first,

Falst

(*) The Palm-trees are said to be
Male and Female, and are observed
not to flourish, nor to be pregnant
unless they be in presence of each o-
ther.

Falsly accus'd, Condemned for a Rape,
Than from a Dungeon, Gyves, and Drowning scape
Here to be starv'd, 'mongst Rocks and barren Heath,
And so unpittyed, meet a lingring Death.

This said, descending, he in woful plight,
Resolv'd to seek the worst of Fortunes spight;
When sandy Hills which each wind changing shifts,
Dispiercing th' old in new congested ^(b) Drifts,

(b) These Drifts not only swallow Travellers both Horse and Foot, which become afterwards to be Mummy, but whole Armies have suffered in this dry and dusty deluge.

Their Squadrons muster with a rising gale,
And him with Atoms infinite, assaile,
Battering his Eyes, and vollying in his Face,
Imprest from Iron Earth, and Skies of Brads.

Choak'd with the storm, not able long to strive,
In heaps of Dust, almost intomb'd alive;
No longer sooth'd with hopes his Life to save,
His better Fate directs him to a Cave;
Fenc'd 'gainst all Weathers, Winds, and Sun's assault,
With joy he enters the Auspicious Vault;
Fainting with drowth, and suffocating heat,
There rests the weary on a Marble seat.

When thus he said; How happy now thou art,
Here undisturb'd, in peace I may depart!
From burning Sands free, and the raging Deep,
Ending Lives Pilgrimage, as fall'n asleep.

Scarce said, he at the Portall entring, spies
A horrid Monster of prodigious size!
No means to fly; no skulking Hole, no Gap,
That from a hungry *Lyon* he might scape.

When thus he sigh'd, Ah miserable Doom!
Must that stern Fury's belly me entomb?
My reeking Blood those greedy Jaws distain?
And my torn Intrails dye that shaggy Main?
Ah! could I but that strength and courage boast
Which late I had, all should not so be lost;

Et

Here he this Bosom enter, plunder here,
His Victory perhaps might cost him dear;
In a sharp Dispute would plead my Cause,
Thrust in this Arm into the Monster's Jaws,
Seize on his lolling Tongue with such a grasp,
That I might live to see his latest gasp;
Now *Locomotive* faculties I lack,
The smallest straw not able to attack:
But I my Race have run, this Cave the Goale,
Take Fiend, my Body, and leave Heaven my Soul.

U

Sect.

Sect. II.

VV Hilft thus *Androcleus* Death expecting
stands,

The *Lyon* drawing near him, kist his
As a Petitioner himself adrest, (hands)

And humbly thus preferr'd his sad Request.

O thou of Humane Race, be not afraid!

Live long and happy, and when e'er interr'd,

Ah! may not (*) Transmigrated be thy Soul,

But when translated re-ascend the Pole;

If with an *Eagles* Eye, and *Lions* Heart,

And gentle Hand, thou ease me of my smart:

This Foot so swoln with which I Scepters sway'd,

Proud Rebels routed, loyal Friends arraid;

Now losing Power, unnerv'd with raging Pain,

Subjects Conspire, and I no longer Reign;

Soon as they felt me weak, and thus disarm'd,

Each where tumultuous Commotions swarm'd,

Much 'gainst my evil Counsell they alledge,

Prerogative trampling down by Privilege;

Stuff'd with aspersions, Protestations frame,

Raising an Army by my Power and Name:

But what more heavy on my Spirit sits,

My Train, my Eaters, and my (c) Maf-ca-dits,

Deserting me, to rising Power resort,

And as you see, left thus an empty Court;

Before this Room, these Galleries and Halls,

Were full of Bestial Lords, and sly Jackalls;

Now none attends or lights me to my Bed,

Who Pensions had, and at my Tables fed:

Thus you my sad Condition understand,

And ruin near, without your helping hand.

(*) *Pythagoras* not only holding
the transmigration of the Souls of
living Creatures, one into another,
but also into Vegetives, and some in-
as imm-tes.

(c) The Topers.

The *Lyon* thus implor'd *Androcleus* aid,

And in his Lap the Foot imposthum'd laid;

Whilst he at large preferr'd this humble sute,

Warm Spirits *Androcleus* bosome fresh recruit,

Who gently then turns up his Festered Paw,

And 'mongst the Fibers a swoln tumour saw;

For perforation ripe, and 'midst the joynts

A barbed Thorn, stak'd in with bristly points;

Then with a well-edg'd Flint lay there by chance,

The dangerous insurrection did lance;

Bright from the Fountainel sharp quiter gush'd,

Which more to disembogue, he softly crush'd.

Thus freed from gnawing of th' imprisoned bane,

The King resumes his former Power again,

His Foot the ground hits firm, no favouring hault

He now Rebellious Subjects may assault.

Section III.

THe King then wondring at himself so well,
 Cured strange and suddain, thought a miracle!
 That in the smallest parcell of an hour,
 Restor'd him Courage, Health, and Sovereign Power!
 When thus he spake; Amidst my joyes I mourne,
 Not knowing how to make a fit return;
 Revenues of our Crown unsettled yet,
 So much for this, my Happiness in Debt;
 If you not favour'd are by fickle Chance,
 Inforc'd to follow ill-advising wants;
 The Power your help recover'd, Us affords
 House-keeping, and to settle former Boards;
 Provision for the Belly we'll not lack,
 Slight Rayment serves, where seldom Colds ^(a) attack;
 And if with plenteous Fare, when highly fed,
 You want a kind Companion in your Bed,
 For mixt Amours are not, nor would deface
 Man's comely features with a by-form'd ^(b) Race,
 To quench in youthfull blood unruly flames,
 My Satyrs and Hyenna's by their names,
 Shall comely Girles from neighbouring Dorps intice,
 Taking them up for thee, at the Kings price;
 My trusty and Right Honourable Pimps
 Shall cull the choicest Wood and Mountain Nymphs,
 And spirit hither, all on thy account,
 Which patch'd and painted Ladys far surmount;
 Pure Virgins, not Decayes, piec'd up and vamp'd,
 Fresh, and fresh quarters where none e'r encamp'd,
 Thee shall receive, still hantelling new Laps,
 In varied joyes, no fear of after-claps.

(a) Little, or no Cold in Africa.

(b) Such as *Mincassus*, the *Centaurs*, and the rest., *Ovid*.

When

When faint *Androcleus* thus himself exprest;
 To quench my Thirst some Water I request,
 That ready almost am now to expire,
 From Drowning scap'd, and suffocating Fire,
 After, a little rest, and some repast,
 Or else I suddainly must breath my last.
 The King, where Nature deep his Cellar laid,
 Thither his Guest with all respect convey'd,
 Where from the living Rock a Chrystal Spring
 With murmuring falls made echoing Arches ring,
Androcleus stooping, the cold Nymph salutes,
 And circulating blood with draughts recruits.
 The *Lyon* then conducts him to a Bed
 With Skins the spoils of Beasts and Foliage spread;
 Here Sir, then said the King, repose a while,
 Let gentle sleep slow moving time beguile,
 And e'r you wake, the businesse shall go hard,
 If something not for Supper be prepar'd.

Sec.

Section IV.

THe *Lion* thus, weary *Androcleus* leaves,
 Whilst working fancy several Projects weaves
 Some savourie Morfel suddain how to get,

Should make the Stranger up a handsome treat.

Should I, said he, thus in full Power appear,
 All would dis pierce, surpriz'd with suddain Fear,
 And up themselves in Woods and fastness shut,
 And me to trouble of long leagues put ;
 Dayes sultry heats, by night serenes t' endure,
 When suddain action makes a speedy Cure ;
 I'll counterfeit, and Cripple up yon Hill,
 As if my Title were defective still ;
 Weakness dissimble, and there stooping low,
 My self upon the Bestial People throw.

This said, he hasting from the Palace Gates,
 His Subjects heard themselves proclaiming States ;
Bulls, Bears, and Wolves, leading his own Train'd-band,
 Saw marching towards his Palace, ore the Strand.

But on the Summit when their King they saw,
 His presence struck a reverentiall awe,
 To whom he beck'ning with a Lamb-like look,
 Seeming much discompos'd, thus mildly spoke.

Why thus appear you in defensive Arms,
 Seduc'd by Rumours and bewitching charms ?
 Do Fears and Jealousies so much affright,
 That you draw up 'gainst empty walls to fight ?
 Your King alone without Jackall or Page,
 Stands ready to receive your utmost Rage ;
 Are Priviledges of Parliament infring'd ?
 Fall all on me, and be at once reveng'd ;
 Have I upon your Liberties intrench'd ?
 Then let your Fury with my Blood be quench'd ;

Whilst



An. Sect. 4.

Whilst weak my pondrous Scepter I not wield,
Nor one for me declaring in the Field ;
In vain you Solemn Leagues and Covenants joyn,
When I'm resolv'd what e'r you ask, to sign,
My Hand and Seal receive in ready Blanks,
And in my Name give both the Houses Thanks ;
Your Grievances let Reams of paper fill,
And when Engros'd, and past, I'll Sign the Bill :
Cease then these Tumults, and of Our grace accept.
The King, this said, pausing, extreamly Wept.



Sect.

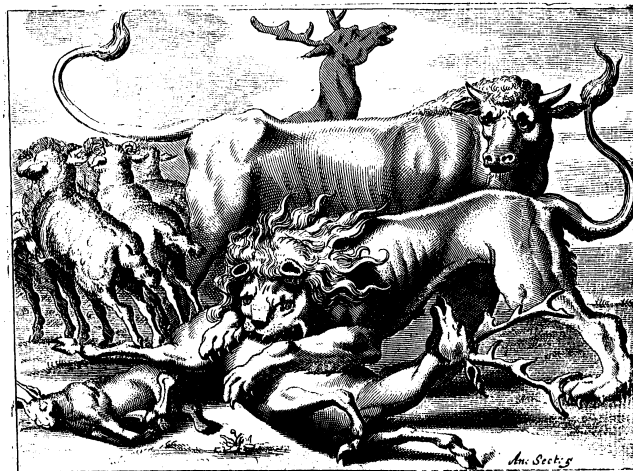
Section V.

THis softning Speech concluded with a tear,
 In Salvage Factions they divided were ;
 Some cry, the King is pious, meek and just,
 Others; beware, his promises not trust ;
 When changing times, and fickle Fortune frowns,
 What will not Monarcks to preserve their Crowns ?
 But when the gathered storm is over-blown,
 A Scepter'd Prince, who questions in the Throne.

The *Lyon* them, thus finding at a stand,
 A sign for silence, beck'ned with his hand,
 When noying parties murmurs were alaid,
 Thus in a sad and weaker tone he said :

My Lords, and gentle Beasts, assembled here,
 Who whilst I had a Sword, my Subjects were ;
 If you strike deeper, have a further drift,
 And me from my acquired Throne would lift ;
 If present Juncto's and revolving Fates
 (That States to Kingdoms turn, Kingdoms to States)
 Finish in me a single persons sway ,
 I the Decree shall willingly obey :
 Why should I prop what of it self would fall ?
 Approaching Death will soon surrender all ;
 Which will the Peoples Majesty receive,
 As glad as they'll accept it, I shall leave ;
 Then I this woful Life now neer an end,
 In prayers for your Prosperity may spend :
 But Sirs, let me advise the best I may,
 By your Election let one person sway ;
 To a new Prince, to one still make appeals,
 Fly giddy Rotaes, Meagrim'd Common-weals,

No



No good the Government of many brings;
Parliament Members sitting, all are Kings:
Yet 'mongst those Monarchs, one or other still
Gets Supreme Power, and Orders what he will;
Republicks vain! when e'r put to a stand,
Must put their Power into a single ^(*) Hand.

(*) Dictators with absolute Authority, always chosen in a dangerous exigence by the Roman Senate, as *Furius Camillus*, &c.

But since I am not able to walk down,
So please you, I'll surrender here my Crown;
With my ^(*) Phang-tooth the abdication Sign,
So my whole Right in publick I'll resign.

(*) Alluding to our ancient Kings only so sealing their Letters and Grants.

At these his unexpected proffers, all
Change Resolution, to fresh Councils fall,
Th' inticing bait of sacred Power, a Crown,
Greedy to Govern, straight they swallow down.

No sooner they neer to the *Lyon* draw,
Within the compass of his ready Paw,
But like himself he 'mongst the thickest flew,
And most of the Commission'd Cattel flew:

Amaz'd to see their Monarchs Force and Rage,
So dire a Scene, and such a bloody Stage!
They all dispiere'd, and struck with *Panick* Fear,
Out-strip'd the Winds, flying they knew not where!

The *Lyon* to *Androcleus* retreats,
Well furnish'd now with several sorts of Cates.



Section VI.

THe Rebels rout, each-where divulg'd by Fame,
To Court, from all parts, no small concourse
came,

His flattering Lords, Buffoons, and sly Jackcalls,
Again replenish desolated Halls;
(For many Fav'rites by the King advanc'd,
First to the Lilt of Reformation danc'd,
And Friends amongst the Godly party made,
Acquainting them with what he did, or said;
Others whom he no longer could Protect,
To their own well-stuff'd several Mansions sneak'd,
Expecting there what the event might prove,
And as things fall, accordingly to move.)

All these return'd, stand round their Gracious Liege,
And with obsequious faunings him besiege'd;
Whose Pallace now with all Provision stor'd,
Sets up once more his late neglected Board.

His Table furnish'd, at the upper end,
His huishers he *Androcleus* bids attend;
Whom when the *Lyon* kindly had imbrac'd,
Much Honouring, at his Royal Elbow plac'd;
All set at several Boards, to Meat they fall,
Unlading fraughted Dishes through the Hall.

Whilst by the King, his Friend but sadly sits,
Nothing he saw, his queasie Stomach fits;
To Kid or Lamb, to Beef, or Mutton, (*) raw,
Swimming in gore, he had but little Maw.

The *Lyon* as *Androcleus* he observ'd,
At such a Treatment sitting almost serv'd,

(*) They eat raw flesh, for which
cause the Grecians call them *Omeferes*,
Omeboris, *Omephagis*.



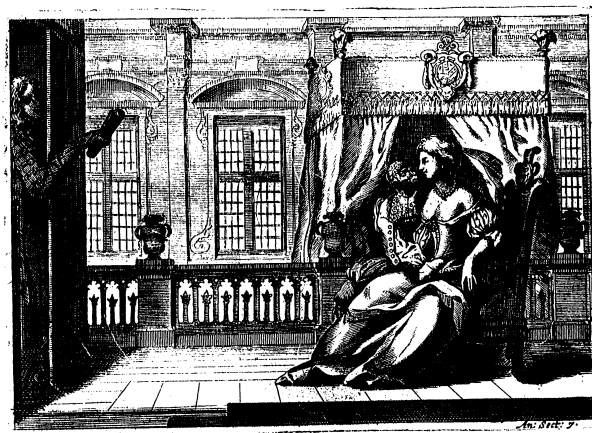
Comes *Monsieur* King of *Aper*, drest like a Page,
Presenting him a Hash, and *French* potage;
Then at his elbow diligently waits,
Supplyes him with rich Wine, and shifts his Plates,
Androcleus pleas'd, then plentifully sups,
Mixing with savoury Morfels sparkling Cups.
When thus the King to his brisk Waiter spoke;
Who e'r thou art that didst these Dishes Cook,
So well have pleas'd my Friend, from Us receive
What's fit for thee to ask, or me to give;
If it be Freedom? Ransomless depart,
Or what e'r else may answer thy Defert.



Section VII.

THEN said th' officious Waiter, stooping low,
 I am a Prince, Sir, in my Countrey, know;
 But by a *Roman* Consul pris'ner took,
 In *Gaul* attending him, I learnt to Cook;
 For him, *Ragoes, Bisks, Oleos* I dress,
 And still my seasoning pleas'd his pallat best:
 I with the best of those *Que ditez vous,*
 Their Boxes could, and several Spices use,
 Would with an ounce of Beef, of Mutton less,
 For *Gallick Monsieurs* make a gallant Mels:
 But after that, condemn'd unto a Clog,
 Hugging to Death, my Ladys foytling-Dog;
 And some suspecting that a prank I play'd
 For my release, with Madams Chamber-Maid:
 'Tis true, she squeak'd not, and I boarded straight,
 And for a nine Months voyage her did freight;
 Nay our great Mistris once but little mist,
 When my sweet breath commending me, she kist,
 Who growing kind, I had her in the Hugg,
 But then the Consul entring, startl'd Pug.
 Question'd for driving such a subtle Trade,
 Private Escape I to *Marseilles* made;
 To *Cartbage* in a Vessel got from thence,
 Where I from *Apeland* had Intelligence
 A second *Macedon* was drawing down,
 Would soon develt me of my Realm and Crown,
 If I my self in person not assist,
 Deriv'd from that Renowned Martialist
 My Ancestor, who bravely kept his Post
 'Gainst *Alexander*, and his Conquering Host;

Whom



Whom when the Worlds Subduer then beheld,
 Draw glittering *Pbalanxes* into the Field;
 The poynted wedge extending Ranks and Files,
 Shields lynning Shields, bright Javlines threatning Piles,
 Admiring, from Hostility did cease,
 And joyn'd with us in everlasting peace;
 Me in my way your Troops did intercept,
 And for a Dish your stomach (*) queasie kept:
 To whom I hinting this your mighty Feast
 Not one Dish had to please a Humane Guest,
 They let me these prepare, nor shall he want,
 So please you to confirm your Royal Grant;
 My Liberty, Great Sir, I onely crave,
 That I my Countrey may and People save.
 The King consents, *Androcleus* and all,
 The passage pleas'd, fate Feasting in the Hall.

(*) The *Lyon's* Prey upon *Apes*,
 but more for Physick, than for
 Nourishment. *Ælianus.*



Section VIII.

THe grateful King well pleas'd to see his Guest
Relish those Dishes in such manner dress'd,
Thus smiling said, I'm wondrous glad that you

To this strange Fare so handsomely fall too ;
I once abhorr'd raw Treatments mixt with gore,
Then Wine, not Water, swell'd my Goblet ore ;
I had;--- what had I not, a Princely House,
Attendants, Nobles, and a beauteous Spouse ;
A Humane Prince, not in a shady Den
Commanding Beasts, once was I King of Men ;
Where I Transform'd by wicked Arts, became
A *Lyon*, such as now you see I am :

Come, let's be merry, and of this no more,
Thank Heav'n you are a Man, though ne'r so poor ;
I not in Bestial Sovereignty rejoyce,
Though all the Forest trembles at my Voyce ;
My high Condition wretched seems and base,
Husk'd in a shaggy Main and hairie Face ;

I rather would, (a) arm'd with my Lench and Aule,
A Cobler be, Inthroned beneath a Stall ;
Drive some such subtle Trade to purchase Bread,
Than be o'r Beasts the universal Head ;

Though 'mongst the numerous Animals that be,
Next *Man*, the *Lyon* takes the first degree.

Fetchng a sigh, this said, the King lean'd back,
When to his Royal Host *Androcleus* spake.

Sir, you amaze me, may I be so bold,
To crave this wondrous Riddle you'll unfold,
We have fictitious storyes not a few,
Of *Metamorphosis* both old and new ;

(a) *Homer's Odys. lib. 11.*

Εὐχαρίστω καὶ ἰσχυρὸς ἰδὼν ἀντιφάσκει
ἄνθρωπον
'Ανδρὶ παρ' ἀλλήλων, ὃ μὴ βίοντι πολλοὶ
εἶναι,
'Ὡς πάντες νῦν ἵσταται καταφθιμένην ἀνδρῶν
αἰών.

Achilles Ghost to *Ulysses* in the
Elysium Shades :

I rather would a Rustick be, and
serve
A Swain for hire, ready almost to
serve,
And living be 'mongst all misfor-
tunes hurld,
Than dead, an Emperour in this
shady World.



But You that really transmuted were,
 Your Self relating, asks a serious Eare ;
 Therefore the Honour I, and Favour beg,
 That I may understand this strange intreague.
 Then spake the King; though much my bosom years,
 Reminding thus my sorrowfull concerns ;
 So full of Horror, height of Rage and Grief,
 Such wondrous passages past all belief !
 Yet may it please you, my deserving Friend,
 Though each word pierce my heart, I condescend :
 Sprung from a Dynastie of Kings I sway'd
 Once fertile *Egypt*, honour'd and obey'd,
 My Power and Wealth so great, that flying Fame
 Spread through the many Peop'l'd world my Name ;
 King ^(b) *Amasis*, stupendious Works I did,
 Built for my Tomb a stately Pyramid ;
 Beyond whose Base, the lofty Spire, no shade
 When they are longest at Sunsetting made ;
 A high-born Queen I had, sweet, young, and fair,
 A fitting Mould to cast a hopefull Heir .
 But we no issue had : when from the *East*
 Came a *Chaldean* Magick Arts profest ;
 Who undertook applying powerful Charms,
 My Queen t'impregnate next when in my Arms ;
 Nay more, he promis'd me, that by his skill,
 I should march forth subduing whom I will ;
 Who could shape Serpents out of limber Rods,
 Could private Men make Princes, Princes Gods ;
 In short time I should for the World set faire,
 Which great Work must be finish'd by my Heir ;
 He my Nativity had cast, he said ;
Mars in the *Lyon*, help'd by Magicks aid,
Sol, *Venus*, *Mercury*, in th' Ascendant joyn'd
 Should carry all before where e'r design'd.

(b) *Amasis* King of *Egypt*;
 Transform'd into a *Lyon*.
Philopstratus

Section IX.

I That lov'd War, for Wars sake that abhorr'd
 All purchase if not gotten by the Sword;
 Swallow'd his Specious Baits, mad after Power,
 What e'r he set before me did devour;
 With subtle Novelties he drew me on,
 Till sure intangled in his great Trepan;
 My Wife and Crown he for himself design'd,
 Whilst me he did with Mists and Shadows blind;
 Soon he by Sorcery won her to his Lust,
 And me out of my self and Kingdom thrust;
 A *Soporiferous* Drink he first did make,
 Which under certain Aspects I must take,
 My Soul in sleep then eas'd from heavy Limbs,
 With Angels should converse, and Cherubims;
 Inspection through Earth's dismal Entrails make,
 Sit with black Junctoes in the *Stygian* Lake;
 Quick, as from Star to Star we cast our Eyes,
 Climb vast expansions of th' enamell'd Skyes!
 'Mongst Gulphs and fluctuating Atoms hurl'd, (world!
 Mount Sphere from Sphere, and so from World, to
 With what mad Follies had he stuff'd my head,
 E'r me he fitted for the Fatal Bed!
 Thicker than Motes, he told me, in the Sun,
 Our *Demons* and our *Cacademons* run
 In busy Hayes, on Humane business fly,
 Courts vexing, and Star-Chambers of the Sky;
 There I should see Fate spinning Mortals Webs,
 Their highest Fortunes and their lowest Ebbs!
 But mine with aspects bright I should behold
 In Milkie Looms, in silver wove, and Gold.

Th' ap-

Th' appointed time fit for projection come,
 We enter in the spell-prepared Room,
 There I must Drink, there must the Work be done;
 To raise an Empire, and beget a Son,
 Faint Heart ne'r Realm did, nor fair Lady win,
 So up he few'd me in a *Lyon's* skin;
 My fitted Legs and Arms up close he lac'd;
 The shape stuck to my shoulders and my waste;
 Said he; *Alcides* had been thrice as (*) strong
 Had he thus button'd what he loosely hung;
 Girt in such spoils twelve Labours had been flight,
 The World had bow'd to him by Conquest right;
 Then gave he me the Fate foretelling Bowle,
 That must such Wings add to my fleeting Soul:
 I saw the bottom though the drench was deep,
 Which soon my Eye-lids clos'd, in fettering sleep;
 Then laid me on a Quilt of sheep-skins warm,
 To strengthen Fancy, and impower the Charm;
 Secur'd thus, as his Plot before he laid,
 He to my Queen with joy himself convey'd.

(*) Alluding to the *Nemean* Ly-
 ons skin which *Hercules* used more
 for a Shield, than for a Mantle, or a
 close fitted Habit.

Y

Sect.

Section X.

Soon fall'n asleep, I no such Visions saw,
 But Dreamt of Blood, and eating warm flesh raw;
 Inspecting entrails of fat Cattel slain,
 How Gore my Jaws and Bosome did distain;
 Laid, how a bunch-back ^(*) Camel I had kill'd,
 Still feasting on him and yet never fill'd,
 Thus various Fancys raging whilst I slept,
 Up dreaming from the fatal Couch I leapt,
 Not knowing what I did, nor where I was,
 My Brains a *Chaos*, a confused Mass,
 Where humane thoughts with beastial mixing, bred
 A thousand Monsters without Tail or Head;
 Puffed with dire distraction, out I went,
 First stumbling on my Queens apartment,
 Doors which I gently shov'd, in shivers flew,
 So little of my wondrous strength I knew;
 My Queen and Priest, though loud I gave th' alarm,
 There found I sleeping circled arm in arm;
 Some sense regain'd I at so strange a sight,
 My only Joy, sole Comfort, chief Delight,
 More dear than Life, or Conquest of the World,
 To see thus up in his embraces furl'd;
 My Wife first waking, strangely terrifi'd,
 When such a horrid Monster she espy'd
 Ready to tear her up, bolts from the bed,
 And with a shriek into her Closet fled;
 At which he starts, muttering too weak a Charm
 An injur'd Husband's Fury to disarm;
 I thought to seize him, apprehend no more,
 When his torn entrails reek'd upon the floor;

(*) *Camels* flesh much lov'd by *Lions*, as in an Expedition of *Darius*, the *Lion* breaking into his Camp, slew neither Men, Horse, nor Cattel, but fell upon the *Camels*.

Defil'd sheets dy'd in blood, the lustful Priest
 Ript from his Collar-bone down to the twist;
 My precious Wife then I pursuing, found
 Unnerv'd with terror groveling on the ground;
 But when she me ready to seize her spy'd,
 With a faint shriek breathing her last, she dy'd;
 Seeing her draw her latest gasp, I felt
 Compassion, Rage into Remorse did melt;
 Then first I call'd to mind what her so fear'd,
 My dreadful shape, rough Main and horrid beard;
 So went I to slip off my *Lion's* Cafe
 Began t' untye, unbutton, and unlace;
 Striving to shift, the more my self I hurt,
 The shape stuck close like *Dianira's* ^(*) Shirt!
 I found then I no propertie was in,
 No Monsters Fur, but my own Monstrous Skin!
 My self I next did in the ^(*) Mirror view,
 And from my own reflecting shadow flew!
 Though I had seen all sorts of *Lyons* store,
 Ne'r such a Prodigie I saw before!
 I call'd for help, my Voyce grown strangely loud,
 Like Thunder rung, broke from a prisoning Cloud!
 Like mouthing Tempest, or a Water-breach!
 Or Battels joyn'd, Ten thousand men in each!
 Both Shape and Understanding now Transform'd,
 Humane no more, a dreadful *Lyon* form'd!
 Rushing from thence into my Pallace-yard,
 Ranted and Roar'd, that Court and City heard;
 Where whoe'er beheld me shrieking fled:
 The Captain of my Horse, though made a Head,
 And my own Life-guard up against me drew,
 As thick as hail, light Darts and Jav'lins flew;
 Then with a grove of Spears me hedging round,
 I like wing'd Lightning, broke their brazen pound,

(*) A Present to *Heracles* steeped in *Nessus* blood, which put on, stuck so fast that it could not be got off without tearing the flesh from the bones

(*) Glass.

And through the thickest with strange Fury got,
And Men and Horse left gasping on the spot ;
The whole Troop routed, marching down the Street,
All fly amaz'd, and into Houses get :
So I my City, Court, and Kingdom left,
Of Reason and Humanity bereft ;
Amongst Wild Beasts in Wildernesses dwelt,
And long the injuries of all Weathers felt.





An. Sect. 11.

Section XI.

TO Bestial society thus cast,
 Condemn'd to range in Wilds and Defarts vast,
 I soon 'mongst Forrest-people gain'd Renown
 Changing my Humane to a Salvage Crown;
 Once more a King Proclaim'd, a Sovereign Liege;
 I with large grants my Subjects did oblige,
 So Metamorphis'd set my heart at rest,
 A *Lyon* being of all mutations best;
 So th' Empire of these Defarts I obtain'd,
 And under me Kings, petty *Lions* Raign'd;
 On Expeditions Armies I could raise,
 Nor plotted we for spoyl Clandestine ways,
 Lying whole nights in silent Ambuscades,
 But took the Field by Day in bold Brigades;
 And like a falling Deluge swept up all,
 Emptying at once both Pasture, Court, and Stall;
 Nay more, on skirts of Cities durst we Prey,
 Ships boarding at low-water, in the Bay.

Thus formidable grown, being wondrous strong,
 I Roar'd *Leontick*, lost th' *Egyptian* Tongue,
 Though Beasts and Birds use several Dialects,
 That less than Humane Voyces have defects,
 Uttering soul dictates both more cleer and brief,
 Hatred and Love, Fear, Hope, their Joy and Grief;
 Yet *Leo Lingua* who not understands?

Words Edicts are, each syllable Commands;
 The *Lyon's* *fiats* quicker than his Nods,
 Like Angels Tongues, or Language of the Gods.

Then

Then my grave Counſel me adviſ'd to Wed
 A Royal iſſue from a Princely Bed ;
 Beſides, the comfort of a dear Confort
 My Power would ſtrengthen, and my Crown ſupport ;
 Took with a *Lionefs* Maſtick brows,
 And ſparkling Eyes, a Maid I did Eſpouſe ;
 And we e'r long a hopefull Iſſue had,
 To whom, when time ſhould ſtrength and courage add,
 Decreasing, mine they Salvage Bands might lead,
 And Govern loyall Subjects in my ſtead :

Thus had I what the Deſarts could afford,
 By all my People Honour'd and ador'd,
 My new rais'd Throne ſo fixt and firmly plac'd,
 In many Ages not to be defac'd.

Sect.

Section XII.

BUt my ſo Powerful and well ſettled State,
 Under the preſſure funk of heavy Fate ;
Bruine, not to be nam'd, that greedy Lord,
 By inſtigatation of his Stomach ſtir'd ;
 That *Epicurean* Beaſt, could nothing elſe
 Pleaſe, but a Diſh of tender *Lyonells* ;
 That ript a Woman up the day before,
 And from her Womb the tender Infant tore.

Our Pallace empty, gone as we were wont,
 My Queen and I, the ſportive (*) *Aſs* to hunt ;
 In ruſh'd the Fiend, and all our hopes and joyes
 To pleaſe his beſtial Appetite deſtroyes !

Returning, for our little ones we call,
 (Wondring at ſcatter'd Offalls ſpread the Hall)
 Vain Echo anſwering, none elſe there reply'd,
 When more diſtinctly we gnawn bones eſpy'd !
 And dipt in purple, tufts of yellow hair,
 Soon we perceiv'd our Children murther'd were !
 My Queen deſpairing rais'd a hideous yell,
 And Roring, I rung out a ſecond knell ;
 Which out from vaulted Courts like Thunder ſounds,
 And upwards flying, ſcales Heavens ſtarry rounds ;

Then firſt I ſpake, let's quit our wofull Cave,
 Purſue Revenge, a while all ſorrow wave :

This ſaid, in high diſtraction forth we went,
 And following hot upon the Monſter's ſcent,
 We made not many miles a privie ſearch,
 But found him where proud *Eagles* uſe to perch
 Up in a buſhy Tree he ſate aſtride,
 And did Our Power and Maſtey deride ;

Then

(*) Eccleſ. 13.
They hate extremely wild Aſſes, and
perſeute them as a Prey.

Then scoffing said ; Your Children here are warm,
 Comfort your selves, go home, and never storm,
 Out of your Jurisdiction quite am I,
 You know not how to climb, and worser fly ;
 To meet for sweet Revenge, insulting guirds,

(b) The Bear being in a Tree, under the Eagle's Protection.

A War engage too, 'gainst the King of (c) Birds,
 I knew not how thwart passions to aswage,
 Drowning in Sorrow, burning in my Rage.

Then to my Queen I spake, watch here with care,
 Shut up in his own Fort this cursed Bear ;
 Whilst I raise aid, and Forces seek abroad,
 This said, I hasted to a beaten Road,
 Arm'd with an Ax there I an Artift met,
 Upon him I with fauning posture set,
 He frighted flies, who finding me too swift,
 And that his Life lay onely in my gift,
 As *Lybians* use, fell humbly on his knees,
 And quarter begs, I pointed to the Trees,
 Then put his new ground Hatchet in his hand :
 Soon as my Pleasure he did understand :
 Not the least time the sturdy Workman slips,
 Till he had hew'd thick Timber into Chips,
 The aged Elm thrice nodding groines her last,
 And falling down her ugly Rider cast :
 I and my Queen, straight on the Murtherer flew,
 And as an Offering to Our Children flew ;
 So my Auxiliarie I safe dismiss,
 Him promising when e'r distrest t' assist :

Thus something eas'd we to Our Court return,
 And Our irreparable losses mourn.



Section XIII.

After a while Our Grief and Mournings o're,
 We put Our Selves in posture as before ;
 My Queen and I, Our Losses to repair,
 By mutual Joys expect a second Heir ;
 When to Our Realm from *Gaule*, a *Panther* came,
 Well vers'd in Courtship, brisk at *Venus* Game,
 And that Amours might better be advanc'd,
 Rarely he Sung, in a new manner Danc'd ;
 Not strain'd in lofty Galliards, high *La vaults*,
 But low *Corantoes* upon one leg haults,
 In flat Brawls simpring, pinch'd with vexing Corns,
 Gingerly moving as he trod on thorns ;
 Before the *Turn* above ground, and *Crofs* points,
 Our Youth perform'd, as if they had no joynts ;
 With *Capriolls* *antifboes* so high would go,
 They hit the Roofes and Noyseless fell as snow ;
 This easier way our crazie Lords did please,
 And Courtiers Clap'd inforc'd to fancy ease :
 Our Dames on him could ne'r look on enough,
 All else seem'd antiquated, rude and rough ;
 How he Salutes, how Cringes, what a *Miene* ?
 His breath perfum'd, how soft his painted Skin ?
Monsieur in brief, so well himself behav'd,
 That she who Rul'd a Monarck he enslav'd ;
 In which so cunningly her part she playd,
 That I a King her Propertie she made,
 Seem'd not t' endure his *Modes*, at him would laugh
 And his spruce Congees imitating, scoff ;
 Thus blinding me, with him th' Adulteress meets,
 Plys stoln embraces in unlawful ^(a) Sheets ;

Z

So



An. Sect. 13

(a) See *Pliny*.
 For the Adultery of the *Lioness* with
 the *Panther* and *Leopard*.

So pregnant grown, and drawing neer her time,
Knowing to be discovered was the Crime ;
Her second Batch would prove too like the Sire,
She plots, how from the Court she might retire,
Of me begs, at her Mothers ^(*) to lye In.

(*) They also endeavour to hide
their Surreptitious Issue in the Adul-
terers Den,
Apolonius.

I tender, not deny'd my fraighted Queen ;
So with a small Retinue down she went,
Me leaving betwixt pleas'd and discontent ;
Whilst in her absence various fancies thwart,
And Jealousie lay nibbling at my Heart.

When sending word how she miscarried there,
In a Dream frighted with that fatal *Beare* ;
My second Issue were brought forth all dead,
When strength recovering rais'd her from her Bed,
She with all speed would leave that woful place,
Seeking fresh comfort in my dear imbrace.

This eas'd my fits, kept quiet up a while,
(But who a jealous Lover can beguile ?)
In a dark Night when Clouds had mask'd the Pole,
I from my Court disguised, thither stole,
Past all her out-guards and fly Pimps unseen,
Untill I found Sir *Pamber* and my Queen,
In posture more familiar than befits,
A second time I Raging, lost my Wits ;
Me first a Woman frenzi'd, now a Beast,
But a whole *Aetna* fir'd within my breast,
When playing I beheld her speckled brats,
Pyde like their Sire, tabbi'd like Mountain-Cats ;

Beholding me, of whom they little dreamt,
And thought secure from any such attempt,
Busie with Crown Affairs and State Intregues,
Wars there Proclaiming, here conjoyning Leagues ;
When they perceiv'd my Eyes like Beacons shin'd,
And raising Rage my self then ^(*) disciplin'd,

(*) All know how the *Lynx* fires
up his Anger, by beating himself
with his Tail.

And

And gave him such a general assault,
He flying to a well-contrived Vault,
That on the trap-dore him ript up, I flung
In his own Urine weltering Blood and Dung,
His Heart and Members torn at her I cast,
Then o'r his Corps th' Adulteress breath'd her last,
The surruptitious brood next peece-meal tore,
Spartering the Walls and Pavement with their gore ;
Slew all their Pimps, and her grave Mother Bawd,
Then for just Vengeance I my self applaud :
Next made the Peers my Injury understand,
And none to put on Mourning, gave Command.

Z 2

Sect.

Section XIV.

After ore-power'd by Melancholy Dreams,
 I lost my Wits in opposite extremes;
 Considering deeply of my woful state;
 Condemn'd to Bestiality by Fate;
 I loath'd such Crowns, and Dignities that stood
 By Rapine, Arbitrary Power, and Blood;
 Courts who Religion and all Laws explod,
 Their Will styl'd Justice, what they can, their God?
 Why should I Tables, a Retinue keep?
 That no Exchequer had, Parks, Herds, nor Sheep,
 Out-law'd in Defarts dwell, there kill and steal,
 No help for Plaintiffs, nor the least Appeal;

So stole I from my Subjects, Court, and Crown,
 Scepter and Royal Ermins laying down,
 My Self of all Regalities disrobe,
 In want to wander the Terrestrial Globe:
 Vast Wilds and Forests left, at last I found
 Meadows hedg'd in, and cultivated ground,
 Saw sprinkling Villages, and fertile Plains,
 Sheep grazing, Steers at Plow, and busy Swains;
 Who seeing me, their several Tasks forlook,
 And to safe shelters soon themselves betook;

'Mongst these I Fancying singled out a Swain,
 Who seem'd ingenious by his looks, though plain,
 Whom I pursuing, when he found it hard
 To scape by flying, stood upon his guard;
 Putting himself in posture of Defence,
 But I not War intending to commence,
 As if already Conquered, cowering went,
 And up my self his Pris'ner did present,

Lay



And Sect. 14

Lay at his Feet and humbly kist his hands.

At last my suite the *Rustick* understands;
And me a King to his Protection took;
And did for Fealty and Homage look;
Then claps a Collar on my shaggy Main;
And leads grown gentle in a twisted skaine.

At last his pleasure he to serious turn'd,
His toylsome Farm and Countrey work adjourn'd,
And me he shew'd in Dorps and neighbouring Towns,
So pick'd up pence till Audits swell to Crowns;
From Markets then to Fairs we strol'd along:
From all parts neer greedy Spectators throng;
Then grown a Company to th' City came
A *Kid*, my fellow Actor, and a *Lamb*.

There rais'd a Stock, in several shapes I play'd,
And my own parts extemporarie made;
And when we something did was rare and new,
My fellow Actors had from me their *Qu*;
Oft when a King I Acted and look'd big,
Some Fool would call and make me dance a jig;
All trades was common, *Lamb*, and I, and *Kid*,
Trip'd *Mars* and *Venus* to a single (*) Fid;
And I the Net like lympling *Vulcan* spread,
And took God *Kid*, and Goddess *Lamb* in Bed,
Such novel fights a mighty Concourse drew,
And we clapt off still by th' admiring Crew:

Thus by my means my Master's Purse ran o'r,
So much his Grandchildren could ne'r be poor;
I put him to small charge, a slender board,
Water and Bread, a Carot or a Gourd;
Yet on good dayes he made me better Dine,
Boyl'd Mutton, Hony, a spic'd Cake in Wine:

Thus I my Passions rul'd, commanding more
Than when I Govern'd Men or Beasts before.

Se&.

(*) As in *Homer's Odyssey* lib 8,
They imitated the more especial
scapes of *Mars* and *Venus*.

Section XV.

Once to the Temple me my Master led,
Where slaughtered Sheep the floor, and Cat-
tel spread,

Whilst curling Clouds from blazing Sacrifice,
Mask'd with opacous fogs transparent Skies ;
At reeking Entrails I ne'r made a stop,
Nor long'd to taste of recent blood one drop ;

(a) *Apollonius* famous amongst an-
cient Authors, for the Interpreting
the several languages of Birds and
Beasts.

Where Learned (a) *Apollonius* I beheld,
Whose skill in tongues of Birds and Beasts excell'd ;
To him I walk'd, tir'd with my strolling trade,
My self at's feet in humble posture laid,
All wondring what I meant, to this effect,
I spake in the *Leontick* Dialect :

King *Amasis* transform'd into a Beast,
Begs from his slavery to be releas'd,
Let me no more shew antick tricks and Jokes,
A laughing-stock to every Fool and Cokes ;
Move the *Egyptians* here with speed that they
Would me their hapless Prince, from hence convey.

This said, the Reverend Sage stroking my Back,
To the Spectators there admiring, spake.

Who knows not here King *Amasis* sad Fate ?
This *Lyon* which so much you wonder at,
His Soul informs, by wicked Charms disguis'd,
Let him not be, what e'r he seems, despis'd ; (stands,
Though chang'd here (b) *Saye's* Renowned Monarch
Who Rul'd you mildly under just Commands.

(b) A City in *Egypt*, in which
King *Amasis* Reigned.

This I with sighs and groans confirming, seal'd,
Which from my former Subjects tears compell'd,
Who thus went on. Sirs, let me you advise,
Since in this living Tomb your late King lyes,



If e'r you had of that good Prince esteem,
 His Ransome pay, this Royal Beast redeem;
 And to *Leontis* hence with speed convey,
 There him due Worship in his Temple pay.
 Th' *Egyptians*, *Apollonius* counsel take,
 For solemn progress preparation make;
 My Master's paid, next day you might behold
 Me deck'd with Garlands, Jems, and Chains of Gold!
 With all the Gayeties and splendor drest,
 Our Realms could boast, or purchase from the West,
 People and Priests conducting me in throngs,
 Chanting my Praise in Hymns and sacred Songs;
 And to that *Fane* which for my self I made,
 They their new God Religiously convey'd:
 Order'd me Lodgings, and a plenteous board,
 And more to be than any Power ador'd.

Sec.

Section XVI.

Revenues fix'd my Honour to maintain, (wane;
 Whilst Suns should set and rise, Moons wax &
 Priests and lay Brothers means allow'd, and large
 Each place and several Function to discharge;
 Physician, Chirurgeon, Pothecary, Cook,
 That might to me in Health and Sicknes look;
 So many wait in their appointed Rooms,
 Back stairs, my Privy, and Bed-chamber Grooms;
 Priests in my Chappel, a new Service sing,
 Chanting great *Amasis* their God and King;
 Imploring when the Royal Soul his Fate
 Should to a nobler living House translate,
 An *Embrio* Prince t' inform, or else they pray,
 If amongst Vegetives the honour'd (*) Bay.

(*) The Bay-tree supposed by the
 Ancients to be the noblest of all Plants.

Thus publick Institutions were observ'd,
 Nor much a while from private Orders swerv'd;
 Who should until their God had Feasted, staid,
 Laughing at those so foolish statues made;
 Soon as my usual Dishes up were serv'd,
 They for themselves, their Wives and Children carv'd;
 And like a Dog gave me their Plates to lick,
 Throwing their Offall and gnawn bones to pick;
 Delicious Wines, my whole allowance quaff'd,
 And at my savoury lapping Water, laugh'd;
 In wild *Moriscoes* heightned thus they Dance,
 Shins, over Stools and Tables take their chance;
 When a fat Priest had almost broke my Chine,
 Throwing athwart me his foul Concubine;
 This I pass'd o'r, but I began to stare,
 When Owl-fac'd *Malkin* Feasted in my Chair;
 They



They truly ^(*) honour'd her, in state there fate,
Fed with my Dainties a ridiculous *Cat* ;
But the fat Priest who her did most adore
In private, was in publick her Amour.

(*) See *Catins* : Not only the
Egyptians, but the *Arabians* : held
Cats in great veneration and Wor-
ship, mourning solemnly at their Fu-
nerals.

To reare them piece-meal thrice I was resolv'd,
But I had been too much in Blood involv'd ;
So loathing Man's society once more,
I fled to Desarts where I Rul'd before,
Here soon my Peers refix'd me in my Throne,
Additional Garlands voting to my Crown ;
Me all these Desarts honour'd and obey'd,
So long as strenuously I Scepters sway'd ;
Grown weak, they in my Title found a flaw,
(Beasts free-born are, they cry'd, by Forest Law :)
Now by your helping hand again restor'd,
As erst, I Reign, and settle here my Board.

Thus my strange story I in brief have told ;
Now if you please, the Night not yet grown old,
I long to know what brought You to Our Court,
So far from Humane business and resort,
Unless some scattering Dorps that neer Us lye,
With whom Our Right and Title oft we try ;
Customs demanding, a fat Sheep or Steer,
Of the great World's affairs we little hear :

This, if the trouble will not prove too great,
As a return for mine, Sir, I intreat.

Section XVII.

VV Hen to the King *Androcleus* thus ^{(reply'd;}
 How to these Wilds, great Sir, and
 Defarts wide,

My Fortune threw me in such woful plight,
 Scorch'd up by Day, wrack'd in a stormy Night;
 Since you desire to know, brief as I may,
 I shall relate, and your Commands obey.

In *Rome* my well-descended Parents dwelt;
 Whose fair Estate small diminution felt,
 Until my hapless Father found a way
 To lose himself, and all he had, by Play;
 My Mother dying, House we broke up straight;
 The Furniture, her Jewells and his Plate,
 What e'r was his, and might be after mine;
 As cumbersome, he turn'd to ready Coyn;
 The frail Die handling, and the slippery Card,
 Much by degrees his Fortune had impair'd:

Who now resolv'd those losses up to make
 By venturing deep, and setting all at stake;
Fortune assists the bold; would him e'r long,
 Make at one lucky Hit, Ten thousand strong.

After a Feast the Gamesters went one day
 Up to their golden Chamber; deep they play,
 Huge heaps are set, venturing at all he threw,
 And (*) Lawrel'd *Cæsars* up by hundreds drew;

So many dazling golden Emperors got,
 Well to have sodered up his broke Estate;
 I whisper'd him, intreating to give ore,
 Now he might pay all Debts, clear every score!
 He minds not me, nor from his golden Fleece,
 Fancy'd *Androcleus* with one single peece;

(*) The Stamp or Impression of
 their then going Gold.
 St. Luke 20.
 VVhose Image or Inscription is this?
 viz. *Cæsars*.



At last the Table cover'd all in Gold,
Bright Ore in Mountains heap'd you might behold,
All at a Chance now to be Lost or Wone,
For ever made, for ever else undone ;
Stakes doubled at each throw, long th' after-game,
On each side favouring Fortune smiling came,
As often frowns ; my Father had the odds,
Then threw what he could ask for of the Gods ;
Which when he saw, as a dire Chance he curst,
And blind with Rage, o'r-seeing, play'd the worst ;
What the Dice gave, took with a *why not lost* ?

A while he stood, stiff, like a senseless post ;
But when he saw the Golden Mountains swept,
Of all he had, and hopes for ever stript,
By his own fortifness, and what seem'd worse,
No Dice nor evil Fortune left to curse ;
He falls upon himself, his Peruke, tore,
And thundring Execrations, direly swore.

After a while his Rage cessation makes,
Himself then stripping, straight his Garments stakes,
Upper and under Weeds at first assault,
March o'r, and to the Conquering Foe revolt ;
Which gone, with me aside he kindly slips,
And whilst I there in vain lamented, strips :
My Clothes thus added to his last mishap,
They in one Fardle up as Lumber wrap ;
Next trafficking for a small sum of Gold,
Himself unto a (*a*) Fencing-Master fold ;
Upon his Body sets a certain price,
Which straight condemn'd by arbitrary Dice,
His Pris'ner to the fatal School he drew,
Whom, at next Shew, a *Gladiator* flew.

(b) A Master of the *Gladiators*;
A frequent Custom at *Rome* amongst
the *Hectors* and *Debofhees*, to sell
themselves to practise their Art, and
venture their lives in the *Amphithe-*
aters.

Section XVIII.

Then out of dores turn'd, only in my Shirt,
Which trussing, I about my middle girt,
Since I must fall unto the Begging trade,

I up my self a fitting Habit made,
And thwart my shoulders scew'd up darnix rags;
The Mantle loose in labels hung and jaggs,
Each corner I inspect, each Dunghil rake,
Clowts to collect might up my Wardrobe make;
A Scrip and Dish, *sans* Crown, a brimless Hat,
Defensive Arms 'gainst Dogs; I bore a Batt.

Thus at all points acouter'd and adorn'd,
Acquaintance I, Friends and Relations scorn'd
As they would me, my Father being dead,
So I'mongst strangers only beg'd my bread;
Oft mouldy Crusts in musty Drink would sop,
Sometimes got savoury bits and higher Tope;
At night in Porches and dark Entries sculk,
A Prince, if I obtain'd a Stall or Bulk;
And those whoever knew me, though I baulk'd,
Yet once I, to the Ordinary walk'd,
Mongst Gamsters that so late division made,
Of my poor Father's Life, and all he had;
'Mongst them thus torn and totter'd, direly poor,
I by their Names did, weeping, Alms implore;
Me e'n stark naked seeing, cut and slash'd
In Steaks and Morfels, robes so neatly hash'd;
Pleas'd with my fancy in such quaint Attire,
Thus grinning, made reply; How now young Squire;
Your Father, were he living, would be sad,
That for his Heir he such a spendthrift had,

Thus



An. Sect. 18.

Thus to be cut and pinckt, what Taylors can !
Their Coats, not Heralds make the Gentleman ;

Thus passing by, they a proud scoff, or so,
On me in so much misery bestow ;
Of all my Fathers thousands they had shar'd,
Not one *Deneere* his starving Son they spar'd :
But I these greedy Harpies knew before,
Who never fancy'd Servants, nor the Poor ;
Who wait on them whole nights, ev'n starve with cold,
When Fortune shows on them Seas of Gold ;
Who Game their business make, study the wracks
Of hopeful Youth, familiar *Toms* and *Jacky*.
The Suburbs Plague Owl'd in a Periwig,
Their Paunches swoln with night deboshes big,
Such proud and idle Hectors the whole Gang
If th' are not fit to banish let them Hang.

Soon after I 'mongst other Poor did wait,
Expecting Alms at a great Patriot's Gate,
Whose Steward pick'd me from the clamouring throng,
Not in my Features much deform'd, and Young :
By my consent enroll'd his Patron's Slave,
Shew'd me my Tasks, and fitting Habit gave.



An. Rect. 10.

So up I march'd, and her Commands obey'd,
Who thus in gentle Language smiling, said :

Of your good parts *Androcleus*, I have heard,
Merits where-ever plac'd we should regard,
Though you, your Fortune to such Toyl condemns;
Jewels though fet in Lead, yet still are Gems;
I hear that you carry from all the prize,
At Youthful Sports, and Manly Exercise;
Since I am present, I would gladly see
A proof or so of your Activity.

Then made she me first Run, then Leap, and Vault;
So gave her self a general assault;
I saw her bosome beat with loose alarms,
Viewing my shoulders, breast, and muskley Arms:
Then she departing, kindly threw her Purse,
Which I look'd on no better than a Curse.

Sect.

Section XX.

NO sooner gone, but all about me throng,
To see what Largeſs bounteous Madam flung,
Which op'ning ſoon bright *Cæſars* they behold,
All cry, at night to Wine convert the Gold;
She wants your help, and you your Freedom lack,
The Wealthie Fort courageouſly attack;
Good uſe make of your time whiſt kind Stars wait,
Women ^(*) inconstant eſe turn Love to hate.

(*) *Varium & mutabile ſemper
Famina,* Virg. lib. 4.

Thus hinted they, whiſt I my ſelf deplore,
Contracted to a Virgin late before;
Our Steward's Daughter, and his only Heir,
Her Mother lately dead, ſhe young and Fair
Melong with ſigns and ſilent Rethorick woo'd,
And by her conquering Eyes at laſt ſubdu'd;
I not at Riches nor my Freedom aim'd,
Her Vertue more than Beauty me inflam'd,
Her ſweet ſimplicity ſtirr'd gentle fires,
From Wanton free, and turbulent deſires;
When her ſoft paſſion once ſhe had reveal'd,
With Tears and Kiſſes we Affection ſeal'd;
Vows interchanging, juſt at breaking Gold,
A while, ſaid ſhe, e'r we go further hold;
I am a Chriſtian, and ſo muſt be you,
Eſe here we ſeparate and once more are two;
Since ſuch diſſentings may in Marriage life
Commotions raiſe, and a perpetual ſtrife;
Light *Venus*, Drunken *Bacchus*, Heſtoring *Mars*,
Trepanning *Hermes*, look on as a Farſe;
Th' whole Liſt abolish of thoſe Stones and Stocks,
Once Boſoms of the Grove, and Wombs of Rocks;

I

I not ^(*) *Marina*, but *Maria* am,
Androcleus to *Andreas* change your Name.
She ſoon prevailing, eaſie Conqueſt made,
What could not ſhe and her fair Eyes perſwade?
Beſides, I ſaw them daily at the Stake,
And Perſecutions ſtill more Converts make;
I knew our Gods Exemplars were of Sin,
And we on Wood and Stone ^(*) Petitions pin;
So I conſenting, me ſhe kindly kiſt,
Contracted, we each other ſtraight diſmiſt;
Upon a private meeting, next agreed,
Where no occaſion might ſuſpicion breed.

(*) A uſual Cuſtom in the Primitive times to alter, or contract their Chriſtian Names not to be much differing from their former.

(*) A Cuſtome among the Heathens to ſtick their Petitions upon their Idolls.

B b

Sect.

Section XXI.

Soon after going at th' appointed time,
To meet, where chaste imbraces were no crime,
With my *Maria*, her there to acquaint
With what did much my troubled spirits daunt,
And to consult together how to wave
Approaching Lust, insatiate as the Grave.

The House all clear, gone forth to hear a Cause
Till night would puzzle Lawyers and the Laws;
A little Girl from a straight Envoy came,
And beck'ning to me, call'd me by my Name;
I thought that my dear Mistress her had sent,
Of Plots but little dreaming, after went,
Who in a lower Chamber turns me straight,
And clapping fast the Dore, leaves there to wait:

Then I began the business to suspect,
And from a dangerous Cause a dire Effect:
When entering, on the other side appear'd
Our Madams Confident, who me thus cheer'd.

Androcleus, welcome; though you are betraid,
The Plot is much for your advantage layd;
Wealth, Honour, Beauty, Love, on you attend,
A Great, a kind, and everlasting Friend;
Such as the Emperours Self, the Worlds great Head,
Might pride in the Enjoyments of her Bed;
Nay, start not back, nor proffered Fortunes wave,
Possessè a Paradise, or else a Grave:
Death or a Happy Life, one you must chuse,
Take heed, so high a Favour to refuse.

Thus

Thus now confirm'd of what I first did doubt,
I straight resolv'd what ere to see it out;
And though I saw a Sword hung o'r my head,
Each step I trod upon a Serpent's bed,
I follow'd her thence up a private Stairs,
A close conveyance for the like affairs:
Whence me she first into a Wardrobe brought,
Hung with rich garments, Gowns, and Mantles wrought,
Upon the Table lay a gorgeous Vest
Fit for a Prince bid to a Marriage Feast.

When thus she said; You in so high respect,
Thus suing your Preferment must be deckt,
None to our Ladies privacy must come
Nor enter worse clad, her Golden Room,
And here for you, as if her Lord, she hath
Ordered rich Unguents and a cheering Bath.

This said, my slavish Habit off I slipt,
And down in warm and perfum'd water leapt,
My Arms and Bosome cleans'd from sweat and soyle,
Noynting my limbs with odoriferous oyle;
My self then dressing sprucely *A-la-mode*,
I entred like a Heroe or a God;
For looking in the Mirror as I pass'd,
I at my Transformation stood agast!

Viewing my supple Limbs and noble Face,
The Room then treading with Majestick pace;

When me she saw thus handsomly arraid,
I, now you are a Prince indeed, she said;
You no *Androcleus* now, no Bond-slave are
But some Ambassador late come from far;
Move in a Royal Sphere, and sitting state,
You must forget what ere you were of late.

This said, she me through several Rooms conducts,
And all the way with learned Smiles instructs.

B b 2

Sect.

Section XXII.

AT last she brought me to a darkned Room,
Where shut out *Phæbus* beams could never
come ;

Which yet out-shin'd the Day, and stain'd the Skies,
With Tapers bright in branching *Gallaxies* ;
Here none of all the Household durst presume
So to prophane as once look in the Room ,
Onely one Woman ; this she kept distinct ,
At which her Husband glad to please her, wink'd ;

There looking round, rare Tap'strie I beheld,
Which far my Master's Furniture excell'd,
With new-found ^(*) silk and gold most richly wrought,
Far fetch'd and dear, from utmost *Persia* brought ;

(*) Then but lately found in the
time of the *Cæsars*, and rarely used.

Where *Venus* lively sate in *Mars* his Lap,
And peeping *Vulcan* catch'd in *Cupid's* Trap ;
Where whilst the stump-foot God fast by the Leg,
Seem'd Freedom of his wanton Son to beg,
She and her brisk Gallant the Pris'ner mocks,
Both pointing at him, sitting in the stocks ;
The border silver Doves and *Cupids* fill'd,
And Lovers bleeding Hearts, though never kill'd :

(b) *Triclinia*, about which in
three Seats nine persons sate, beyond
which number they seldom treat, ac-
cording to the Junctō of the *Males*,
nor seldom fewer than three, the
number of the *Graces*.

Next a ^(b) *Triclinium* with congested Plates,
Furnish'd from two Worlds with the choicest Cates,
All high provocatives, Venerial Food,
Would empty Veins replenish with a flood ;
A canted Couch for Ease and Dalliance fit,
Where three might lean at pleasure, lye, or sit :
Next saw I emboss'd Flagons antique mould,
Not full with Wine, but briming o'r with Gold,
Which Kings and Tetrarchs that his Clients were
When well went Causes, had presented her ;

Whole



An. Sect. 22.

Whole Cities pawn'd to pay their Patrons Fees,
They humbly offered her such toys as these.

Next on a Porphyre Cupboard I espy'd
Instead of drinking Plates (*) Jems, Stars out-vi'd,
And as neglected, in a Corner lay ;
A silver Mountain might nine Legions pay ;
The Superficial of her Treasure these,
She Jewells had were worth whole Provinces !
All which as Enemies I understood,
'Gainst them resolv'd to make my party good
What e'r befalls, to run the dangerous risk,
Rather than her, to top a *Basilisk* ;
So much I valu'd my plain modest Girle,
Beyond a heaven of Jewels, Gold, or Pearl,
Beyond her Glories, Luxury, and Pride,
Beyond whatever in the World beside :

I that a Christian promis'd to be, must
Seven deadly Champions fight, especial Lust !
Before my Youth and Marrow her should treat
A Strumpet prey upon, though ne'r so Great,
Let these full veins a *Hætick* drain, and I
Pale in a lingering Consumption dye.

(*) *Hic quis excelsis verber, mi-
serisque Penates,
Ut gemma bibat, & ferrano Dormiat
astra.* Georg. lib. 2.



Section XXIII.

VV Hilft I on all these look'd with disre-^{gard,}
A Song and Musick I in comfort heard;
Which pleas'd surprizal my attention

Love th' Argument, and joyes of being belov'd; (mov'd,
Of *Cupid's* power in Heaven, Earth, and below,
All under the obedience of his Bow;

They sung his Club laid by, and Lyons skin,
How *Hercules*, *Omphale* taught to spin,
Who, when his Mistress faulty found the thread,
Suffer'd her break the Distaff or e his head;
Jover scapes I heard, and how the bashful Moon
Danc'd to the Pipe of young *Endymion*.

At last appears with a Majestick pace,
A Beauty fitting for a Gods imbrace;
Robes flowing, in a heaven of jewels deck'd,
And entering, smiles on me with kind respect;
Little I dreamt that her I e'r had seen,
She must some Goddess be, at least a Queen!
Who as I staring stood, amaz'd and mute,
First charg'd me with a kissing sweet salute.

When thus she said; *Androcleus* now I see
Y're born no Slave, nor one of mean Degree;
Persons of low Birth though they features have,
Know not which way to look when they are brave;
I knew her then, but could not make reply,
Totally routed by her conquering Eye!
Whilst she then turning whisper'd to her Maid,
Farewell good Christian, to my self I said;
A green-sick Gidle a new Religion minc'd,
I am asham'd, and utterly convinc'd;

Tell

Tell me of Heavenly blisse, and Worlds to come,
Here, present Joyes are worth a Martyrdome;
To Crowns of Glory who would not aspire,
Loves fiery tryalls suffering in such fire?
Let me one Night move in that starrie Sphere,
Then let there Devils me in pieces tear,
When with a wounding smile she turning, said;

Why stands *Androcleus* thus? why so dismay'd?
Let not what you in my apartment see
Dazle your Eyes, but make your object Me;
Be not so mute, freely your self behave,
Th' Old Man's no more, but now you are my Slave;
And I shall put you to a harder Task,
That more than all your Strength, will Courage ask:
All here you see, instructs you what to doe,
This slender Banquet stands prepar'd for you;
I would not have such Entertainment lost
Upon a gilded Signe, or painted Post.

Encourag'd thus, though I in flames did fry,
I only star'd, but make could no reply,
Nor *Locomotive* faculties command:

Which she perceiving, took me by the Hand,
And gently wringing, to the Table led,
Placing me by her on the Festive Bed.

Sect,

Section XXIV.

THus poor *Androcleus* with a Lady fate,
The Wealth of Queens but mean to her estate!
What ere the greatest *Epicure* could with,
To taste delicious Wines there stood the Dish;
What-ever Wine to quench the Seasoned bit,
He at this Table might his Pallat fit;

On us her Confident did only wait,
Who ply'd my Cup, and often chang'd my Plate,
Till Love thus heightned Fancy did enrich,
Unchain'd my Tongue, and freedom gave to speech;
Finding Discourse, my Wits with *Bacchus* edg'd,
Thus storm'd I her, and formally besieg'd.

Madam, these Miracks I here behold!
Your Beauty, these bright Gems, that Plate and Gold!
This Room so furnish'd, set with Lights so thick
That more than Stars confound Arithmetick!
My self in this rich Habit like a Prince!
Such Entertainment at so vast Expence!
And me a Slave, thus by your special Grace,
Holding in this your Heaven, a second place,
Makes me the greater wonder that am not
Turn'd an admiring Statue on the spot;
And now my Spirits seeming to revive,
I question if I dead am, or alive;
Or from Earth mounted, my deliver'd Soul
Found this your Paradise beyond the Pole;
These, and th' enchanting Musick that I hear
Makes me suppose that this is *Venus* Sphere,
And you th' Intelligence, that Goddess are
Ruling our Morning and our Evening Star!

If

If that I Wake, am Dead, or in a Dream,
Since Woe nor Weale lasts long in the Extream,
If Truth or Fancy, put it to the Test,
Really finish, or Dream out the rest.

Surpriz'd at such a rate to hear me speak,
Thus in no common Torrent forth to break;
Androcleus, said she, I am doubtful too,
If I'm not in a Trance as well as You!
To hear such Language, hear you talk so brave,
None but a Prince can Act a Royal Slave;
Such notions are no births of Toyl and Sweat:
Sir, I'll on You no lesser value set,
Than if some God descended from the Sky,
Would my imbraces at Heavens Purchase buy.

This said, my Hand she in her Bosom slips,
And I made bold to venture on her Lips;
When thus I said, Dear Madam, I shall burst,
At once you make me Happy and Accurst!
Such Cordials far off from the joy of joyes,
In tantalizing pleasures me destroyes.

Then the bold Strumpet me embracing, kist,
Twining a Chain of Pearl about my wrist,
Accept this earnest of my love, she said,
And me to further Privacy convey'd.

C c

Sect.

Section XXV.

WHere stood a stately Bed in her *Alcove*,
Fit for sweet thefts, and stoln delights of
Love,

Where Kings and Queens in Wedlock might imbrace,
And Princes breed their own illustrious Race !

When drawing nigh, the suddain Terror struck,
The Curtains trembled, and the Hangings shook,
And straight a Voice, not Humane, pierc'd my Ear,
Christian *Andreas*, mind thy Soul, forbear !
My Name that, must be, and this strange advice,
Turn'd to a Hell, expected Paradise,
Loves torches quench'd, hot fancys routed quite :
Agu'd I sweat in horrible affright ;
My warm blood curdling, I grew stiff and cold,
As one that twice had fifty Winters told.

She seeing me stand, as I had blasted been,
That never look'd on loose Escapes as Sin,
How now *Androcleus*, said she, why so pale ?
A Bed, a Lady, and your spirits fail !

Then casting up my Eye on her, who seem'd
Late 'bove all Worldly joyes to be esteem'd ;
Of conquering Beauty, so Divinely Fair,
Not the least mark appear'd, nor smallest Air !
Where I before enough could never gaze,
Behold a map of Ruin and Decayes ;
Furrow'd her Brows, Checks painted and bepatch'd,
Her Temples round with curled Serpents thatch'd !
Her wither'd Breasts in her foul Bosome fagg !
A Goddess late, now an infernal Hagg !
To whom in high distraction thus I spake :

Thou swallowing Gulph, thou all-devouring Lake,
That



That now art leading me unto the brink,
Where falling, I eternally must sink;

Ah how thou star'st! Clap no more (*) *Gorgons* on,
I feel my self already turning stone!

I'll fly; e'r I am finish'd, e'r I stand
A Statue, carv'd by an Adulteress hand.

This said, I left her, and the loathed Bed,
And whilst the dire Revenge stood plotting, fled,
Out at a Window jutting forward, leapt,
And hid with darkness, to my Cabin crept
Unseen by any, fast the dore then lock'd,
Resolv'd to none to open, who e'r knock'd,

(*) *Medusa's* Head, her hairs
feigned to be Serpents, the terrible
Aspect turning all that beheld it into
Stone.



Section XXVI.

THUS I within my own works seem'd secure,
Able a Winter Leagure to endure;
When second thoughts a farther prospect made,
I saw no means my Ruine to evade;
Then I repented my distracted flight,
That could not me preserve one single night;
Mad that th' Adulteresse I had not slain,

(a) See *Homer's* Odyss. lib. 12.

First thou the Sirens shalt discover,
which
All Commers with inticing tunes
bewitch;
Who their sweet Voyces hear, re-
mind no more
Their Wives, their Children, nor
their native shore:
In Meadows Chanting, they 'mongst
dead mens bones
Crown rotten Skins, and heap up Ske-
letons:
But when thou failest by them, look
that there
Thy Followers Ears thou stop, that
none may hear,
With yielding Wax: But if thou
halt a mind
To hear incanting Ditties, let them
bird
Thee hand and foot, and with strong
Cordage fast
About thy middle tie unto the Mast:
So thou mayest hear the Sirens mel-
ling strains:
But if thou shouldst Command them,
loose thy Chains,
And set thee free, then bid them har-
der tie:
But when these dire Inchanters are
faul'd by,
Then thee I shall not punctually in-
struct,
In th' other Course thou mayst thy
self Conduct,
By little Hints, how thou mayst find
the way.

That (*) Syren, that inticing common Bane;
Who long since could not chang'd Amours adjust,
Serving with such varieties her Lust;
Then I had done a meritorious act,
And could but Death have suffered for the Fact;
Left living to accuse me, I am sure
Exquisite Tortures dying to endure.
Discourfing thus, a suddain noyse I hear
Of busy Servants bustling here and there;
Shut up the Gates, whilst out the Steward comes,
Bids diligent search to make through all the Rooms;
Straight I put up my Chain of Pearl, and Vest,
My self in my accustom'd Habit drest,
And as alarm'd, soon mingled with my Mates,
Hoping to get o'r Walls, or thorough Gates;
And busy with the Steward walk'd the round:
But no suspicious person could be found.

When at a stand that Girle, that treach'rous Maid,
Which me into the Trap at first betrayd,
Brought in her Lap those Cloaths Behind I left,
Charging their Owner with worse Crimes than Theft;
My fellow Slaves all knew them at first sight,
Whom I so treated but the former night,

And

And so much fatal Gold on them did spend,
They were the first that me did apprehend;
And Oaths on Oaths, with protestations swore
They were the same which I that morning wore.

To search my Cabin, next they made request,
Whence soon they brought the Orient Chain and Vest;
All circumstances clear the Steward found,
And calls for Jives, and me in Fetters bound:
Then to the Dungeon thence himself conveys,
And leaves me in the Stocks, at little ease.

Sect.

Section XXVII.

Left in a Dungeon Manackled and Jiv'd,
 Of Light, of Comfort, and all Hopes depriv'd,
 Gall'd with the narrow Stocks and pinching
 My Sorrows heavy, and acute my Pains, (Chains,
 I musing on my sad condition fate,
 Thrown to a Prison from a Bed of State;
 But more for my *Maria* was my smart,

For her, a bitterer grief transpierc'd my heart
 Than all the wounding woes which there I felt,
 That with my Dear so treacherously I dealt;
 Out of my mind my Vows and her to raze
 Took with patch'd Beauty and a painted Face. (night,

Thus drown'd in deep Despair, o'whelm'd with
 I heard soft steps, and saw a glimmering light,
 Which through the Key-hole, and the crannys broke;
 When suddenly the well-oyl'd wards unlock,
 And like a silent Shade in noyfeless stole,
Maria as an Angel from the Pole
 Bringing down Comfort in my Griefs extream;
 When thus she spake, and reall made my Dream.

Our precious time not lavish now away,
 Else forfeit Life this Morning you must pay:
 Then with a kiss my spirit she revives,
 Frees from the Stocks, my Fetters, and my Jives,
 Bids me tread softly, whilst she locks the Dore,
 Leaving all fast in posture as before;
 Then leading on, like noyfeless air she slips,
 Whilst lightly I reprint the Virgin's steps;
 Untill we entred in an obscure yard,
 Where fettle'd Walls not to ascend were hard;

When



An. 27.

When thus she said ; Put on this forraign shape,
Then fly to *Ostia*, as a Stranger scape ;
I heard my Lady our Patron engage,
Only your Death must pacifie her Rage :
She told him, how in Princely Habit dress'd,
At her Devotions, in you rudely prest,
When she amaz'd at One thus broken in,
Ready to swoone, had been enforc'd to Sin,
But that her Woman entring with a Light,
The Project spoyl'd, and put the Slave to flight :

But I of this dare not one word believe,
Nor credit to her accusation give ;
The whole House thinks you guiltless, who lament,
And whispering, your Misfortune much resent ;
But you must hence, and I must straight away
Under my Fathers Pillow to convey
These Keys, which whilst he slept, from thence I stole
Thus to redeem you from that dismal Holg ;
Here, take this Purse she said ; then me she kist,
And vowing Constancy, with tears dismiss'd.

Disguis'd thence o'r, low Battlements I leapt,
And through dark Suburbs and long Alleys crept.

Section XXVIII.

From thence to *Ofia*, where by fortune lay
 Ships ready freighted, bound for *Africa*,
 The Consuls Goods and Servants left behind
 Hastening aboard; fair blew th' expected Wind:
 I amongst others, got into a Ship,
 All Anchors weigh, and hoist their sails a trip,
 And to the *Ofin* with a Northern gale,
 Hoping for short and happy passage fail;
 Steep Forelands set, and distant Mountains fly,
 Till nothing we beheld, but Sea and Sky;
 That night so pleasant on the Decks I lay,
 With Cares awake, expecting blessed Day:

But whilst our groning Prow salt Billows plow'd,
 I just a-head, espy'd a rising Cloud,
 Built up in Stories like a spiry Tower,
 Threatning foul Weather, and a Thunder-shower;
 When our fair Wind us by degrees did fail,
 Our Canvas flats, nor longer could we sail;
 Straight up they furl their Shets and ply the Oare,
 Before it blows to fasten on the Shore.

The Sky, all straight in close long Mourning hung
 Lightens, a peal of Heav'n's Artillery rung,
 A hideous Shower of Fire, of Hail, and Rain,
 Falls in a Deluge with a (*) Hurricane;
 The blustering Northern Lords, East, West, and South,
 Twice sixteen Angles open as one Mouth:
 When not in Mountains did swoln Billows rise,
 But pil'd up (b) Pyramids salute the Skies:
 Waves fight and fly, rough Floods encounter Floods,
 Till all the Sea was laver'd into Suds!

When

(a) Blowing at all the Two and thirty Points of the Compass.

(b) It is observed that the furious Hurricanes upon the Western Coast, being a Whirlwind, rolls not the Sea in long Billows, but heaps them up in spiry Pyramids.



When thus I cry'd, ah ! happy had I been,
 If I at Home had suffer'd for my sin,
 Better than this infortunate Escape,
 Bravely t' have Dy'd condemned for a Rape;
 A *Roman* Dame, one of so high remark,
 Than now feed Sword-Fish, or some Heft'ring Shark.

Whilst to the Winds vain grief I thus divulg'd,
 Our Vessel striking, in an instant bulg'd;
 The Ship though stout, yields to tempestuous Waves,
 And suddain in a thousand shatters, staves:
 Each for themselves, a broken Mast I strode,
 And buffeted by Winds and Billows, rode,
 Untill the Tempest ceasing, I alone
 Upon this Coast was thus this Morning thrown;
 Where landed, I encountred new Extreame,
 Choak'd with hot sands, and scorchi'd with *Phæbus* beams,
 Fainting with Thirst, and ready for my Grave,
 My better Stars shew'd me your Royal Cave,
 Where now by special favour, I your Guest
 Sit at your Table, and 'mongst Princes Feast.

Androcleus Story told, then growing late,
 The *Lyon* rising, his Jackcalls in State
 With Glowworms, Touchwood, and such Lights, attend
 Their Royal Master, leading in his Friend:

Then all dispiere'd unto their several Homes,
 Courtiers retiring to appointed Rooms.

Section XXIX.

THus dwelt *Androcleus* in a *Lyon's* Den, (Men;
A Prince 'mongst Beasts, a Bondslave amongst
Till weary of that life, and spur'd with Love,

He fix'd his Resolution to remove,
Watching an opportunity to fly;
Rather than live in Wilds, at *Rome*, to Dy;
Although the King him lov'd and honour'd most
Of all his Peers and Captains of his Hoast;
Nor could he e'r be quiet Day nor Night,
Androcleus but a minute out of fight:

So in a starry night from thence he stole,
His Course directing by the *Artick* Pole,
Through sandy Wilds, and Wilderneses past,
And came to scattering Villages at last; (reviv'd;
Which him with Goats milk, Cheese, and Whay
Soon after he at *Carthage* Walls arriv'd;
Where with that Purse he from *Maria* had,
Himself he straight in handsome Habit clad,
Hoping that undiscover'd, so once more
To seek his Fortune on th' *Ausonian* shore;
In that great World of *Rome* disguis'd, he might
E'r Death, be happy with his Mistress fight.

Whom soon the Consul there, his Patrons Friend,
Did by one sent on purpose apprehend,
His fellow-Bondman, and his great Consort,
Inquiring for a Ship him to transport;
So as a heynous Criminal attach'd,
Loaden with Chains thence he to *Rome* dispatch'd.

But when the *Lyon* his Companion mist,
He could not raging Love and Grief resist,

Nor

Nor sends to Officers, nor trusts Jackcalls,
But follows on the scent to *Carthage* Walls;
As if his feet were wing'd, runs ore the Downs,
And frights the neighbouring Villages and Towns,
Offending none, not minding Prey nor Rest;
All wonder that so terrible a Beast
Should fly so fast none seeing him pursue:

At last to *Carthage* the distracted drew,
Whom tir'd and spent, a Troop of Horse beset,
And without wounding drove into the Net;
His bushie Tayl, and shaggy Mane th' admire,
His Teeth like Needles, and his Eyes like Fire!

Whom straight the Consul to the Emperour sent,
And as a Wonder, did the Beast Present;
Whom in his *Amphitheater* he plac'd,
And like a King with frequent visits grac'd,
Admiring his huge size, and awful Face,
His Royal Carriage, and Majestick Pace!

D d 2

Sect.

Section XXX.

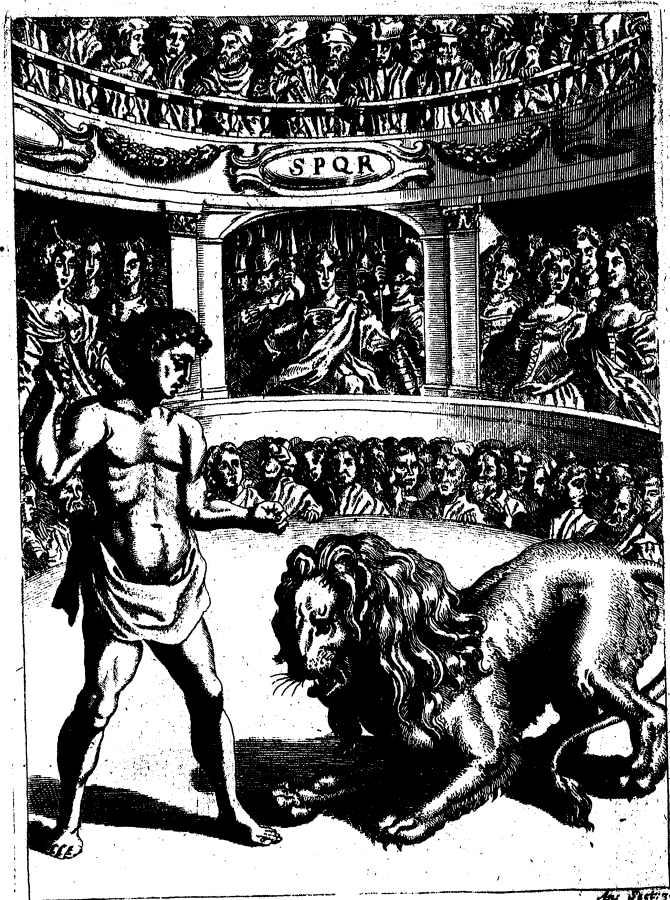
THe Sentence past, soon came th' expected time,
Androcleus must suffer for his Crime;
 When to the Emperors *Lyon*, he that day
 Must be in th' *Amphitheater* a Prey:
 Which through all *Rome* divulg'd by busy Fame,
 As glad Spectators of this horrid Game,
 Both *Patriots* and *Plebeans*, Old and Young,
 From all the City thick in Clusters throng;
 A Slave Condemn'd, incounters in the Lists
 A *Lyon* naked, onely with his Fists;
 Such a huge Monster terrible and keen,
 Upon the publick Stage yet never seen.

By Noon the *Theater* huge Concourse thwack,
 The loaden Seats and Classis like to crack;
 The Emperour and Emperess in State,
 The Conscript Fathers, and Commons sate;

When the Scene opening from a large *Boscage*
Androcleus comes to meet the *Lions* Rage;
 His Breast, his Shoulders, brawny Arms, and Thighs,
 Waste slender, Manly Face, and sparkling Eyes,
 In Matrons stirring Pitty, kindled flame,
 And all his great Accuser much did blame.

The *Lyon* then, on purpose fasting kept,
 Forth to his Prey eager with Hunger leapt,
 A Feast prepar'd, then ready to attack
 His Face beholding, suddainly starts back,
 When he his dearest Friend perusing knew;
 Then in an humble posture neer he drew
 Kissing his Feet, his hands, and well known Face,
 Then they each other hugg'd in dear imbrace;

He



He knows the *Lyon*, though so curl'd and kemb'd,
And he *Androcleus*, guiltlesly Condemn'd ;
To see the Monster that should him assail,
Fawn like a Spaniel, wag his bushy Tail ;
And him that stood an Offering to be slain,
Then clap his back, stroking his shaggy Main ;
Th' admiring House made with Applauses ring,
And Purfes him of Gold and Silver fling,
A hundred thousand hands speak loud applause,
Glad the Defendant scap't the *Lyon's* Jaws :

All cry, The Gods do Innocence protect !
And by the great Example them direct
To Piety and Pitty, and that he
Sav'd by their Mercy, should be straight set free,



Sect.

Section XXXI.

Vhen a prime Herald, after silence made,
Thus in the Emperours Name, and
Senate, said ;

This Slave by Heavens especial favour blest,
Straight by their Order here must be releast ;
They also him a Golden Talent give,
And that at *Rome* as freeborn, he may live ;
The *Lyon* him the Emperour doth present.

Joyful applauses scale the Firmament :
But when *Androcleus* them his story told,
Showers from the Galleries Silver, Jems, and Gold,
Rain'd on his Head, and pour'd into his Hands.

Thus freed from cruel Death and servile Bonds,
He from the *Theater* in Triumph led,
His Friend releast whilst thus the People said,
As they in busy throngs about them prest :

The Man and *Lyon* ! see, the Host and Guest !
The Senates Gift, and what Spectators gave,
Turn'd to a Wealthy Citizen a Slave ;
Recovering soon his Fathers Morgag'd State,
His Houses, Jewels, and embezel'd Plate.

Andreas now *Maria* did Espouse,
And solemn Nuptials kept in his own House :
Fair Issue had, in Reputation dwelt,
Nor storms of Persecution ever felt ;
Till Emperours themselves pluck'd Idols down,
And got for Piety and Zeal, Renown :

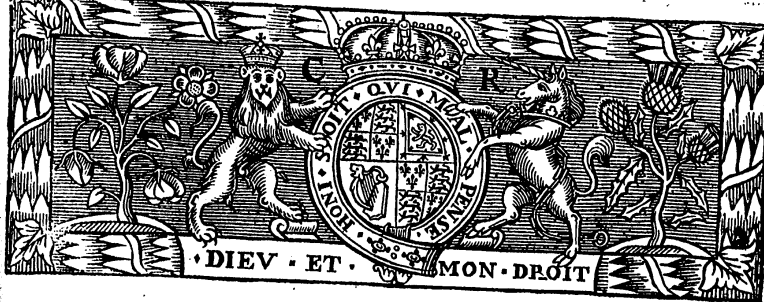
But of the *Lyon* after what become,
Most Writers are defective, some quite dumb ;

Yet

Yet, one saies, he resum'd his shape agen,
From Ruling Beasts, became a King of Men
By Christian Prayers ; and how the Senate had
An Order for his Restauration made ,
By which he his *Egyptian* Realm regain'd,
And many years in Peace and Plenty Raign'd :

If so or not, I shall no more insist ,
Thus far I Dreamt, Dream out the rest that list.





THE EPHESIAN MATRON:

OR
VVidows Tears.

Section I.

The first Author of this story was the most witty *Petronius* in his *Satyricon*, and from him many others have made use of it, and amongst them *Johannes Salisbericus* *Policrat.* lib. 8. cites one *Flavianus*, who affirms it really hapned at *Ephesus*, and that the Woman suffered the deserved punishment of her impiety and Adultery.



T^(a) *Ephesus*, of old so much Renown'd,

Whose lofty Tow'rs ^(b) *Diana's* Temple crown'd,

To whom (when leaving Mansions of the Gods,

In that ^(c) Worlds Wonder settling her aboads)

Chast votresses with Vows and Offerings came,

Loves power despising, and the *Cyprian* Dame;

The Cold Infection through the City spreads,

No Girls of Pleasure, scapes, nor sportive Beds;

Beauty, and lusty Youth, at *Cupids* Shaft

If pointed not, forsooth, with Marriage, laught;

Whilst great at *Ephesus*, ^(d) *Diana's* Name

Kept chast Court-Madams, Chast the City Dame.

'Mongst these Exemplars a fair Lady dwelt,

With whom kind Fates auspiciously had delt,

She and her Spouse, so eminent, D.

^a *Ephesus* by *Pliny* is called one of the Eyes of *Asia*, taking *Miletus* for the other, likely, those two being by *Strabo* reputed the best and noblest Cities of *Asia*, and *Ephesus* the chiefest place of Trade.

^b The Temple of *Diana*, saith *Solinus*, was built by the *Amazons*, so magnificently, that *Xerxes* burning all other the Temples of *Asia*, spared this; and by *Pliny* is esteemed the true wonder of Magnificence.

^c Commonly reckon'd as one of the 7. Wonders of the world; the other six were, the Walls of *Babylon*; the Statue of *Jupiter Olympius*; the Pyramids of *Egypt*; the *Colossus* of the Sun at *Rhodes*; the Sepulcher of *Mausolus*; and the Palace of *Cyrus*; the stones of which were cemented together with Gold, or as more usually the *Pharos* at *Alexandria*.

^d See the latter part of the Nineteenth Chapter of the *Acts* of the Apostles, where besides other instances of the greatness of her Name there, 'tis said v. 34. that there was a cry of the whole Multitude as of one voice for two hours, Great is *Diana* of the *Ephesians*.

When seven fill'd Circles brought their Holiday,
The last of seven in perpetual *May*,
On which they yearly kept the Wedding Feast,
Their Friends, and Kindred still invited Guests.
They in their Garden walking arm in arm,
The Spring in all her Gaiety and warm ;
Changing his Note, he in a sadder Tone
Than ever they Discours'd in, thus begun :

My onely Happiness ; my dearest Wife ;
More lov'd than Day, than Joys of Health or Life !
Who would not leave the hopes of Heav'n to be
As you and I, so blest on Earth as we ?
Since our seventh Stage so happily we reach
Without one Cloud, the smallest flaw or breach ;
More than the Gods can boast, though styl'd the Blest,
Them anxious Fears and Jealousies molest,
That some suppose the Stars are all but Spies,
And Constellations, Guards with watching Eyes.

But now sad Fancies harbour in my breast,
And Melancholly, ne'r before a guest :
Why vex I thus my self with idle Fear ?
Startle at that I ne'r shall see nor hear ?
I'll tell thee Love, my happiness is such ,
That the felicity I Princes grutch ;
Though Fate did as your Servant, me employ,
Thou art too good for any to enjoy ;
I fear that you and I e'r long must part,
Something I feel sits heavy at my heart ;
To Dye not grieves me, but to leave thee here,
What signifies *Elizium*, thou not there ?

For your own sake then live a single life,
And let my Dust be proud you were my Wife ;
Though Stories I suspect, and idle Talk ,
That in the Night our troubled Spirits walk,

Which

Which if they should, my angry Ghost, I fear,
Thee from th'imbraces of a King would tear ;
Take this my last Will, which doth thee declare
My sole Executrix, and onely Heir :
Nor are you bound by loss of part to be
My Relict, no, Dear ! I have left you Free :
But as my last Request, I onely sue,
As you my Wife are, be my Widow too.

She weeping, ready to make large Replies,
And Proteftations ; Oh I'm sick ! he cries ;
A dire Distemper shoots through every part,
My Head, my Back, my Stomach, ah my Heart !
Over my Eyes Nights sable Curtains spread ;
Dearest farewell ; keep Chast our Marriage-bed.

She skreeking out, straight Friends about them swarm
Finding the dead and living arm in arm :
The sad news flies, invited Guests depart,
And leave high Treatments with a heavy heart.

Section II.

THis dire Disaster routing such a Feast,
A Face of sorrow, not to be exprest
Fill'd the sad house, thence carried up and down
By woful Friends returning, through the Town;
Such were his Merits, so concern'd they were,
Who not for him contributed a Tear?

But she sate mourning in a dismal Room,
Dark as that Night shuts up the Day of Doom;
When ore Sun, Moon, and Stars, no hope of dawn,
Foul *Chaos* hath eternal Curtains drawn;

Whilst for his Funerals they seek what ere
For shew and pompous Sorrow fitting were;
First into Blacks they *Tyrian* Scarlets dy'd,
From *Ægypt*, and *Arabia*, provide,
To make the Corps Pomander, Nard, and Spice,
And odoriferous Gums, at any price;

Which done, when Tears a short cessation gave,
She drest th' ^(*) embalmed Corps in garments brave;
Then his pale Cheeks with tinct'ring vermil dyes,
Currals his Lips, sets Jewels ore his Eyes,
And on a Pillow, as his Marriage Bed,
Curling his tresses, boulders up his Head.

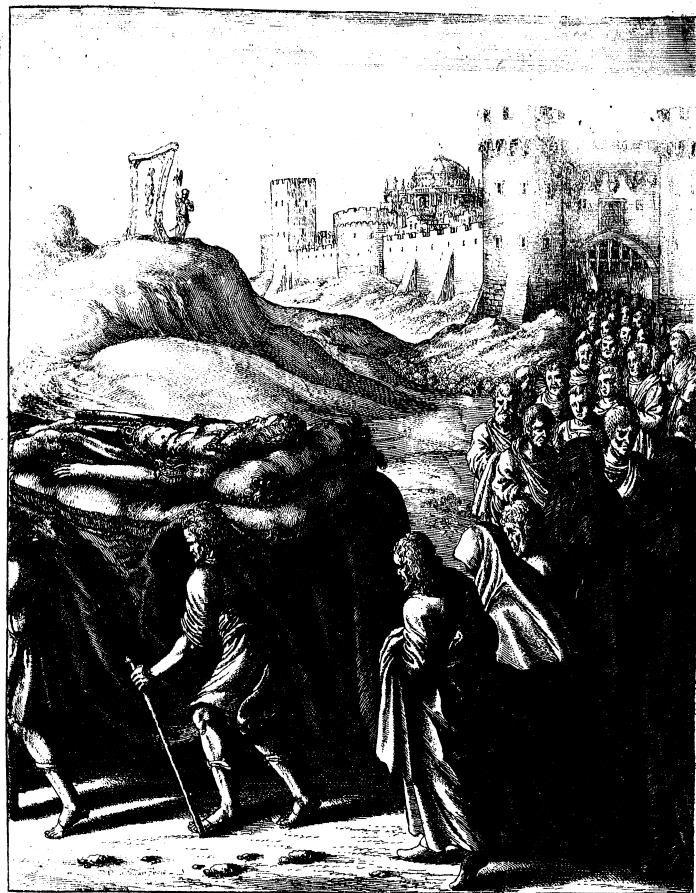
Her Friends mean while got Consecrated ground
Without the City, trench'd and pal'd in round;
Amidst dig'd deep, then arch'd a ^(f) gloomy Vault,
Which Sun, nor Stars, nor Winds could ere assault;
And ore, a ^(z) Lodge with all Convenience made,
Where her old Servant, if they could perswade
There to ^(h) attend their Lady, as at home,
Where she, truce took with Sorrow, up might come
And

^e That the Greeks, contrary to the Custome of the *Romans*, preserved their dead body's, is warranted by *Petrarch*, in this Story of the *Ephesian Lady*, and maintained by some modern Authours.

^f The many eminent Sepulchres of this fashion yet extant, would sufficiently evince, if Authours were silent, that they were in use.

^g That this was a Custome, we have an Inscription to prove. *M. AURELIUS ROMANUS & Amispha chrestima uxor ejus fecerunt sibi Libertis suis posterisque eorum Monumentum cum Edificio superposito, &c.*

^h See the story of *Telephus*, in *Apollonius's* golden *Ass*, whereby it is intimated, that dead body's were watched, to preserve them from attempts of *Witches*.



Ma. Sect: 2

And leave sometimes the Hearse, the better to
To spin out grief, and prosecute long Woe ;
For she resolv'd one year ne'r to adjourn,
But in the Tomb ore her dead Husband mourn.

And now Solemnities expected come,
The Corps to follow to its latest Home ;
All march as they by Heralds ordered were,
The Magistrates, and the whole Senate there ;
After the Hearse she comes with skreeks and cries,
Forc'd Tears from Kindred, Friends, nay Strangers eyes,
Sense of her losse now more than ere she felt,
Cursing the Stars, so hardly with her dealt :

But as the Corps descended to the Vault,
Her tender bosome giving an assault,
Taring her Hair, she leaps into the Cave,
And there resolv'd to dig her self a Grave ;
Shrieks from beneath, above a general Cry
Like Thunder, volleys through the echoing sky ;

Thence all dispiriting, to their homes retreat.
And leave the Mourner in a doleful feat.

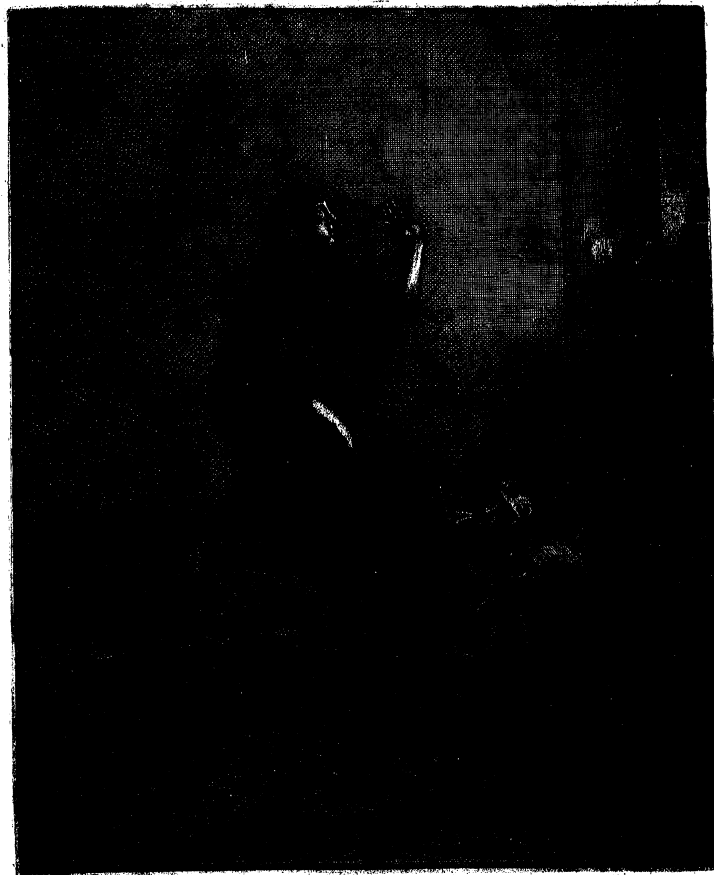
Section III.

After the noyſing Concourse were return'd,
 Both ſad beholders, & their friends that mourn'd;
 When conquering Night, Days ſtandard down
 And drove the Sun into another World; (had hurl'd,
 Then ſetled in her ſolitary Vault,
 New muſtered Sorrows her aſreſh affault,
 The Herſe before her, and a glimmering Lamp,
 Infolded arms, the ſad Cave cold and damp;
 She Triumphs in her Grief, her Woes ſeem brave,
 With Miſery ſurrounded, and the Grave,
 The Novelty of ſuch a diſmal place,
 Put Maſteſty in Melancholies Face;
 Then kneeling by the Coarſe, in ſuch a ſhade,
 She ſmiling at her new Condition, ſaid:

How bleſt am I that ſhall within this Cell,
 With thee a year, perhaps for ever, dwell?
 Thus ſaid ſhe weeping, and unveils his Face;
 Which when ſhe had beheld a little ſpace
 She ſtood, her Hands and Eyes erected, calm;
 As if ſome God had given her healing Balm;
 With a full Deluge then, and ſighs more loud,
 Thus rayes ſhe, thund'ring from the broken Cloud:

Ah that when firſt I came into this World,
 A ſtorm had me on barren Mountains hurl'd,
 There to have ſtarv'd, or been to Beaſts a prey,
 Or made my Cradle in the ſwallowing Sea;
 Then I had never ſeen this woſul hour,
 And thee, cut off, lye like a faded Flower;
 Cold as a Rock waſh'd at the Mountains feet,
 Nothing of what thou wert, but only ſweet;
 Speak then, my Dear; come, riſe, and let us walk,
 Of Love, ah me! and former Pleaſures talk;

In



The Sect. 3

In such a place we never were before,
 Rocks all above, an adamantyne Flore ;
 Here comes no Sun, no South-winds sultry breath,
 These are the pleasant shades of quiet Death ;
 How couldst thou Die, that alwaies hadst thy health ?
 Friends, and fair Houses, happiness and Wealth ;
 What ere for use or pleasure, in this life ;
 Nay more than all, hadst Me, thy loving Wife :

What, will you speak no more now you are dead ?
 Them your last words, *Keep Chast our Marriage-Bed ?*
 To be Exemplar, therefore here I stay,
 Else I with thee had gone that woful day ;
 And now I long to seek thee under-ground,
 'Mongst Regions ne'r by lying Mortals found,
 Then we'll not part till you are soundly chid ;
 What Follies, ah ! my raving Fancy feed ?
 Lye still in peace, thy Spirit never fear
 Me, raging, from a second Spouse, should teare ;
 Should *Jove* himself descending from the sky
 Nuptials propose, and lay his *Juno* by ;
 Thunder in one, Heav'ns Crown in th'other hand,
 I'll bid him fire, and though a God, withstand ;
 Here in this bosom dead thou shalt survive,
 Or else let Earth first swallow me alive ;
 Let me with changing thoughts sink down to Hell,
 And there 'mongst Fiends in endless tortures dwell.

Thus ran she all the keys of sorrow ore,
 Till she could Weep, nor Sigh, nor say no more ;
 When *Somnus* gliding softly from the Pole,
 Smooth'd the swoln Passions of her troubled soul,
 Sprinckling her Temples with *Lethæan* drops,
 Infus'd a golden Dream, all Joyes and Hopes ;
 Down in her Chair close by the Herse she sate,
 And Woes, as if they never were, forgot.

Sect.

Section IV.

THe night that rose with Constellations crown'd
Her purple Robe with seed-Pearls broider'd
round,

Suddainly, *Boreas* huk'd, in fullen Clouds,
And all her great and lesser Glories shrouds ;
With Rain, Hail, Snow, drawn up in three Brigades,
He the fair issue of the Spring invades
Large sheets of snow, in Pennance hides all ore,
The like not seen in many years before ;

The Morning past, on the adjacent Plain;
A Malefactor they had hung in Chains ;
The Martiall, there a place of Eminence, (thence,
Lest that his Friends should steal ⁽¹⁾ the Corps from

i The Romans for Example sake,
denied Burial to notorious Malefac-
tors, and therefore set guards to
watch their dead bodies : Yet Augu-
stin writes in his Life, that he never
refused them to their kindred or
Friends : whence perhaps Joseph of
Arimathia obtained the Body of
Christ.

On pain of Death, attended by Command,
This foul Night hapning, long he kept his stand,
Till numbness seiz'd his bosome, lifes warm hold,
At last he shrinks ore-power'd with eager Cold.

When thus he said ; How shall I live till Day ?
Who in this storm the Corps can hence convey ?
I for past service better may deserve,
I'll rather suffer, than stay here and starve ;
But whither shall I fly ? where shelter find ?
For there's no running, though before the Wind ;
The Gates are shut, all miserable dark,
No glimpse appearing, nor the smallest spark :

When like a Glowworm through th' opacous Night,
He from the Lodge perceives a glimmering Light ;
Thither he hasts, there he his life must save,
His last redemption in a dead mans Grave ;
When knocking gently thus he shivering spake :

Ah ! save a Life, if ere, now pitty take ;

My

Sect. IV. MATRON.

My spirits fail, quite almost out of breath,
Else on your Threshold I shall freeze to death.

The Maid reply'd ; No more I pray Sir knock,
So late I dare not for the World unlock,
My Lady to disturb, who this foul night
Took first possession of her dire Delight :
Who trembling said ; Pitty, without reply,
Oh take me in, or else I here shall dye :
Your Lady Mourns, her sorrow will be more
To find one dead to morrow, at her Dore.

F f

Sect.

Section V.

VV Hispers & growling tempests, like a bell,
 Alaram'd vaults of the resounding Cell,
 Waking the Mourner from a pleasing
 A second Spouse, new Marriages the Theam. (Dream,

She thought her Husband rising from the Dead,
 Shrowded all ore, Pale, standing by her Bed,
 Told her his Pass to Bliss would not be sign'd,
 Till he revok'd what her he last injoy'n'd;
 Bid her forsake that melancholly Tomb,
 Make for another Lord and Children, Room
 (Deny'd them seven glad years by spiteful Fate,)
 That should inherit their improv'd Estate;
 The Shade with tears imploring earnest, seem'd,
 That he from suffering so may be redeem'd:

Awak'd, she felt all swelling Passions calm,
 Her breast as if some God had thrown in Balm,
 And at the Lodge she heard a Man complain.
 Soft thoughts her tender bosome entertain;
 Left he might suffer, or be ruin'd quite,
 In such condition in that woful Night.

She calls her Maid, comthands straight let him in,
 Not those to help in want, what greater sin?
 Let him sit there and shelter from the storm,
 Stir up the Fire, that he himself may warm;
 She who compassion took on him before,
 Commission'd thus, glad opens soon the Dore;
 A goodly person, almost starv'd with Cold,
 Ent'ring in Arms, amaz'd her to behold;
 Then by the Fire a Chair for him she sets,
 And with a Manchet and a Bottle treats;
 Her Mist'is to accustom'd grief returns,
 And like sad *Philome!* her losses mourns;

Her



The Sect.

Her Nest new ranlack'd by a prying Swain;
 Whilst thus old lessons she runs ore in vain,
 Her wandring Fancy hankers oft, and stops
 At her late golden Dream, so full of Hopes;
 And something whispers still, that Stranger see
 Thus weather-beaten, whatsoere he be;

When hastning down, her Servant thus began:

Oh Madam! Madam! here's the bravest Man
 Ere Eyes beheld! tall, straight, and shoulders broad,
 Who looks, recovering spirits, like a God;
 Quick burns the Fire, and you must needs be cold,
 This Person of some quality, behold,
 A Wonder see! Come up, dear Madam, come!
 Take truce with Tears, and leave this dampie Tomb,
 Your self refresh, your Cheeks look pale and lank,
 I scarce remember when you Eat or Drank;

Sparks long in Ember sleeping, she awakes,
 Soon she resolves, as soon the Cell forsakes,
 Following the light, trips softly up the Stairs
 And him surpriz'd there sitting, unawares;
 Up starts he, and a while did gazing stand,
 Then in most humble posture, kist her hand;

And thus begun: Blest Lady, may the Gods
 Bring Comfort to these sorrowful Abodes,
 And you for Hospitality repay,
 What best may please you, and with least delay;
 That me in such Necessity reliev'd,
 And from inevitable Death repriev'd,
 If ere you need a Heart, a Sword, or Hand,
 And Life you granted, th' are at your Command.

Section VI.

VHen thus she modestly with cast down
Eyes,

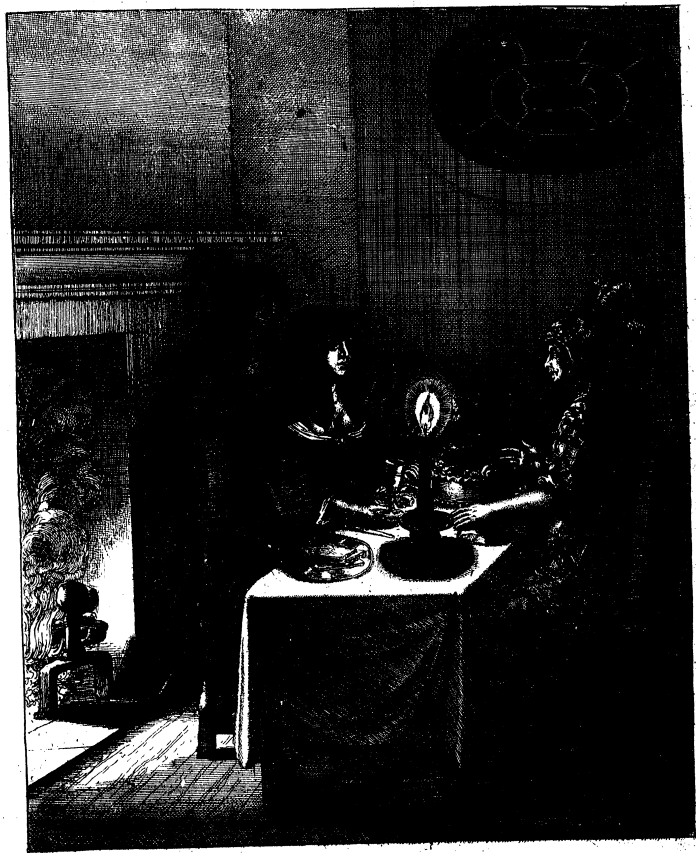
In a sad Tone futing her Dress, replies;

Condemn'd to Solitude, and little Room,
My first night in my hapless Husbands Tomb,
Though drown'd in Woes, though buried in a Grave,
I'm glad, Sir, such Relief for you I have.

This said, the Table her old Servant spread,
Set a cold Bak'd-meat on, brings Wine and Bread ;
Down opposite in prospect full, they sate,
Where on stoln glances Love might hang his Bait ;
She now refresh'd, though close drest, all in black,
Did with a budding Blush her Guest attack ;
Her Mourning seem'd a foyl, a fable ground,
That best sets off the sparkling Diamond ;
And now and then, a short survey she stole,
Which made no small impression in her Soul ;
So much his *Miene* and Person her surpriz'd,
That she with irksome Sorrow less advis'd;
But what most rais'd in her a fair esteem,
She thought that she had seen him in her Dream
Soon as her Husband's Shadow did depart,
Warm Comfort shooting first into her heart ;
A while both fate nor interchang'd a word,
And active *Cupid*, flames new kindled, stirr'd :
At last she boldly makes the first attack,
And calling for a glaſs of Wine, thus spake :
Paying the Gods libation on the Board.

It seems, Sir, that your Buſineſs is the Sword,
And my dear Husband of the Civil Liſt,
Though much esteem'd, perhaps you care hath miſt ;

Seven



Ma. Sect. 6

Seven years we liv'd in a continual Calm,
Each Word we chang'd to other, healing Balm ;
And though he left me all his fair Estate,
Yet I my Life, and all lifes comforts hate ;
I but this Duty to his Memory pay,
Only twelve months with him intomb'd, to stay,
Yet may his Ghost more satisfaction give,
The Year expir'd, to bide here whilst I live ;
Be pleas'd Sir (Women questions love to ask,
If I implore not an unpleasing task)
In compleat Arms, what business of the State,
Or your own private, kept you out so late ?
And how you lighted on this woful Cell,
Where I, surrounded with my sorrows, dwell ?
Your Wife, Sir, if y' are Married, you this night
Being thus abroad, puts in no small affright.

Sect.

Section VII.

Since Madam, you have put me to a task,
A little farther I'll your patience ask;
That if not irksome, I may render you
Of my whole Life, a brief account, and true:

In ^(*) *Thrace* I boast my Birth, a Martial soyl,
Whose hardy Race, Love, stubborn War, and Toyl;
My Father well extracted, dwelt in Arms ^{(Farms;}
Whilst Young and Strong, grown old, in purchas'd
Breeding me up, as soon as I could go,
To throw a Spear, and draw a little Bow,
And me with Arms, a Childish Corset stor'd,
A nimble Target, and no pondrous Sword;
My brows did with a crested Cask impale,
Which wag'd each step, and wav'd with every gale,
Soon bravely I, in stead of wanton toys,
A Captain, led a Regiment of Boys;
From thence prefer'd to be *Lycurgus* Page:
He in his Wars me after did ingage;
Where by my Sword I purchas'd some small Fame,
And recommended to this City, came
With Letters from the King, here to instruct,
And then their raw *Militia* Conduct;

Seven years the Martial's Office I enjoy'd,
And Chief Commander oft have been employ'd;
A beauteous Virgin then I did Espouse,
Children we had, and kept a noble House;
Now I observe, you strangely me surprize!
Such Cheeks she had, such Lips as yours, such Eyes;
And like You and your Husband, day and night
We in high pleasures spent, and full Delight;

But

* The greatest, most Northerly,
and least fruitful part of *Greece*, in-
habited by a hardy Prince, a Warlike
and populous Nation.

But the last great Contagion swept away
Her, and my Children, in one woful day:

What me so late detain'd, and in this storm,
Madam, I shall as briefly now inform;

A Villain, one the most unparalell'd,
That in the highest Wickedness excell'd,
For an unheard of Fact, an odious Crime,
Diana's Priestess in Devotion-time,
The Wooden Goddess looking on the while,
Did in her Penetralia Defile;
For which condemn'd to suffer torturing pains,
And after that to hang and rot in Chains;
Fearing this night his friends might steal the Coarse,
Blot out the Oblique with suddain force,
The Senate me Commanded there to stay,
And with a party guard the Corps till Day;
Therefore I Arm'd, expecting we should fight,
But little dreamt of such a bitter Night;
Whence by foul weather driven, and the Cold,
I by your light found shelter in this hold:
Thus your Commands, I Madam, have obey'd,
And of my Life a short relation made,
Which here must end if you should cruel prove,
Despair makes slight wounds mortal, given by Love:
But I in high Distemper feaver'd fit,
The Cold was nothing to my burning Fit;
Shot from your Eye here sticks the fierce Dart
Will turn to Cinders soon, this bleeding Heart;
'Tis Madam, in your pow'r since I'm your slave,
Cruel to kill Me, else in pity save.

Sect.

Section VIII.

BUt whilst he told his Tale the Woman slept,
 And *Venus* Vigils, not *Dianas* kept ;
 She with a Bottle by her self had slunk,
 And twelve go-downs on Reputation, drunk.

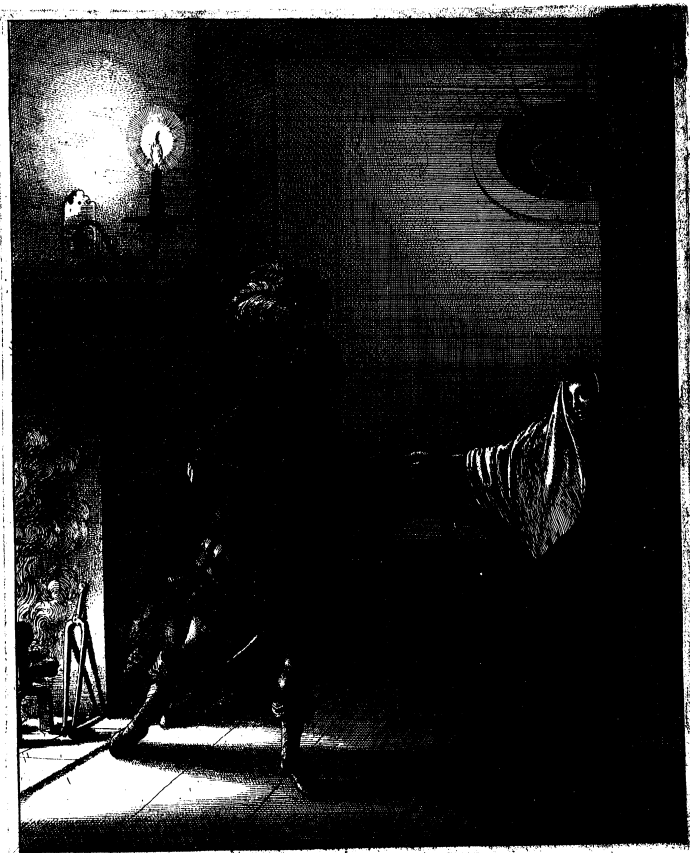
When from the Board she rising with a Frown,
 As if her Rage could ne'r be Conjur'd down ;
 Rolling her Eyes, high swoln her panting breast,
 Her deep conceiv'd Displeasure thus exprest.

Art thou that Fury Lust, sent hot from Hell,
 To tempt me in my solitary Cell ?
 One of those Monsters which in Humane shapes,
 Commit dire Murthers, and unbridled Rapes ?
 That such a brazen Front hath, to presume
 To hint thus Folly in my Husbands Tomb ;
 Of such an Impudence, who ever heard !
 This for my tender Pitty, this Reward ;
 I took him in, his Life he sayes, I sav'd,
 Oh Heavens, how ill have I my self behav'd !
 Beyond Chast bounds, to give the sinallest hope,
 I at first sight, with one in Arms durst cope.

This said, she stalks about ; her bosom stung,
Lov's Juncto's there, far differing from her Tongue ;
 He following close, with melting words perswades,
 And her with all Loves Elements invades,
 Begging her Favour not to be so rash,
 To judge the motion a Gallanting Flash ;
 Who Dye would for her Honour on the Spot,
 He meant chast love, Marriage, that Gordian knot ;

Whilst he his cause thus pleads, out forth she breaks,
 And seeming not to mind him, louder speaks.

Go



Go to your business, to your Gibbet-task,
And counsel of your hang'd Companion ask,
How to out act him, and possess his room,
He in the Temple, you but in a Tomb;
So both together sink from Church and Cell,
To be gaz'd on as Miracles in Hell:
O chaste *Diana*, now, or ne'r, be kind!
Strike this thy bold Prophaner dead, or blind;
Or stake him on some barren Mountain straight,
For Rain, and Hail, and mouthing Winds to bait;
Her Knife then drawing, said, look to your Throat,
'Twere good to bleed such a libidinous Goat;
Keep where you are; if once you stir a foot
To follow me, be sure kind Sir, I'll do't.

This said, a smile amidst her frowns she blends,
And turning to her Husbands Herse, descends;
A while he musing with himself advis'd,
Then boldly said, all Danger be despis'd.
I'll do't! a single Woman, and one Dead,
Rare Sport, and new! a Monumental Bed!

This said, he eager, straight reprints her steps,
And like a Lyon after down he leaps.

Section IX.

MEan while did *Venus* and her Son descend
The Worlds continuation to attend ;
Who first joyn'd atoms, *Chaos* did dispe^{re} ;
Raising the Wondrous Structure, *Universe* ;
Lovers to couple, Chastity supplant,
Left pregnant breasts convert to Adamant.

When she to *Cupid* said, My dearest Son,
Well thou hast plaid thy part, the great Work's done;
Diana's Temple (') burns, I needs must smile,
The (") Wooden Goddess looking on the while,
Had she not Marble been, a senseless Log,
The sight had set her Goddessship a gog :

But wher's she now ? a (") Conqu'ror bringing forth ?
An *Alexander* to subdue the Earth.

No Mother, *Cupid* said, the news abroad,
Is That this Morning she to (") *Paphos* Road,
There to revenge her Cause, our Dames convert,
That they your Rites and Temple may desert ;
But better she had gone to chase the Stag,

And Transformation of (") *Aëleon* brag ;
Some of her green-sick Train with wafts so lank,
Ere they return, shall burgeon in the flank :

By this our Work is finish'd in the Tomb,
From whence we never yet brought Conquest home ;
I with my fanning Wings blew out the Lamp,
Whilst he beat up all quarters of her Camp.

Then thus she said ; Bid *Boreas* send a blast
May in the Grove the Corps suspended cast ;
Thanks for his Storm, so well and timely came,
And *Somnus*, for the Widows pleasing Dream ;

Say

¹ *Heraclitus*, not long after
Alexander had spaced it, at the same time
that *Alexander* the Great was born
at *Pella*, set fire to it with his own
hand, as himself confess, only to get
a Name and perpetuate his Memory,
which he failed not of, though *Antius*
Gellius by a general Assembly of all
Athe it was Decreed his Name should
never be mentioned.

^m *Pliny* lib. 16. c. 40. saith, 'twas
doubted what the Statue of *Diana* at
Ephesus was made of, some affirm-
ing it was made of Ebony, but *Strabo*
writes it was of a Vine stock,
and was never changed, though the
Temple had been seven times repair-
ed.

ⁿ *Cicero* commends *Timon*'s Wit,
for that speaking of *Alexander*'s be-
ing born the same night that *Diana*'s
Temple was burnt, he said 'twas no
wonder, she being from home at the
bringing *Olympia* his Mother to Bed,
Midwifery being one among others,
of her employments.

^o *Paphos* did so particularly be-
long to *Venus*, that it was counted
her home, as by that of *Virgil*, *E-*
neid. 1.

Ipsa Paphon sublimis adit, sedesq;
vecepis
Lata sedes.

The pleasing Goddess back to Paphos
flw,
Her own dear seats,

And (as *Virgil*, *Hist.* lib. 2.) was
the place where the first came on
shore from the Sea, from whence
she sprung.

^p *Ovid.* *Met.* lib. 3.



Mar. Seet: g

Say that I'll lend a Lady shall next night,
Him more than ever any did, delight;
Dispatch with speed, I'll tarry your return,

To *Paphos* gone and let her Temple burn;
The fire that we have kindled in that Pile,
Perhaps may shrink the wonder to an Isle;
A populous City; and a frequent Court;
Chast Madams all; no waggerie; no sport;
Here Wives for propagation will, or so,
After like Beasts, the Males no more will know:

These our late Conquests once divulg'd by Fame,
Down Continnence, and up goes *Venus* Name;
They ore the Monument for me shall build
A Temple, and erect my Conquering shield;
Diana's Fane and wealthy Shrine destroy'd,
Her Virgins courting then to be enjoy'd;
Ephesus shall like other Cities look,
No green-sick Damsels veil'd with Stole, and Heucke,
But Beautys in their Hair, drest fresh and trim,
He making court to her, and she to him.

Whilst thus she spake, *Cupid* on wings displaid,
Gently alighting, to his Mother said;

Boreas your will hath done, but layes a claim
On your late promise, a fair *Paphian* Dame;
That him grown old, might comfort on her lap,
Who forc'd to forage, lately got a Clap;
And well recover'd, vows no more to roame,
But keep contented with your gift at home.

I will, said she, straight send him one that shall
Keep warm his Bed, and well become his Hall.

This said, she *Cupid* gives especial charge,
And takes her own Commission out at large.

Section X.

MEan while the Knight & Lady underground,
Take up all differences, and soon compound;
Ceremonious rites as superstitious, wav'd,

And like a Wedded pair themselves behav'd;
Huddl'd up Promises and hasty Vows,
Then one another kindly did Espouse:
No place convenient for Loves sweet commerce,
Her self she settles on her Husbands Herse:
While thus they busy were, the mouthing storm
Grew silent, and the Sky serene and warm;
The Danger then came fresh into his head,
And bold adventure, when to her he said:

I beg your leave some business to dispatch,
My charge to visit, and relieve the Watch;
Then I'll return, and farther homage pay,
Nor shall one minute lavish in delay:

Him mixing tears a thousand times she kist;
And softly opening the Lodge door, dismiss.

Her drowsie Woman though not slept so fast
But she heard stir about a measuring cast,
Knowing the party gone, up straight she gets,
And thus upon her musing Mistress sets.

Oh Madam, I the pleasant's Dream have had!
Methought in Marriage garments you were clad,
Going to Church with a brave second Mate,
With Friends attended, in all Pomp and State;
And that this melancholly place forsook,
You never in your life did better look;
Faith Madam, leave these sad and dampy Rooms,
Or tarry till some Fiend to tempt you, comes;

Who

Who like a Satyre or Hyena dwells
In Charnel-houses, and such dusky Cells;
Were I as you, before I'd tarry here,
Keep such a putter ore a Dead-mans Beare,
I'd Wed a Bear, or with a Bore would lye,
And suckle Pigs up in a nasty Sty:
Madam, I know what's what, and would advise,
And take my counsel Lady, if y' are wife;
To morrow morning whilst the work is warm,
Walk to the Temple with him arm in arm;
Abroad each where both Court and City Dame,
Slight censure, Gossips prate, and gagling Fame,
All ply their works as varying fancy leads,
Shame not in streets forbids them open Beds,
But that still those that do the Match survey,
Would, finding fault, teach Gamesters how to play.

Then she reply'd, Thou my old Servant art,
Be careful lest my Reputation smart;
We must tread wary through this winding Maze,
And I for ever will thy Fortune raise.

This her so kind expression pleas'd her well,
But more to leave that melancholly Cell;
Then up she stirs the Fire, the Candle tops,
Both full of various Fancies, Fears, and Hopes.

Sect.

Section XI.

When at the Door they heard the party
 tap, (like a Map
 Who entring, straight his face shew'd
 Of dire mischance, a dismal Horriſcope;
 Not any aspect of the ſmalleſt hope!
 When thus he ſaid; I, who this horrid Night,
 Did with the Gods and Lords of Tempeſts fight;
 Stood like a Cedar 'gainſt all Winds that blow,
 My Shoulders like a Mountain, hid in Snow;
 Scarce warm by this your charitable Fire,
 Obtaining Favours what I could deſire;
 Am fall'n from all, from ſuch a Heav'n of bliſs,
 To utter Ruin in a deep Abyſſe!
 My Office, no contemptible Eſtate,
 And Life, which but for you, I ſhould not rate;
 Are all ſnatch'd from me like a golden Dream,
 Which, were not you concern'd, I ſhould condemn;
 For if the kindneſs that you ſhew, you have,
 You'll grieve to hear that I'm deny'd a Grave:
 The Corps his Kindred in my abſence ſtole,
 And I muſt Dye; but what more racks my Soul,
 I nothing to your merits can bequeath,
 The Senates Sword once drawn, they never ſheath;
 My forfeit Life not all the World can ſave,
 My Place, and all, falls theirs, what ere I have;
 Relations for my Office ſoon will ſue,
 Being of Profit, and of Honour too:
 What will not be by Friends and Bribes procur'd,
 Ah that I had that bitter Storm indur'd,
 There ſtood a frozen Statue wanting breath,
 Than ſuffer ſuch an ignominious Death;

Not

Not only Dye, I muſt ſupply his room,
 And fleeting Air ſuſpended, me intomb;
 For ever, deareſt Madam, now farewel,
 When after Ages ſhall my Story tell,
 The varied Joyes and Woes of one ſhort night,
 Will ſay, croſs Fortune ſhew'd her utmoſt ſpight.

Then ſhe, whiſt tears diſtill'd in pearlie drops,
 No way to ſcape, no eye of Help, no hopes;
 Then you ſhall ſee what for your ſake I'll do;
 I'll ſave you, and untwine this knotty Clew;
 Let us not trifling, precious minutes ſpend,
 But down with me into the Vault deſcend:
 Firſt, of our tender Sex I pardon aſk,
 A Woman muſt performe no Womans task,
 But to a Wolf transformed, rob the Grave;
 Who would not? ſuch a Life as yours to ſave
 Her Maid and he, much wondring what ſhe meant,
 Down with her to the gloomy Arches went.

Sect.

Section XII.

NO sooner entred, she without remorse, (Coarse,
Rends off the Sear-cloth from her Husband's
And laid the body out both sweet and hard,
Preserv'd with Spices and perfuming Nard:
Then thus to him in Desperation spake.

From me your Cure, this dreadful cordial take,
Which Fortunes forfeit, and your Life regains,
Supply with it the Malefactor's Chains.

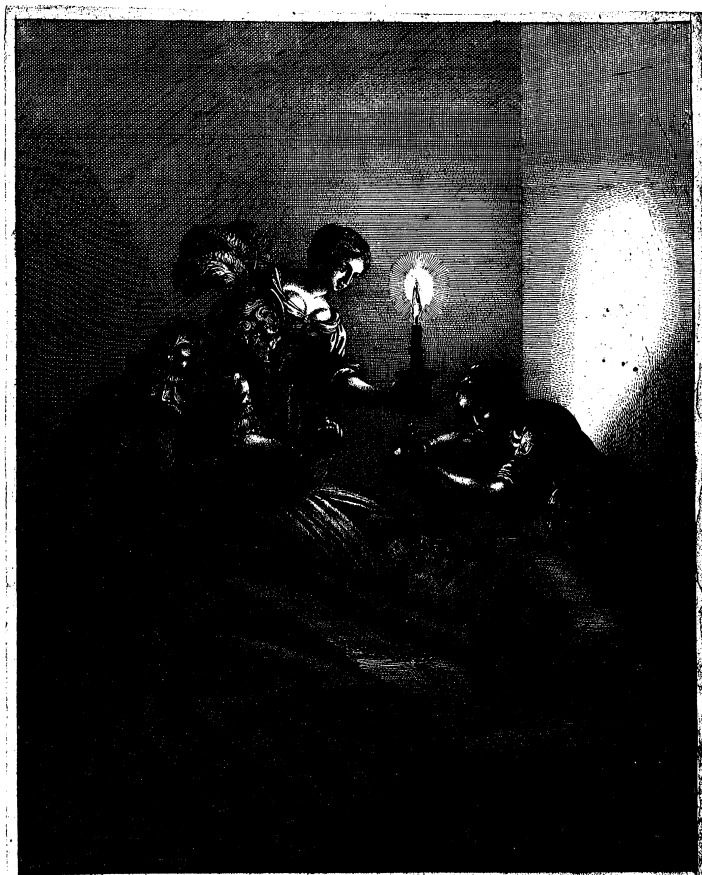
Then he reply'd; So fair a Corps as this,
No where disfigur'd, not resembles his;
The Change will be perspicuously too plain,
And this your condescension prove in vain;
Sentenc'd by Law, his Right hand off was lopt,
His Nose slit, Lips cut off, his Ears close cropt.

Then she reply'd, What I present thus, take,
What maims you please, and mutilations make;
You that in Wars and bloody works have been,
Mow'd down like standing Corn, whole Squadrons seen,
And no small part in such dire business shar'd,
To mangle one defunct will not be hard.

When thus he sigh'd; Though Soldiers rugged are,
They with the Dead keep truce, and never War;
I who so oft in many a bloody Strife,
Have lopt off Legs and Arms, Life after Life;
And from the Battel come besmear'd all ore
With Enemies, and my own recent Gore;
For all the World, which less I prize than you,
I could no harm to one resistsle doe.

When like a *Bacchanal*, she thus replies;
Had *Argus* like this Corps, a hundred Eyes,

As



Me. Sect: 12

As many Ears as Fame, as many Hands
As once *Briareus* had at his commands,
Off they should all, my self then mangle too,
And though so late acquainted, all for you.

This said, she strips her Arms, her Breast unlac'd,
Her self in posture for the business cast;
Her Knife, the edge obtuse, she nimbly whets,
Thus arm'd, upon her Husband's Body sets:
And first his Hand, which she so oft had kist,
Without compunction, sever'd from the Wrist;
His Ears cropt off, his right Eye out she teares,
Where once small *Cupids* danc'd in Chrystal Sphears;
His Nostrils slits, his Lips where oft she sipt
Balm mixt with dew of Roses, off she whipt;

When thus she said, If this Sir, will not serve,
Say where you please, and I shall farther Carve.

Then he reply'd, No more, the Body spare,
The Work is finish'd must conclude my Care.

All three, this said, ready assistance gave,
To drag the Corps from Sanctuary in the Grave.

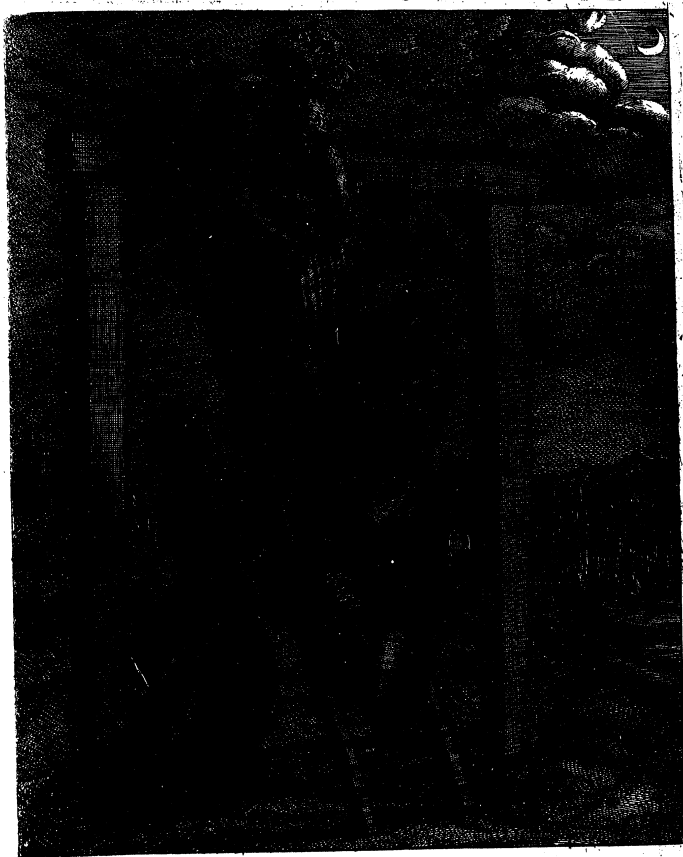
Section XIII.

THus quick dispatch with many hands they
made,
And to the fatal Tree the Corps convey'd ;
Good at a dead lift still, his loving Spouse
Hands him up to his open window'd House ;
In State the Body on her shoulders fits,
Whilst he his Collar on of Esses fits ;
And several iron tackle buckles fast,
And hoop'd a brazen Belt about his Waste ;
Puts on a Truss of steel, and all his Trim,
That thence he might not drop down limb by limb ;
But so compacted well together hold
Many years bleaching, both in Heat and Cold.

The good Work done, the Mistress and her Maid
Back to the Lodge with speed themselves convey'd,
And he himself in former station plac'd,
The Fright and trouble o'er, and Danger past.

When to himself he said ; I am destroy'd
If I this wicked Monster not avoyd,
Whose memory I loath, and mention, more
Than Filth engendring on a Common-shore ;
Her first high impudence, and Sea of Lust !
That Prophanation of her Husbands Dust !
But since she Scenes hath acted to such height
Would amaze Wonder, Terrors self affright !
I stood like Marble, when the Corps, long dead,
A-fresh as she prepar'd for mangling, bled :
'Tis true, she's Wealthy, Young enough, and Fair,
Those Queens of Pleasure ; so the Syrens are,
That Singing fate all day on gilded Thrones,
Built up of Skeletons and Dead Mens bones ;

Her



Her Marry ? sooner I'll betroth a Mare,
 And Monsters get, a *Centaur* make my Heir :
 But ah ! in her Concealment lyes my Fate,
 Love slighted, soon reversing, turns to Hate ;
 They'l themselves Ruin, nay, the World unhinge,
 What will not frantick Women for Revenge ?
 I now for present safety must advise,
 Had she a hundred Lives the Strumpet Dyes ;
 The only way my Life and State to save,
 That Bawd and her to bury in one Grave ;
 With the same knife when she shal'd War proclaim'd,
 With which the Corps she mangled so, and maim'd,
 I'll kill them both : so well I'll play my part,
 That they that find it sticking in her Heart,
 Her Woman dead, when on the Corps they sit,
 Shall call't self Murther in her frantick fit ;
 And who'l tax me, that never heard her Name,
 Till by my Gates her Husband's Funerals came ?
 I promis'd to be there in half an hour,
 And Balm must find in one short Bloody shower.

This said, he to the Lodge in secret stole,
 Swoln Passions raging in his troubled Soul.

Section XIV.

VV Ing'd Mischief flies, soon at the door he
knocks,

Her ready Maid waiting, as soon un-
Who entring, finds the Lodge, so dull of late, (locks;
Made for Addresses, now a Room of State;
More Lights, and greater Boards with Damask spread,
Vulcan, Triumphant on a Golden Bed;
The Flore and VVindows rub'd, all neatly drest,
To entertain a kind, not cruel Guest:
VVondring at such a Change in so short space,
No mark nor sign of the old sullen face,
He softly said; behold a handsome Stage,
VVhere might *Alcides* or *Orestes* Rage.

Not long he gaz'd about, when forth she came
Drest up in glory, a most beauteous Dame;
Close Mourning's off, that sullen Curtain drawn,
She entred shining like a golden Dawn,
VVith such a Majesty, so comely *Mien*,
She seem'd a Goddess, or at least a Queen!
Stuck thick with Jewels which the Stars out-vi'd,
Dim'd by her brighter Eyes in all their pride;
Her bosome open, where in vales of Snow
Sate *Cupid* lurking, with no idle Bow;
A heaven of Beauty, set off in her Hair,
By Time unblemish'd yet, or Wintry Care.

Thus like a Bride on her seventh Marriage feast,
She was in this most gorgeous manner drest;
But at the suddain change, off them she tore,
Lying in Sack-cloth on the dusty Flore,
Which her old Servant up by chance had laid,
And thither 'mongst some other Weeds convey'd;
Then



Then little dreaming ere th' ensuing Morn
In Bridal weeds she would her self adorn;

Down falls he on his knees, as she had been
Juno, Minerva, or the Paphian Queen!
On her he gaz'd, but not one word could speak,
But sigh'd, and wish'd she would Compassion take;
His ore-charg'd bosome ready to unclog,
All his foul Treason there to disemogue;
Had for intended Murther, Pardon crav'd,
She wondring why himself he thus behav'd,
Kindly saluting, rais'd up by the Hand,
Thus putting routed Reason to a stand.

Why look you troubled thus? why Sir, so sad?
I hope all business still goes well, abroad;
I fitting thought this Treatment to prepare,
You to refresh, wearied with Grief and Care;
Part of the Night, long yet ere Day, to pass
With a cold Morfel, and a seasoning Glas.

So down they fate, rich Wine and Beauty warms,
Grown brisk, he takes his Heaven in his arms,
Admiring how such Plots he could devise,
Treason contrive against her conquering Eyes; (Arch,
Earth's proud Commander, Hell's, and Heav'n's bright
Shackled, by *Loves* Triumphant Chariot, march.

Section XV.

VV Hilt thus in joyful Vigils past the
Night, (height;
And *Cupid's* Revels acted to the

Diana sent one of her Virgin-Train
To spoyl their sport, and damp Love's jolly vein;
A Water puts she in their Wine unseen,
Which many Ages had a Dy'mond been
In Earth's hard bosome, fix'd in lasting Cold,
A Star in dust, made never to grow old;
Free both from Fire and Steel, all force what ere,
Which will dissolve in juice of Maiden-hair.

This mix'd with *Bacchus*, sweets of *Cupid's* sowres,
And *Salamander* like, Love-flames devours;
Who were before so fond, lov'd ne'r so much,
Not one another will indure to touch;
In high distemper of this chilling Plague,
The Male a Fiend, the Female seems a Hagg.

Not soon the Poyson wrought, nor very sharp,
But by degrees they Cavil first, and, Carp,
Next louder jangle, like disordred bells,
At last the baneful operation swells,
And bitter Thoughts stand ready out to burst,
When his Distraction thus brake prison first.

Fly Vizards off, all Women I detest!
For thy sake, VVitch, who rather art a Beast;
VVho hast a Heart so Salvage, blood so hot,
The Mongrell of a Tyger and a Goat;
Or by a *Harpy* and *Hyena* bred,
That VVept'st so late, now Triumph'st ore the Dead;
How

How thy Eyes sink, thy Cheeks so painted, fall!
Oh how those Curls, *Medusa's* Serpents crawl!
That hast this Night spent with so little shame,
Committing Crimes that Fiends would blush to name!
Who thy dear Spowfe didst as thy Pillow use,
His Monument converting to a Stewes!
Oh Heav'ns! sitting his Nose, on me she smil'd!
What Cave? what Hell, a Monster shews so vild?
So fierce, so shameless, such a Sea of Lust,
With which, then hot, she warm'd her Husband's Dust!
And in this Gayetie she makes her brag,
That forth her Spowfe did to the Gallows drag;
A great and fair Example; brazen face,
(¹) Thou hadst been fitter to supply his place;
That mad'st the Noose, and lifted up the Coarse
Without reluctance, or the least Remorce;
Why Rant I thus 'gainst what she means to boast?
I'll Sacrifice her to her Husband's Ghost,
Or could I possible, send quick to Hell,
Where Soul and Body might in Tortures dwell.

¹ This in *Peronius*, who is the first Author of this Story, and from him others relate it was the advice of *Lycas*, when he heard the story, and by *Flavianus*, as he is quoted by *Jos. Salsbergenst*, lib. 8. *Polieras*, who affirms it, *Fab. 13*, to be a true Story, as it appears was Executed on her; she having suffered the deserved Punishment of her Parricide, Impiety, and Adultery.

Section XVI.

BY this in her the dire Infection works,
 And like a Fury conscious Fancy jerks,
 Her self she hates, loaths him, and all her faults,
 Her Breast in uprore with such wild assaults,
 From the Board starting, Sorrow, Rage, and Shame,
 Her bosom swells, her Eyes like Beacons flame;
 Then him perusing with disdainfull look,
 Wondring so much that she could be mistook:
 Burling with Poyson and Contemning Pride,
 Thus like a Fury thundring, she reply'd.

You speak to purpose, bravely Sir, and well;
 But I'll now ring you such another Peal:
 Ingrateful wretch, hast thou forgotten quite
 That twice I sav'd thy Life this very Night?
 First in my bosom, Serpent, starv'd with Cold,
 Scarce warm, thou took'st possession of the Hold;
 No other means, next to redeem thy Life
 I put off Woman, left to be a Wife;
 And spitt'st thou now thy Poyson against me,
 That my self Ruin'd in Preserving thee?
 And dost thou me from my own Table spurn?
 A Monster call? nay, I'll a Fury turn!
 Revenge, ah sweet Revenge, I'll thee engage,
 And open all the flood-gates of my Rage;
 Thou for thy Gibbet-bird, and my sad Rape,
 Hadst thou a thousand Lives ne'r hope to scape;
 Friends will stand by me when I Truth inform,
 Thou Conjur'st, but I'll raise the greatest Storm;
 What I decree would'st thou with Tears implore,
 Would Sands out number on the *Lybian* shore,

Shall

Shall never be revok'd, thou soon shalt know
 How high an injur'd Womans Rage may grow.

These words the Poyson wrought to such a height,
 All former Projects were forgotten quite;
 Slighting his safety, rising from the Board,
 He with a dreadful Count'nance draws his Sword,
 Then Raging said; Thy Soul to Heaven bequeath,
 Pray if thou canst, thou hast not long to breath.

Then she reply'd, laying her bosom bare,
 Villain, this breast, too kind to thee, not spare;
 Ungrateful Wretch, so long, why dost not strike?
 Or Heaven or Hell, shall do for me the like.

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Section XVII.

When on a suddain they rare Musick
heare,
Vocal, and Instrumental, drawing neer;

The Fire grows dim, the Tapers lose their light,
As a new Sun had shot through gloomy Night,
Roofs open fly, and let in purple Dawn;
With silver Doves, a golden Chariot drawn,
They saw from Heav'n descend, and seats of Joy
Venus, and standing at her feet, the Boy;
The Lodge straight widens like a Prince's Hall,
He drops his Sword, and down they prostrate fall,
To them then praying, they from their Carroch
Lightning with Heav'nly Majesty approach;
When *Venus* to her Votaries thus said;

This grand Disturbance hath *Diana* made,
Which here I end for ever, thus attone,
Free by the Virtue of my Powerful Zone;
Right Reason now return'd, will soon inform
What slender quarrel rais'd this dreadful Storm;
What she, ore-power'd by Love, hath done for you,
A thousand stories strangely will out-do;
With a dead Husband to make bold, what harm?
Many have kill'd them in their bosoms warm;
Upon the Corps! Gamesters when they are in,
Make living Spowes bolsters to their Sin;
They Sorcery consult, Steel, Aconite,
And all to change the Pleasure of a Night;
Sometimes they make me Chafe, then Blush and Laugh,
To see with what dexterity they graff;
This *Ephesus*, Dame *Chastity* makes Dull,
The World each where, is with such Stories full:

But

But to the business; Whattoere she did,
We Authours are of what your Fates Decreed;
Play to your best advantage this fair Game,
Stop vulgar Eares, and Mouths of prattling Fame;
His parts your Husband's Body hath resum'd,
And lies in Sear-cloth whole again, intomb'd:
Your Malefactor you in Chains shall find,
Thank me at *Paphos* the next favouring Wind.

Venus this said, her Chariot ascends,
And *Cupid* with his Queristers attends.

They thus conjoyn'd liv'd long a happy life,
From publick troubles free, and private strife;
Fair Issue had, whilst *Cynthia's* Power went down,
And *Cytherea's* Faction Rul'd the Town:
When they without offence grown very old,
At their own Table oft this Story told.

r Cynthia is a Mountain in the I-
land *Delos*, where *Latona* was deli-
vered of *Apollo* and *Diana*, whence
he is often called *Cynthius*, and she
Cynthia.

s Cythera is an Island lying be-
tween *Peloponnesus* and *Creta*, where
Venus (as is by most delivered, con-
trary to *Tacitus*) first arrived from
Sea in a Shell, and thence called *Cy-
thera*.

FINIS.